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REPORT

OF

THE COMMISSION

CREATED IN ACCORDANCE WITH

A JOINT RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS, APPROVED MARCH 3, 1881,

PROVIDING FOR THE ERECTION OF A

MONUMENT AT YORKTOWN, VA.,

COMMEMORATIVE OF

THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.



WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
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IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

FEBRUARY 29, 1883.—Referred to the Committee on Printing and ordered to be printed.

Mr. JOHNSTON, from the Yorktown Centennial Commission, submitted the following

REPORT:

ACTS AND RESOLUTIONS OF CONGRESS PROVIDING FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN AND THE ERECTION OF A MONUMENT COMMEMORATIVE THEREOF.

AN ACT to carry into effect the resolution of Congress, adopted on the twenty-ninth day of October, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, in regard to a monumental column at Yorktown, Virginia, and for other purposes.

Whereas, on Monday, the twenty-ninth day of October, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, it was resolved "That the United States in Congress assembled will cause to be erected at York, in Virginia, a marble column, adorned with emblems of the alliance between the United States and His Most Christian Majesty, and inscribed with a succinct narrative of the surrender of Earl Cornwallis to His Excellency, General Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the combined forces of America and France; to His Excellency Count De Rochambeau, commanding the auxiliary troops of His Most Christian Majesty in America, and His Excellency Count De Grasse, commanding-in-chief the naval army of France in Chesapeake;" and

Whereas the said resolution of Congress has not yet been carried into effect, although nearly one hundred years have elapsed since it was adopted: Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby, appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be expended, under the direction of the Secretary of War, in erecting at Yorktown, in Virginia, the monument referred to in the aforesaid resolution of Congress: Provided, however,

That the material used may be such as the Secretary of War may deem most suitable and desirable.

SEC. 2. That a commission of three persons shall be appointed by the Secretary of War, whose duty it shall be to recommend a suitable design for said monument, to prepare a sketch of emblems of the alliance between His Most Christian Majesty and the United States, and a succinct narrative of the surrender of Earl Cornwallis, to be inscribed on the same, subject to the approval and adoption of the select committee of thirteen appointed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives on the nineteenth of December, eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, and of thirteen Senators to be appointed by the presiding officer of the Senate, to inquire into the expediency of appropriating a suitable sum to be expended in erecting at Yorktown, in Virginia, the monument referred to.

SEC. 3. That it shall be the duty of said joint committee to select the site for the location of said monument, to obtain the cession of the same from the State of Virginia, and to make all necessary arrangements for such a celebration by the American people, of the centennial anniversary of the battle of Yorktown, on the nineteenth of October, eighteen hundred and eighty-one, as shall befit the historical significance of that event, and the present greatness of the nation.

SEC. 4. That the sum of twenty thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of defraying the expenses incurred in the said centennial celebration, and to be disbursed under the direction of the said joint committee.

Approved June 7, 1880.

JOINT RESOLUTION authorizing and requesting the President to extend to the Government and people of France and the family of General La Fayette an invitation to join the Government and people of the United States in the observance of the centennial anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President be, and is hereby, authorized and requested to extend to the Government and people of France and the family of General La Fayette a cordial invitation to unite with the Government and people of the United States, on the nineteenth day of October, eighteen hundred and eighty-one, in a fit and appropriate observance of the centennial anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. And for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this resolution the sum of twenty thousand dollars is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the same or so much thereof as may be necessary to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of State.

Approved February 18, 1881.

JOINT RESOLUTION to create a commission for the performance of certain duties under the act of Congress providing for the erection of a monument at Yorktown and the proposed centennial celebration.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That John W. Johnston, of Virginia; E. H. Rollins, of New Hampshire; Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts; H. B. Anthony, of Rhode Island; W. W. Eaton, of Connecticut; W. A. Wallace, of Pennsylvania; Francis Kernan, of New York; T. F. Randolph, of New Jersey; Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware; W. Pinkney Whyte, of Maryland; Mat. W. Ransom, of North Carolina; M. C. Butler, of South Carolina; Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia; John Goode, of Virginia; Joshua G. Hall, of New Hampshire; George B. Loring, of Massachusetts; Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut; Samuel B. Dick, of Pennsylvania; Louis A. Brigham, of New Jersey; Nicholas Muller, of New York; Edward L. Martin, of Delaware; J. Fred. C. Talbott, of Maryland; Joseph J. Davis, of North Carolina; John S. Richardson, of South Carolina; and Henry Persons, of Georgia, be, and they are hereby, appointed a commission with full power and authority to discharge all the duties and perform all the functions which were devolved upon them as a joint committee of thirteen Senators and thirteen Representatives under the act of Congress approved June seventh, eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An act to carry into effect the resolution of Congress adopted on the twenty-ninth of October, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, in regard to a monumental column at Yorktown, Virginia, and for other purposes."

And the said commission may employ a clerk during the time they are engaged in the performance of said duties, whose compensation shall be at the usual rate of clerks to committees of Congress, and who shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the Senate and House of Representatives in equal proportions.

Approved March 3, 1881.

To the honorable the Senate and House of Representatives :

The Commission created by your honorable bodies to provide for the proper celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and to select a site for a monument to be erected by the United States in commemoration of that event, respectfully report as follows:

That by the act of Congress approved June 7, 1880, a joint committee of the two Houses, consisting of one member of each House from each of the original thirteen States, was appointed for that purpose.

The committee was as follows :

Hon. JOHN W. JONSTON, U. S. S., Chairman.....	Virginia.
Hon. E. H. ROLLINS, U. S. S.....	New Hampshire.
Hon. H. L. DAWES, U. S. S.....	Massachusetts.
Hon. H. B. ANTHONY, U. S. S.	Rhode Island.
Hon. W. W. EATON, U. S. S.....	Connecticut.
Hon. FRANCIS KERNAN, U. S. S.....	New York.
Hon. T. F. RANDOLPH, U. S. S.....	New Jersey.
Hon. W. A. WALLACE, U. S. S.....	Pennsylvania.
Hon. T. F. BAYARD, U. S. S.....	Delaware.
Hon. W. P. WHYTE, U. S. S.....	Maryland.
Hon. M. W. RANSOM, U. S. S.....	North Carolina.
Hon. M. C. BUTLER, U. S. S.....	South Carolina.
Hon. BENJAMIN H. HILL, U. S. S.....	Georgia.
Hon. JOHN GOODE, M. C.....	Virginia.
Hon. JOSHUA G. HALL, M. C.....	New Hampshire.
Hon. G. B. LORING, M. C.....	Massachusetts.
Hon. N. W. ALDRICH, M. C.....	Rhode Island.
Hon. J. R. HAWLEY, M. C.....	Connecticut.
Hon. NICHOLAS MULLER, M. C.....	New York.
Hon. L. A. BRIGHAM, M. C.....	New Jersey.
Hon. SAMUEL B. DICK, M. C.....	Pennsylvania.
Hon. E. L. MARTIN, M. C.....	Delaware.
Hon. J. F. C. TALBOTT, M. C.....	Maryland.
Hon. JOSEPH J. DAVIS, M. C.....	North Carolina.
Hon. J. S. RICHARDSON, M. C.....	South Carolina.
Hon. HENRY PERSONS, M. C.....	Georgia.

The committee met in Washington on the 14th day of June, 1880, and organized. John S. Tucker was appointed clerk and secretary of the committee, and William S. Gilman, disbursing agent.

By a joint resolution of your two Houses, approved March 3, 1881, the joint committee was converted into a joint commission, the *personnel* of the organization remaining unchanged.

This Commission invited Lieut. Col. H. C. Corbin, U. S. A., to act as master of ceremonies, and in that capacity Colonel Corbin rendered

great service to the Commission in making and carrying out the necessary arrangements. At the request of the Commission, Lieut. Col. Wm. P. Craighill, U. S. A., was detailed by the Secretary of War to proceed to Yorktown and make the requisite surveys to enable the Commission to select a site for the monument, superintend the construction of wharves, lay out a camp for the reception of the military, and make the needed local dispositions for the object proposed.

This duty Colonel Craighill performed to the entire satisfaction of the Commission.

It was decided to select as the site of the monument a plat of ground adjoining the village of Yorktown, situated on the bluff overlooking the York River, and commanding a magnificent view up and down that river, and from which the monument when completed will be visible for many miles to outgoing and incoming vessels.

The ground selected was purchased and paid for by the honorable Secretary of War, and the Legislature of Virginia, by act of April 22, 1882, gave its consent to the transfer of the property to the United States, and ceded the necessary jurisdiction over it.

The title to the property has been approved by the Attorney-General, and the conveyance duly made to the United States.

The Commission, in carrying out the instructions of Congress, determined upon a plan of commemorative exercises covering four days at Yorktown, at which the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Senate and House of Representatives, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Governors and Commissioners of States, the General of the Army, the Admiral of the Navy, the Society of The Cincinnati, and other distinguished guests were invited to be present.

The Governors of the several States appointed the following Commissioners to represent their respective States:

COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED BY GOVERNORS OF STATES.

Hon. P. W. CARTER.....	Tennessee.
Maj. S. P. HAMILTON.....	South Carolina.
Hon. MILO P. JEWETT, LL. D.....	Wisconsin.
Hon. IRVING W. STANTON.....	Colorado.
Capt. JOHN MILLEDGE.....	Georgia.
Hon. JAMES W. McDILL, U. S. S.....	Iowa.
Hon. JAMES T. FARLEY, U. S. S.....	California.
Hon. W. D. WASHBURN, M. C.....	Minnesota.
Hon. H. G. BLASDEL.....	Nevada.
Col. THOMAS SNEEL.....	Illinois.
Hon. SAMUEL B. CHURCHILL.....	Kentucky.
General D. B. FRY.....	Alabama.
Hon. R. B. PEBBLES.....	North Carolina.
Hon. PHILIP PARSONS.....	Michigan.
General LEWIS PERLINE.....	New Jersey.
Hon. JAMES W. PATTERSON.....	New Hampshire.
Hon. JOHN A. KING.....	New York.

Dr. A. C. HAMLIN	Maine.
Col. M. GLENNAN	Virginia.
Hon. JAMES L. D. MORRISON	Missouri.
General J. F. HARTRANET	Pennsylvania.
Hon. W. H. ENGLISH	Indiana.
Hon. E. F. WARE	Kansas.
Hon. R. A. GAMBLE	Florida.
General W. H. BULKELLY	Connecticut.
Hon. B. F. BIGGS	Delaware.
Maj. J. L. BARSTOW	Vermont.
Rev. J. P. DUHAMEL (acting)	Oregon.
General JAMES R. CHALMERS	Mississippi.
Col. SOL. LINCOLN, JR.	Massachusetts.
General H. ROGERS	Rhode Island.
Hon. JAMES D. WALKER, U. S. S.	Arkansas.
Hon. GEORGE W. THOMPSON	West Virginia.
Judge M. A. DOUGHERTY	Ohio.
Col. H. S. TAYLOR	Maryland.
Dr. W. J. C. DUHAMEL	District of Columbia.

In accordance with a joint resolution of Congress, approved February 18, 1881, the President extended to the Government and people of France and the family of General La Fayette a cordial invitation to unite with the Government and people of the United States in the observance of our Centennial at Yorktown. An invitation was also extended to the family of Major-General the Baron von Steuben.

These invitations were accepted, and the Centennial ceremonies were graced by the presence of a French Commission of many distinguished representatives of the French nation and of the family of the Marquis La Fayette, and by the representatives of the von Steuben family, a list of whom is herewith transmitted.

In making arrangements for a proper military and naval display for the Centennial, the Commission received great assistance from the Secretary of War, Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, and the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. William H. Hunt.

The Secretary of War and the General of the Army did all in their power to render the military arrangements complete. For this purpose tents and camp equipage were issued for an encampment sufficient to accommodate the troops expected, and every assistance rendered that was authorized by law. At the proper time all the United States troops that could be spared from garrison duty were assembled at Yorktown for the purpose of taking part in the military exercises of the occasion.

The Secretary of the Navy and the Admiral of the Navy were equally active in making the necessary preparations for the co-operation of the Navy. The North Atlantic Squadron, under Rear-Admiral R. H. Wyman, was ordered to Yorktown for the purpose, and, in addition, the training ships and all other available vessels.

A detailed account of the naval operations has been prepared, at the request of the Commission, by the Navy Department, and is submitted herewith.

The Commission was of opinion that, in order to insure the success of the military features of the celebration, the command of the Government and State troops that were expected to participate should be committed to a general officer of the United States Army of high rank and reputation, and therefore requested the Secretary of War to select such an officer for that purpose. In compliance with this request, the Secretary of War designated Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, U. S. A., to take command of the troops and direct all military movements in connection with the celebration. General Hancock immediately entered upon this duty with great zeal, and, assisted by his able and energetic staff, made every disposition for the encampment and comfort of the troops.

Although obliged to contend with great difficulties, owing to the distance of Yorktown from the trunk lines of travel, he perfected arrangements for the accommodation of 20,000 men, including the United States and state forces, and a large body of U. S. veterans, Knights Templar and other Masonic bodies.

General Hancock, with his staff, took up his headquarters at Yorktown, and remained there during the celebration. To the zeal and ability displayed by him in all these matters, the great success of the military display is largely due.

The Commission desire particularly to recognize the services of Lient. Col. Wm. P. Craighill, United States Engineer Corps, who was for months engaged at Yorktown in making arrangements for the safe and convenient landing of visitors, the laying out of the encampment, the preparation of the grounds for the military exercises, the laying of the corner-stone of the monument, and the construction of the buildings and other structures for the comfort and convenience of those who were to participate in the Centennial ceremonies. His efforts were untiring, and all his dispositions were made with judgment, skill, and economy. The report of Colonel Craighill is herewith submitted.

The services of Lient. Col. H. C. Corbin, Assistant Adjutant-General, United States Army, were also of great value to the Commission. He was engaged for some time prior to the celebration in correspondence with the various military and other organizations, making a roster of those who notified their intention to be present, arranging for transportation, and imparting desired information. The buildings used during the Centennial exercises were furnished and decorated under his supervision. As master of ceremonies he had charge of the details of the celebration and the execution of the programme, and assisted the Commission in the entertainment of the guests.

In selecting a site for the monument the Commission found it necessary to have a survey made of Yorktown and its surroundings. General Tidball, commanding at Fortress Monroe in the absence of General Getty, kindly offered to have the survey made under the supervision of the officers of the Artillery School at that place. His offer

was accepted, the survey made, and a very accurate map of Yorktown, showing the lines occupied in 1781 by the hostile armies, was prepared from this survey by Lieut. L. V. Caziare, U. S. A., for the use of the Commission.

THE MONUMENT.

In pursuance of section 2 of the act of June 7, 1880, the Secretary of War appointed R. M. Hunt, esq., of New York, J. Q. A. Ward, esq., of New York, and Henry Van Brunt, esq., of Boston, a commission of artists to recommend a suitable design for the monument.

This commission submitted a very appropriate design, which, after some slight modifications, was approved by the Congressional Commission, and the monument will be erected in accordance therewith under the direction of the Secretary of War, who has assigned Lieut. Col. William P. Craighill, U. S. A., to superintend its construction.

The following extract from the report of the commission of artists conveys the emblematic significance of the monument:

From the point of view of sentiment, this monument is intended to convey, in architectural language, the idea, set forth in the dedicatory inscription, that, by the victory at Yorktown, *the independence of the United States of America* was achieved, or brought to final accomplishment.

The four sides of the base contain, first, an inscription dedicating the monument as a memorial of the victory; second, an inscription presenting a succinct narrative of the siege, prepared in accordance with the original archives in the Department of State; third, the treaty of alliance with the King of France; and, fourth, the treaty of peace with the King of England. In the pediments over these four sides, respectively, are presented, carved in relief, first, emblems of nationality; second, emblems of war; third, emblems of the alliance; and, fourth, emblems of peace.

The base is thus devoted to the historical statement; it explains the subsequent incidents of the monumental composition, which are intended solely to appeal to the imagination. The immediate result of the historical events written upon the base was the happy establishment of a national union of thirteen youthful, free, and independent States. To celebrate this joyful union the sculptor has represented upon the circular podium, which arises from the base, a solemn dance of thirteen typical female figures, hand-in-hand, encircling the drum, which bears upon a belt beneath their feet the word "*One country, one constitution, one destiny.*" It is a symbol of the birth of freedom.

The column which springs from this podium may be accepted as the symbol of the greatness and prosperity of the nation after a century of various experience, when thirty-eight free and independent States are shining together in mighty constellation. It is the triumphant sign of the fulfilment of the promise—an expression of the strength and beauty of the Union: but the powerful nation does not forget the remote beginning of its prosperity, and, in the midst of its shining stars, bears aloft the shield of Yorktown covering the branch of peace.

As the existence of the nation is a proof of the possibility of a government of the people by the people for the people, the column, thus adorned, culminates with Liberty herself, star-crowned, and welcoming the people of all nations to share equally with us the fruits of our peace and prosperity.

The inscriptions on the base of the monument are to be as follows :

NORTH SIDE.

Erected

In pursuance of

A Resolution of Congress adopted October 29, 1781.

And an Act of Congress approved June 7, 1880.

To commemorate the Victory

By which

The Independence of the United States of America

Was achieved.

SOUTH SIDE.

At York on October 19, 1781.

After a Siege of nineteen Days.

By 5,500 American and 7,000 French Troops of the Line.

3,500 Virginia Militia under command of General Thomas Nelson.

And 36 French Ships of War.

Earl CORNWALLIS.

Commander of the British Forces at York and Gloucester.

Surrendered His Army.

7,254 Officers and Men, 840 Seamen, 244 Cannon, and 21 Standards.

To His Excellency GEORGE WASHINGTON,

Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Forces of America and France.

To His Excellency the Comte DE ROCHAMBEAU.

Commanding the Auxiliary Troops of His Most Christian Majesty in America.

And to His Excellency the Comte DE GRASSE,

Commanding-in-Chief the Naval Army of France in Chesapeake.

WEST SIDE.

The Treaty

Concluded February 6, 1778.

Between the United States of America

And Louis XVI, King of France,

Declares

The Essential and Direct End

Of the present Defensive Alliance

Is to Maintain Effectually

The Liberty, Sovereignty, and Independence.

Absolute and Unlimited.

Of the said United States

AS well in Matters of Government as of Commerce.

EAST SIDE.

The Provisional Articles of Peace.

Concluded November 30, 1782.

And the Definitive Treaty of Peace,

Concluded September 3, 1783.

Between the United States of America

And George III, King of Great Britain and Ireland.

Declare

His Britannic Majesty Acknowledges the said United States

Viz: New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island

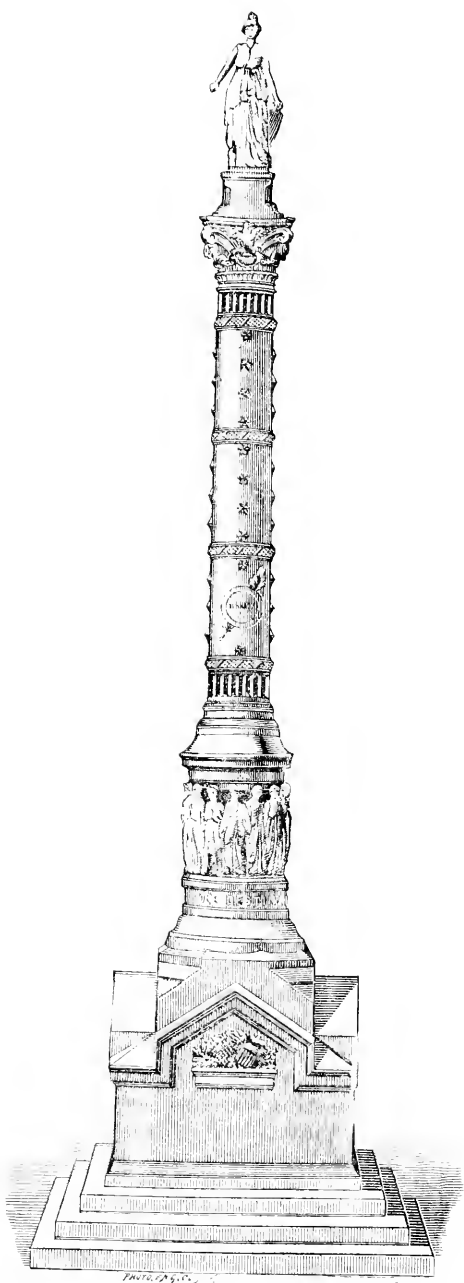
And Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York,

New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware.

Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina.

South Carolina, and Georgia,

To be Free, Sovereign, and Independent States.



THE YORKTOWN MONUMENT.

THE CENTENNIAL EXERCISES.

The order of exercises originally adopted by the Commission embraced four days, beginning October 18, 1881. They included, on the first day, the laying of the corner stone of the monument with masonic ceremonies, an address of welcome by the governor of Virginia, and introductory remarks by the chairman of the Commission; on the second day, October 19, the anniversary of the surrender, an address by the President of the United States, a Centennial oration, poem, and ode; on the third day, October 20, a grand military parade and review; and on the fourth day, October 21, a grand naval drill and review.

In selecting a Centennial orator, your Commissioners desired to choose one whose character and abilities would insure an address commensurate with the occasion, and they unanimously concurred in requesting the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, to deliver the oration.

Mr. Winthrop consented to comply with their request, and the manner in which he discharged the trust is the best evidence of the wisdom of their choice. They have obtained from Mr. Winthrop a copy of his oration, and it is herewith transmitted to Congress as a part of this report, in order that the eloquent utterances of the distinguished orator may be transmitted to posterity with the history of the occasion that called them forth.

The Commission invited James Barron Hope, esq., of Virginia, to deliver the Centennial poem, and he complied in an epic poem of great power and beauty. Paul H. Hayne, esq., of South Carolina, was selected to write the ode for the occasion, and responded in a most appropriate invocation.

Mr. Hope's poem and Mr. Hayne's ode have been furnished at the request of the Commission, and are herewith submitted as part of this report.

The Rev. Robert Nelson, D. D., of Virginia, grandson of Thomas Nelson, governor of Virginia, who commanded the militia of that State at the siege of Yorktown, was invited to open the exercises of the first day, and the Rev. William L. Harris, D. D., LL. D., of New York, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, those of the second day, with prayer.

In accordance with the programme adopted by the Commission, the guests of the United States assembled at Washington, on Monday, October 17, 1881, and proceeded thence with the National and State officials to Yorktown, on steamers provided by the Government.

On their arrival at Yorktown, on Tuesday, the 18th, they were received by his excellency F. W. M. Holliday, governor of Virginia, in La Fayette Hall.

The order of exercises was as follows:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18.

10 A. M.

OUT-DOOR CONCERT.

AT GRAND STAND, MONUMENT SITE, BY THE THIRD UNITED STATES ARTILLERY
BAND, WILLIAM HINENFELDT, LEADER.

1. OVERTURE—"Jolly Robbers".....*Suppe.*
2. DUETTO—"Il Masnadieri".....*Verdi.*
3. SELECTION—"Barbe Bleu".....*Offenbach.*
4. MUSICAL MELANGE—"This and That".....*Boettger.*
5. SELECTION—"Huguenots".....*Meyerbeer.*
6. INTRODUCTION—"Norma".....*Bellini.*
7. OVERTURE—"Nabucco".....*Verdi.*
8. SELECTION—"A Night in Granada".....*Kreutzer.*
9. WALTZ—"Les Sirenes".....*Waldtenfel.*
10. GRAND NATIONAL MEDLEY POTPOURRI.....*Heinieke.*

AT MILITARY CAMP, BY NORTH CAROLINA STATE BAND, W. H. NEAVE, DIRECTOR.

1. OVERTURE—"Christian Reid".....*Neave.*
2. WALTZES—"Blue Danube".....*Strauss.*
3. POLONAISE ON FIFTH AIR.....*De Beriot.*
4. SELECTION OF POPULAR AIRS.
5. SELECTION—"Barber of Seville".....*Rossini.*
6. POLKA MAZURKAS { *a.* "Libussa".....*Zickoff.*
 { *b.* "Coliseum".....*Faust.*
7. SELECTION—"Lurline".....*Wallace.*
8. QUICK MARCH—"Fire of Youth".....*Neave.*
9. HALLELUJAH CHORUS.....*Handel.*
10. { *a.* GOD SAVE OUR PRESIDENT FROM HARM.....*Millard.*
 { *b.* WASHINGTON'S GRAND MARCH.....*_____*
 { *c.* OLD NORTH STATE.....*Gaston.*

11 A. M.

RECEPTION BY THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

At La Fayette Hall,

At the President and his Cabinet, the Guests of the Nation, the Diplomatic Corps, the
Congressional Commission, the Governors and Commissioners
of the States, and The Society of The Cincinnati.

At 11 a. m. the masonic procession formed in the following order and
proceeded to the site of the monument :

THE MASONIC PROCESSION.

M. W. Robert Enoch Withers, P. G. M., Grand Marshal.

Tiler, with Drawn Sword.

Other Tilers of Subordinate Lodges, six abreast, with Drawn Swords.

MUSIC.

Two Stewards with White Rods.

Master Masons, six abreast.

Junior Deacons, six abreast.

Senior Deacons, six abreast.

Secretaries, six abreast.

Treasurers, six abreast.

Visiting Brethren from other Grand Jurisdictions in charge of the Committee on Assignment of Quarters.

ESCORT.

Grand Commandery of Virginia and its Subordinates.

Grand Commanderies of other States and their Subordinates.

Worshipful James M. Taylor, Grand Tiler, with Drawn Sword, and

Brother James E. Riddick, Grand Pursuivant.

Junior Wardens, six abreast.

Senior Wardens, six abreast.

Past Masters, six abreast.

Present Masters, six abreast.

District Deputy Grand Masters, six abreast.

Medical Staff.

Golden Vessel with Corn, by the Most Worshipful Samuel C. Lawrence, Grand Master of Massachusetts.

Square, Level, and Plumb, by the Most Worshipful Grand Masters Horace S. Taylor of New York, John S. Tysen, of Maryland, and Samuel B. Dick, of Pennsylvania.

The Golden Vessels, with Wine and Oil, by Most Worshipful Grand Masters Henry F. Grainger, of North Carolina, and Thomas Vincent, of Rhode Island.

Right Worshipful Oscar M. Marshall, Grand Treasurer, and Right Worshipful W. Byran Isaacs, Grand Secretary.

Tuscan and Composit Orders of Architecture, by the Worshipful Masters of Lodges Nos. 19 and 18, of Virginia.

Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian Orders, by the Worshipful Masters of Lodges Nos. 15, 14, and 13, of Virginia.

One Large Light, by the Worshipful Master of Lodge No. 10, of Virginia.

Holy Bible, Square, and Compass, by the Worshipful Master of Lodge No. 5, of Virginia.

Two Large Lights, by the Worshipful Masters of Lodges Nos. 4 and 3, of Virginia.

Grand Masters of States other than of the Thirteen Original States, in charge of the Committee on Reception.

Right Worshipful Reuben Murrel Page, Deputy Grand Master, accompanied by the Most Worshipful Grand Masters of States of South Carolina, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Delaware.

Grand Chaplain, Right Worshipful A. Poe Boude, p. t.

Grand Orator, Most Worshipful Beverley R. Wellford, Jr., Past Grand Master.

Most Worshipful William B. Taliaferro, Grand Senior Warden, p. t., and Right Worshipful Henry W. Murray, Grand Junior Warden.

Book of Constitutions, by the Worshipful Master of Lodge No. 1.

Right Worshipful F. H. Hill, Grand Senior Deacon, and
Right Worshipful W. F. Drinkard, Grand Junior Deacon, on the right
and left of Most Worshipful Peyton S. Coles, Grand Master,
Wearing the Sash and Apron presented to Brother George Washington

by Brother La Fayette.

Two Stewards with white Rods.

Grand Sword-bearer, with Drawn Sword.

At 12 o'clock noon, the exercises were opened by Hon. John W. Johnston, Chairman of the Congressional Commission, and proceeded in the following order:

PRAYER, BY REV. ROBERT NELSON, D. D.,

(Grandson of Governor Thomas Nelson, who commanded the militia of Virginia at the siege of Yorktown.)

Almighty God, Creator and Supreme Ruler of mankind, we beseech Thee, look with favor on Thy people here assembled, who now offer thanks and praise to Thee for a hundred years of blessing to our fathers and to us.

We adore Thee for Thy guiding hand and fostering care extended to our fathers in their time of need, for the courage, strength, and wisdom given them to bring to a happy end their efforts to found and defend this nation.

We praise Thee, Lord of Hosts, that in the infancy and weakness of our people, Thou didst raise up to them Washington—as Moses to Thy ancient Israel—to be their leader.

We praise Thee, that Thou providedst for him helpers, wise in council and valiant in the field: and that, when they were still unequal to the foe, Thou didst bring them friends from far—whose representatives are here to-day—and make the winds and waves to fight for them, as, of old, by Thy good Providence, “the stars fought against Sisera” and on Thy peoples’ side.

And now, God of our fathers, we worship Thee and magnify Thy name for that Thou hast made us a great nation—multiplying our people mightily, and stretching out our borders to the great sea westward, and hast given us such favor in the eyes of other nations that our country’s sorrow has been to them as their own.

Forbid it, Lord, that we should be lifted up with pride and say “our wisdom and might have done all this for us,” lest Thou, in whose sight the nations are as nothing, who puttest down one and settest up another at Thy will, shouldst take from us our place and give it unto others. Help us to take warning from Thy judgments heretofore sent on us in war

and pestilence and our late sad bereavement, and remember that Thou, Lord, rulerst in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth.

We give Thee hearty thanks, our gracious God, that by Thy blessing our country is at peace with all the world, and, especially, we thank Thee, that our kindred people, with whom, a hundred years ago, our fathers were at war, are now our cordial friends.

Give grace to Christian rulers that they may learn from the good results of the arbitration at Geneva and of the congress at Berlin that it is both possible and wiser far, as well as more becoming men, to settle their disputes around the council board of peace than on the bloody field of war. Grant that the growing intercourse among the nations of the earth may increase good will among men as children of one family and brethren of one blood.

Grant that the dissensions—sectional and partisan—which have rent our country and divided our people in the past may not again disturb us, and that this reunion at the birthplace of our country's life may be the earnest of better things to come.

Help us to pledge our faith each to the other here before Thee, God of our fathers, and in grateful memory of them and of their faithful friends, that we will henceforth strive to live truly to thy honor and our country's good.

We beseech Thee, mercifully to forgive us all our sins, national and individual, for Christ, our Savior's sake. Deliver us from dishonesty and wrong, from violence and murder, from impurity and drunkenness. May we keep even before us Thy holy law, as the only true standard of right living, in all our doings, personal, family, and public.

Bless, Lord, Thy church throughout this land, and grant that the comfortable gospel of Christ may be truly preached, truly received, and truly followed in all places, to the breaking down of sin and Satan. Give, we beseech Thee, to the powers that be among us such grace and wisdom that both they themselves may be examples of purity, integrity, and truth, and that, remembering their accountability to Thee, they may truly and impartially administer justice to the punishment of wickedness and vice, and to the maintenance of Thy true religion and virtue, and that all vexed questions, whether Indian, Mormon, Chinese, or aught else foreboding trouble to our land, may be so ordered and settled by their endeavors on the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations.

These blessings we humbly beg, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, and, in the prayer He taught us, would unite our hearts and voices, and say: "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

The Star Spangled Banner,

Sung by three hundred voices, under the leadership of Prof. Charles L. Seigel, of Richmond, Va. The accompaniment by the United States Marine Band.

Salute to the flag.

At its conclusion the United States flag was unfurled and saluted by the land batteries and war vessels in the harbor.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By His Excellency F. W. M. HOLLIDAY, Governor of Virginia.

This vast assembly has met to witness the fulfilment of the republic's promise.

A century ago the spot where we are now gathered was the scene of an event which introduced the colonies into the family of nations.

Feeling assured that their Declaration of Independence had been verified, and their career as a power had begun, they resolved to build here a monument to testify their gratitude for signal services and devoted patriotism, and proclaim their high purposes to all after times.

The war had been long and bloody. Fortune had for years alternately smiled and frowned. Now, a victory gained after weary delay and suffering, the result of plans deeply laid and vigorously prosecuted, or snatched by the sturdy genius of a people determined to be free, inspired the whole land with hope and enthusiasm. And now a defeat, coming when the armies felt that they were marching to a victory almost won, or falling upon them suddenly as a severe and unexpected calamity, cast a gloom which seemed to obscure the vision of freedom, which had been their pole-star from the beginning.

But when the ships of our great ally spread their sails in the beautiful waters toward which we are now looking, and her brilliant troops stood shoulder to shoulder with the war-worn and battle-scarred men who had marched and fought and grown old in their country's service, and when by their united will the blow was struck whose one hundredth anniversary we this day celebrate, then the colonies were sure the work was done, and they stepped forth in full armor among the nations of the earth.

Yet neither America, nor France, nor England had any adequate idea of the event and its marvelous influences. Each felt, I doubt not, that the final battle had been fought, and the war ended. Each was satisfied that the colonies had wrested themselves from the parent country, and that the British empire had lost its supremacy here. All were convinced that a young and hardy people had started, as it were, at midnoon, with the garnered lessons of centuries of national life abroad, to erect upon the virgin soil of a new continent institutions of novel mean-

ing, and to suffer an experience which had never been tested before. But none knew or dared to think of how the inspiration of its genius was to penetrate the sealed confines of the civilizations of Europe, and to stir them with strange and resistless forces, or of how the throbbings of its life were to fill the people with an unheard of vitality, and its growth outstrip anything hitherto known in the world's history.

By a blessed providence this vitality and growth have not been fed by conquest nor decked with the trophies of the subjugated, nor the civilization they inspire been proclaimed by the exhibition of spoils snatched from those who had gone down before its remorseless arms. It has made here a home for the exile whose fortunes in his native land have been clouded by life's vicissitudes; it is a refuge from those older countries whose population has pressed upon the means of subsistence; it is an asylum to which the afflicted everywhere come and find plenty and peace. From the time when its banner was lifted above the smoke of battle and planted on this site it has been subject to constant invasion. Year after year during the century just gone tide after tide of population has been thrown upon its soil. But they came not to devastate or destroy, not to lay waste by fire and sword, not with the spirit of the Roman, the Teuton, or the Norman—they came and still come, the best fruits of other civilizations, to enlarge the capabilities and swell the current of the Republic's life.

To this history has no parallel. The people who settled along the Atlantic, differing from each other in their traits, were yet, through those differences, alike in manly vigor and high resolve. Animated by various motives in leaving the places of their nativity to come to a wild and broken wilderness, but with none that were not heroic and worthy the founders of an empire; of different religious faith, of different pursuits, of different nationalities, of different training, of different modes of thought, of different races, yet all with that subtle bond of sympathy which made them feel as one, and molded them into a race fit to take charge of the destinies of a continent.

I would not overrate nor underrate these men. Time enough has gone for the mists of prejudice to have drifted away from their imposing figures. We can now regard them and study their words and works as if they belonged to another race and country, and, forgetting ancestral relations, consider them simply as historic characters. And whether you look upon them as individuals discharging the every day duties of private life, as soldiers meeting the responsibilities of their calling upon the march, in camp or on the field of arms, or as moving in the loftier arena and filling the higher and more difficult role of statesmanship, they have never been surpassed in any age, ancient or modern. Whatever they do or whatever they say is done and said with the gravity and strength of men acting in matters of serious import, and with an intellectual grasp and manly heroism worthy of themselves.

And yet we must not forget the period in which they lived and acted, and their happy surroundings, and how much they were indebted to

both. They were in a new country of boundless extent and resources, and around them no malign influences. The decisive battles in church and state—in religion and politics—had been fought in Great Britain and on the Continent, and those fundamental ideas, which they accepted as intuitive and primary, were the results of many centuries of fierce, bloody, and relentless war. These were the outgrowth of years of saddest experience, and our fathers found them ready to their hand, and were wise enough to use them.

Their declarations and bills of rights were not original with them. The contests which their ancestors beyond the sea waged with their rulers evolved the principles which these declarations and bills avow, and which they made the corner-stones of the institutions we now enjoy. Religion had already passed through the furnace heated seven-fold by passion, and had vindicated its true position in the conscience and in society. Politics had been struggling through historic time in the thoughts of the profoundest thinkers and in the experience of men to find some landing place in which the power of the government and the liberty of the individual might find rest and harmonize. The results were before them, and whether in the council or the field they felt by the very necessity of the case in their fight with centralized power the value of those principles which had been wrought out in their fatherland in both church and state. There was no hour from Lexington to Yorktown that the importance of individual effort was not appreciated, whether hurrying together with their rifles from their humble homes to strike a blow like that at King's Mountain, or in the resolutions of Congress in vindication of their cause, so full of practical sense and profound wisdom, so comprehensive in their bearing, and so in accord with the people's present happiness and future growth, so far-reaching in their import and involving such vast consequences to the race, that they seem to rise above ordinary discussion, and sound like the utterances of heroes "in the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Thus, in the recognition of these principles, their studies, their experience as colonists, and the hardships they endured in their struggle for independence taught them the value of individual effort, and resulted in the formation of a pronounced individual character that has never been surpassed. Not forgetful of the necessity of government, nor of those bonds into which they were born, and which by the laws of their being made them citizens of the state, they yet broke away from those traditional errors, which announced its absolute and despotic supremacy. No people ever acknowledged the authority of government and its rightfulness with more cheerful and willing submission, provided its true place and power were assigned it in the human economy. They looked upon it not as an independent power existing by virtue of some inherent majesty issuing decrees, as by right divine and without sympathy with its subjects, nor yet as a mere agent in the hands of members to execute their own will for selfish purposes, regardless of the feelings and interests of those upon whom it is executed, not as a power, distinct and

antagonistic, but rather as the medium for the expression of popular will, so organized by proper checks as to afford protection to the individual whilst he was working out his own destiny, preventing its use for evil purposes, and compelling it to perform its proper functions by its own normal operations.

The consequence was, that the government represented not solely the organized strength of the community: It represented the virtues and excellencies and progress of the individuals and of the society which they composed. Imposing no restraint upon the individual's efforts in any department of growth, and protecting him whilst he was putting forth his energies and enjoying the fruits of their exercise, each became the complement of the other, and presented the solution of the problem long sought for, but hitherto unfound, of the harmonious union of allegiance and protection.

Nothing like this in its extent and proportions has been given us before. Republics we have had, and democracies, and representative governments; but never before, in ancient or modern times, has universal suffrage prevailed as it does here over such an area of country, in full recognition of the rights of each and every citizen, whilst there is also equal recognition of the supremacy of the government which the suffrage makes, and by which it is at the same time controlled.

This is the wonder of this age of wonders. Thousands and hundreds of thousands are constantly meeting in city and country, from far and near. No armed men are with them to command the peace. The genius of law is ever present, reigning with quiet but resistless energy. See this immense throng, come together from every part of the land, animated by one impulse and inspired by one sentiment. No force is needed here; but the spirit of order, which elsewhere has found its throne in organized force, here dwells in each and every heart, and rules with imperial sway. This monument will proclaim to the future generations the surrender of force, and the triumph of law; and as it lifts itself so proudly by this gently flowing river, to mark a spot so famed, will speak in its own structure with more than mortal eloquence of how so many States and interests have been blended into one by the magic of the Republic's life.

Our fathers were thus ready to enter upon a contest with nature's elements. The capacities of the people were evoked and centralized in their government. A continent was their habitation, embracing every variety of soil, and climate, and production, with immense rivers and mountains to be spanned and tunneled, which had never been navigated or explored by civilized men. Savages held possession of them, and the wilderness thrust itself up to their very doors. Nature often has been too powerful for man, and has held him in check, or subjection, by the obstacles it has presented to his progress or by the terrors with which it has peopled its mysterious domain. Immense regions of the earth yet lie unexplored, or, if penetrated by a few courageous spirits, only to show how vast are the forces which yet defy subjugation.

Not so with the men whose fame we this day celebrate. Little colonies stretched along the Atlantic, between the mountain and the sea, after they had conquered their freedom and made for themselves peaceful homes, the habitations of religion and law, after they had thrown over them the ægis of an independent government, they then went forth to bring a continent under their dominion.

And those very forces which by the ignorant are regarded as monsters of "frightful mien," by the agencies of science and art were reduced to thralldom and made the ministers of still further conquests. The men of whom we speak, and whose deeds we now recall, were many of them not only skilled in the mysteries of the schools and abreast of their age in whatever had been gathered in the domain of knowledge—for they had been educated in the most renowned institutions of learning—but among them were discoverers and inventors whose fame has become world-wide. And in the generations that have gone since then, the individuality and responsibility, which as we have seen were born with the Republic, have produced an activity nowhere more manifest or potent, which, grappling with the elements, has wielded them with Titanic strength. The proportions of the continent have been reduced into symmetry, and its boundless resources have been made to pay tribute not only for the advancement of the people in those comforts which refine and elevate, and make up the definition of civilized, but which go to swell a nation's greatness and mark its chiefest glory.

The invitation had gone forth for all peoples to come and enjoy with them this great heritage. It mattered not much whence or in what numbers they came, the Republic, grown and growing still so strong by such healthy courses, could digest and assimilate them. It was of little concern what were their views on religion or politics; the life of the Republic was stronger than theirs. Religion was free; politics was free; the discussion of both was free. However much the integrity of either was assailed, by reason of their inherent virtue both survived. All nationalities mingled in the common tide. Old creeds, old prejudices, old beliefs, old convictions, traditions hoary with age; the monarchist, the democrat, the republican, the catholic of every order, the protestant of every hue; all religions, all modes of political and philosophic thought were thrown into the rushing torrent, but they only gave vigor and directness to its resistless flow. Whatever their variances a generation only is required to bring them into harmonious assimilation. The mighty tide rolls on—Americans all—as the inscription on this monument will declare, with "one country, one constitution, one destiny;" about them a continent with the wealth of a Promised Land; above them the stars looking down propitiously from their far-off habitations, as they looked down in the olden times upon their fathers; from every fire-side in their midst and from every country where God's name is known and honored, daily prayers for this last and noblest blessing to mankind.

Who can fully appreciate its magnitude or its extended influence?

Hitherto, by reason of the peculiar social and governmental organization only a portion, and often a very small portion, of the people have been heard in history. The real and entire power of a nation was rarely if ever evoked. Classes or castes divided the community into segments. One or more of these segments always spoke alone or led in public affairs. Now and here the various pursuits and professions and callings constitute one whole, and, in the movements of the mass, are ever shifting and commingling. No position is so high that it may not one day be low, and none so humble that it may not be represented in the high places of the Republic.

But truth and right are sempiternal and change not. Men come and go, but they survive. And when the "volume of their book" is open, freely to be read, the generations they pass gather on their way and transmit to each succeeding a larger measure of their precious treasures. Thus it is that the common reason of humanity, of more value than the philosophy of the schools, fixes in its experience the standards of the race.

Who can tell what those standards will be with us? One experiment has not yet been fully tried. A century is but a span in a nation's lifetime. In the freedom and activity which prevail, working amid such diverse materials, molding gradually into shape a composite civilization, let us pray that its features may conform to those immortal principles. Every day, almost every hour, brings some new discovery or invention enlarging the bounds of that civilization, making the waste places to bloom, and expanding the sphere of human effort. The vexed question will now be decided whether the scholar, philosopher, and statesman are the leaders in the progress of humanity, or whether they but give expression to the common instincts and reason of the race whose universal mind and heart, attuned to discover the true and right, are the first to proclaim and the last to defend them.

We will at least cherish the hope that order, which is of the essence of truth and right, will be profoundly impressed upon their seekers, and find an abiding dwelling place in every heart. The Union will not then be a simple term, but a word without the use of which no future aspirations can be written. Patriotism will then be not an empty sound, but a grand symphony made up of all the notes of our daily being, which, as it rings out our country's fate, alike proclaims our own.

We will guard it with that eternal vigilance which was its price. Our material strength is such that we can essay the world in arms. Nor have we the dangers to apprehend which spring up between the people and their rulers, for the people rule. Our chief—it may be our only—fear is those internal feuds to which ignorance, passion, and prejudice prompt. But even here our experience gives us hope. When an issue comes, whatever may be the honest or sinister purposes of those who agitate, it is by their own profession a struggle through governmental forms for the high aims and purposes for which the government stands. Sober second-thought in the end comes, when time has tested.

the integrity or the wisdom of the professed reformers and the worth of their work.

A short time ago the country was torn by discord, and civil war strode through the land with a fierceness rarely equaled. When the fight was over the sword was sheathed, the battle-flag was furled, the wrecks of dismantled and shattered homes were gathered up—sometimes with tears; sometimes with “thoughts too deep for tears”; traditions and associations that were interwoven through the governmental and social fabric—and, though they had caused dissensions on either side, were precious—were rolled up like a scroll and laid away forever. Together again, as a united people, under the old ensign, flaming aloft and before us like a star in the serene sky, we are marching to still grander triumphs, bearing on our Arlean shoulders an enfranchised race to the blessings of our own civilization. In the midst of the fury of partisan strife, however bitter or however honest, it has always appeared that as we have loved our aims we have loved our country more.

When the hand of the assassin struck our President down there was not a home or a heart, from sea to sea, from which earnest prayers did not go up for his recovery. And when death came there was not one that was not draped in mourning and bowed in deepest sorrow. He was to have been with us to-day and to have joined in these august ceremonies. It has been otherwise ordained. But his honored successor is here, and his Cabinet, and the Yorktown Congressional Commission, and representatives of every department of the United States Government, and the people of the sister States and Territories, and citizens of foreign nations, to participate in the proceedings of this historic day. Virginia gives them cordial welcome! Providence decreed that her soil should be the scene of the last great act of the Revolution. Her citizens rejoice that they can grant it to all the States, and join them in building thereon a memorial which they trust may be as lasting as the emblem it typifies, and that both may be immortal. We feel that however dire the calamity that has befallen us or may in the future come, faith is not dead and patriotism has not been wounded. “God reigns and the government at Washington still lives!” The friends of freedom everywhere catch up the grand refrain and speed it round the world—God reigns and the government at Washington still lives! Long live the Government!

The descendants of the distinguished German; who commanded an important part of the forces here, and was very near to Washington, have come, in obedience to our request, to help us celebrate their anniversary as well as ours. We give them kindly greeting. The sword of Stenben, drawn in behalf of freedom, opened the way for the advent of his vigorous and gifted race. They have penetrated into the very heart of our institutions; have made their homes in the midst of the restless movements of our people, and become as one in sympathy; have built up the material wealth of the country wherever they have gone, and

mingled their names with its glories in every department of literature, arts, and arms. We unite to-day to give kindly greeting to the descendants of one who was their illustrious countryman and our friend.

We have invited France to join us. Her chosen citizens are here—the descendants and representatives of those without whose aid neither this day nor this monument had been possible. Were I to attempt to express American gratitude to France, and for what it is due, hours would not suffice any more than they would suffice to tell of the splendid achievements which have made all modern history effulgent with her fame. It is not needed here and now. Your presence, sirs, and your place in these proceedings speak more eloquently than any words of mine. The Government of the United States, by its high officials, the people of the United States, by these its representatives before and around us in hosts that cannot be counted, bid you “All hail and welcome.”

On this spot, a hundred years ago, your sires and ours united and accomplished a work which started a civilization with untold possibilities on the new continent, and revolutionized the civilizations of the old.

None could then estimate its far-reaching sweep or the unnumbered blessings it carried for mankind. We build this monument to perpetuate the recollection of that work. We will guard it with pious hands and hearts, and transmit it to the countless generations who will follow us, to show how, in God's ways, a brave and noble deed evolves its own triumphs. So may the principles this monument is intended to represent not fall from the memory of man.

THE MARSELLAISE HYMN

By the chorus of voices under Professor Seigel, accompanied by the *Marina Band*.

Remarks by the chairman of the Congressional Commission,
Hon. John W. Johnston, of Virginia.

REMARKS OF HON. JOHN W. JOHNSTON,

CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMISSION.

Three times has the soil upon which we stand been made the camping ground of armed men. Twice were the encampments those of soldiers arrayed for battle and ready for conflict; but the third time the meeting is peaceful and brotherly.

One hundred years ago the rival camps were, on the one side, that of England, the mother country, straining her strength and making a su-

preme and final effort to reduce to submission her thirteen rebellious colonies, and, on the other, those thirteen rebellious colonies determined to be free and their generous allies, the French.

Twenty years ago these same colonies, swelled into thirty-four States had divided into sectional lines, taken up arms, and stood face to face, bayonet to bayonet. But to-day behold the earth covered with tents, in which sleep side by side, in brotherly friendship, the men who once confronted each other with deadly intent. This gathering of troops is peaceful, not peaceful only but friendly and patriotic. The citizen soldier from all parts of the United States and the veterans of the Army and the Navy meet here to rival each other in celebrating the event which made them what they are, a free and powerful and prosperous nation.

The struggle between Great Britain and the colonies had lasted more than six years. It had been maintained by the colonies amidst every difficulty that could embarrass and surround them. Their people numbered but three millions, and they were strong along the Atlantic coast. Their opponents were more than twenty millions, and their territories encircled the earth. Their flag floated on every sea, and their wealth and resources were greater than those of any nation of the earth. But it had become apparent that the crisis was at hand. Cornwallis was hemmed in by the army that stretched its lines around him, with both wings resting on the river, and in the river itself was anchored the French fleet. And so he had nothing left but to lay down his arms, and the American Revolution was an accomplished fact.

On this side the war had been kept up by the Continental Congress. The colonies had no president, no cabinet, no government. They simply came voluntarily together, and placed the whole management and conduct of affairs in the hands of delegates chosen by themselves. How these men acquitted themselves is the most glorious page in all history. Their wisdom, their patriotism, their steadfastness, their patience, their fortitude were unequalled by those of any body of men that ever assembled. Of them and their conduct John Marshall speaks in these terms:

The firmness manifested by Congress throughout the gloomy and trying period which intervened between the loss of Fort Washington and the battle of Princeton entitles the members of that day to the admiration of the world and the gratitude of their fellow-citizens. Unawed by the dangers which threatened them, and regardless of personal safety, they did not for an instant admit the idea that the independence they had declared was to be surrendered and peace purchased by returning to their ancient colonial situation. They sought to remove the despondence which was seizing and paralyzing the public mind by an address to the States, in which every argument was suggested which could arouse them to a vigorous action.

The Congress was in session when Cornwallis surrendered, and the intelligence of the surrender was speedily communicated to them. Feeling that their long struggle was crowned with triumph, and that the event which had just taken place was one of the great events of the

world, which would live forever in history, and influence for all time the destinies of the people, and filled with gratitude for the aid rendered them by France, they passed this resolution :

That the United States, in Congress assembled, will cause to be erected at York, in Virginia, a marble column adorned with emblems of the alliance between the United States and His Most Christian Majesty, and inscribed with a succinct narrative of the surrender of Earl Cornwallis to his excellency General Washington, commander-in-chief of the combined forces of America and France; to his excellency Count de Rochambeau, commanding the auxiliary troops of His Most Christian Majesty in America; and his excellency Count de Grasse, commander-in-chief of the naval army of France, in Chesapeake.

It will be seen that the column to be erected was to commemorate not only the victory of the colonies, but the part taken by France in bringing it about. The duty to do this was a legacy left by the Continental Congress. And now, after the lapse of one hundred years, the Congress of thirty-eight States and fifty millions of people, the Congress of a nation stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is executing that legacy. Three millions of people and thirteen colonies accomplished the great work, and fifty millions of people and thirty-eight States are celebrating it. And joining in this celebration are representatives of the French Nation. Here, at the invitation of this government, French soldiers again tread American soil and French vessels ride the waters of York River.

The model of the monument to be erected is here before us. Thirteen female figures, representing the thirteen Colonies, seem to support upon their shoulders a column marked with thirty-eight stars, typical of the thirty-eight States, and crowned by a figure of Liberty. This embodies the idea—from the thirteen Colonies grew the thirty-eight States, and sprung the truest and most thorough and genuine liberty ever enjoyed by any people.

On the four sides of the base, and carrying out the original design of the Continental Congress, are “emblems of the alliance between the United States and His Most Christian Majesty, and a succinct narrative of the surrender of Earl Cornwallis.”

And now, as the appropriate opening of our celebration, the cornerstone of the monument will be laid by “the order of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons”—of which Washington himself was a chief member—with all the grand and solemn ceremonies befitting so great an occasion.

“HAIL COLUMBIA.”

By the chorus of voices led by Professor Seigel. The accompaniment by the Marine Band.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE MONUMENT,

By the MASONIC GRAND MASTER OF VIRGINIA, assisted by the Grand Masters of the Thirteen Original States.

CEREMONY.

Grand Master.—Brethren, before entering upon any important undertaking, we should always invoke the blessing of Deity.

Prayer by Right Worshipful A. POE BOUDE, Grand Chaplain, *p. t.*

Most Holy and Glorious Lord God, Author of all good! Prompted by a deep sense of our need, and guided by the Holy Bible, the Great Light of Masonry and of nations, we come to Thee for the blessing we need at this hour; for in Thee do we put our trust.

As we stand on this eminence and look back upon the path of our national history, and see from what and through what we have come, and then turn to see in our present surroundings the dignity to which we have arisen, we acknowledge the guidance of Thy hand, the strength of Thine arm, and the glory of Thy goodness.

Around us are armed hosts, thundering cannon, and mighty ships of war. These were present at our nation's birth, and have guarded us to this hour; and yet all these are vain without the blessing of Heaven. "Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

We praise Thee, O Lord, for all that is great and good in our history. We praise Thee especially for the great and good men whom Thou didst raise up among our fathers, to lead them through their long, dark struggle for Independence. Thou wast their pillar of cloud and of fire; and when, in their weakness, their hearts were ready to despond, Thou didst send them timely aid across the great waters; and here, upon this spot, the sun of American Liberty first arose. Clouds, dark and threatening, have swept across our nation's sky since then, but we thank Thee that Thou hast brushed them away, and to-day the sky is clear and the sun shines brightly as ever. Peace is in all our borders, and prosperity attends our every step.

Here, like Thy servants Jacob and Samuel of old, we would raise a stone to mark this important spot in our history. "Hither, by Thy help, we've come." And as long as this stone lasts may every one who looks upon it be stimulated with a love of liberty and a devotion to God and country, such as characterized the great men whose deeds we here commemorate.

Pardon, we pray Thee, our national sins. They are many and great; and we confess them before Thee. Save us from the counsel and rule of ambitious and impure men; and grant that our laws may be made and executed in the fear of God.

To this end, we pray Thee, bless Thy servant, the President of the

United States, and all who are in any way connected with the government of this country. May they have Wisdom from above to direct them in all that they do; Strength sufficient for their day, to support them in all their trials; and the Beauty of holiness to adorn their private lives and all their public performances.

God bless the French Government and people, to whom we are so much indebted for what we this day enjoy.

God bless the English Government and people, to whom we are so nearly related by blood, and from whom we have derived so much of permanent value in both our civil and religious institutions.

God bless all the nations of the earth.

O, Thou who makest Thy "sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendest Thy rain on the just and the unjust," continue to bless our land with plenty. O, Thou who didst send "peace on earth and good will to men," continue to bless us with peace. Save us from pestilence, famine, and sword.

Save the people gathered on this ground from sickness and accident, and return them in safety and quiet to their homes.

Bless the Masons of all lands. Help them "to be good men and true"—true to the principles of the Order, true to themselves, their countries, and their God.

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Brother Grand Senior Warden, the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Virginia having been invited to lay the Corner-stone of the Monument here to be erected by the Government of the United States in commemoration of the surrender on the 19th day of October, 1781, of Lord Cornwallis to the combined forces of the United States and France, it is my order that the Grand Lodge do now proceed to the performance of that important ceremony. This, my will and pleasure, you will communicate to the Grand Junior Warden, and he to the assembled brethren, that all may have due notice thereof.

Grand Senior Warden.—Right Worshipful Brother Grand Junior Warden, it is order the of the Most Worshipful Grand Master that the Corner-stone of the Monument here to be erected be now laid with Masonic honors. This, his will and pleasure, you will proclaim to all here present, that the occasion may be observed with due order and solemnity.

Grand Junior Warden.—Brethren, and all here present, take notice that our Most Worshipful Grand Master will lay the Foundation-stone of this Monument in Masonic form. You will strictly observe due order and decorum during the ceremony in which we are engaged.

HYMN—TUNE, BALERMA.

To Heaven's high Architect all praise,
 All gratitude be given,
 Who deigned the human soul to raise
 By secrets sprung from Heaven.

Now swells the choir in solemn tone,
 And hovering angles join;
 Religion looks delighted down
 When votaries press the shrine.

Blest be the place! thither repair
 The true and pious train:
 Devotion wakes her anthem there,
 And Heaven accepts the strain.

Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Brother Grand Treasurer, you will read the inscription on the box.

I N S C R I P T I O N .

Corner-stone of a Monument to Commemorate the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis and the forces under his Command, to the American and French Troops at Yorktown, Virginia, October 19th, 1781.

Laid on the invitation of the Congressional Commission by the Grand Lodge of A. F. & A. Masons of Virginia, on the occasion of the celebration of the 100th anniversary of that event."

Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Brother Grand Secretary, you will read the list of the contents of the box.

C O N T E N T S O F T H E B O X .

J. A. Yancey & Co., Richmond.—One copy of the Holy Bible.

W. E. Johnson, Richmond.—Copper coin of United States, 1783.

A. Myers, Norfolk.—Copper coin, 1783, Washington and Independence.

T. J. Wooldridge, Chesterfield.—One silver coin of United States, 1776.

Geo. B. Ely, Manchester.—Three metal medals.

J. M. Carrington, Staunton.—Copper coin of 1787, "Mind your Business."

T. D. Jennings, jr., Lynchburg.—Colonial coin of 1773.

H. W. Furcron, Richmond.— $\frac{1}{4}$ franc.

A. W. Hemans, Richmond.—One cent, Canada coin, 1859.

J. V. Bidgood, Richmond.—One French coin, 1874.

Geo. A. Hundley, Richmond.—\$100 Virginia Treasury note of October, 1862.

Thomas Potts, Richmond.—\$100 Confederate interest bearing note.

A. J. Ford, Richmond.—\$100 Confederate Treasury note.

Commercial Club, Richmond.—Copy of Programme issued by it of the Celebration at Yorktown and continued in Richmond.

F. H. Williams, Richmond.—Photograph of Confederate Flags combined.

F. Marsti, Norfolk.—Yorktown Centennial Medal.

Robert Welsh, Richmond.—Diagram of Corner-stone as furnished him for execution.

Richmond Post-Office.—Memorial Schedule of Arrival and Departure of Mails, issued 26th September, 1881.

R. B. Chaffin & Co., Richmond.—Copy of Virginia Real Estate Journal of October, 1881.

Howard R. Bayne, Richmond.—Copy of Travels of Ego and Alter, published in 1879.

West, Johnston & Co., Richmond.—Copy of Methods of Language Teaching, and copy of Yorktown Centennial volume.

H. P. Johnston, New York.—Copy of "The Yorktown Campaign and the surrender of Cornwallis, 1781."

J. E. Goode, Richmond.—Copy of the Warrock-Richardson Almanac for 1881.

Alfred Shield, Richmond.—Copy of Charter of Yorktown Centennial Association.

E. S. Jeninson, Charleston.—By-Laws of South Carolina Commandery No. 1, chartered in 1824.

Joppa Lodge No. 40, Richmond.—Copy of By-Laws.

J. H. Estill, Savannah, Georgia.—Copy of Sketch of Solomon Lodge No. 1; also Copy of By-Laws.

Winterpock Lodge No. 94, Chesterfield.—Copy of By-Laws.

Amity Lodge No. 76, Richmond.—Copy of Postal Card calling meeting of Lodge to consider the Yorktown Centennial.

Fredericksburgh Lodge No. 1, Fredericksburgh.—A Leaf from the Bible on which George Washington was made a Mason; also Extracts from Records of the Lodge showing his connection with it; also a Roll of Members, 1881.

C. L. Seigle, Richmond.—List of names of Yorktown Centennial Chorus and Membership Ticket; also a copy of all the Music to be sung by the Centennial Chorus.

By Amity Lodge No. 76, Richmond.—List of Officers and Members October, 1881.

Mrs. Mary W. Baldwin, Chesterfield County.—Masonic Apron worn by her late husband, Rev. Archibald W. Baldwin, deceased.

H. S. Bogart, Savannah, Georgia.—Copy in MS. of his work entitled "Washington and Lee, with parallel notes."

Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Virginia.—Copy of Proceedings for 1880; also copy of Form of Diploma on parchment.

Grand Chapter of Virginia.—Copy of Dove's R. A. C. Text-Book, edition 1853; copy of Proceedings for 1880; copy of Form of Diploma on parchment; copy of form of Charter on parchment; copy of form of Commission to Grand Representatives; copies of Official Commissions and Dispensations.

Grand Lodge of Virginia.—Copy of first and fourth Editions of Dove's Text-Books; copy of Proceedings of laying the Corner-stone by the Grand Lodge of the Washington Monument 22d February, 1850; copy of unveiling the same 22d February, 1858; copy of Proceedings for 1878, containing ceremony of unveiling the Monument erected by the Masons of Virginia to memory of Dr. John Dove, who had served as Grand Secretary from 1836 to 1876; copy of Proceedings for 1880; copy of Report of Proceedings from 1733 to 1822, setting forth the progress of the Fraternity during the intervening years—also giving history of the Organization of the Grand Lodge in 1778 up to 1822, Steel-plate Engravings of the Grand Masters who had presided over the Grand Lodge from 1778 to 1822, also of the late Grand Secretary; an Electrotpe copy of the Seal of the Grand Lodge; copy of form of Charter issued to Subordinate Lodges on parchment, signed by the present Grand Master; copy of Form of Diploma on parchment; copy of Commission issued to Grand Representatives; copies of Forms of Dispensation and other Official Documents; copy of Special Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence, adopted in 1856; copy of Special Committee on Free Masonry and the War, adopted in 1864; copy of the Programme of the Ceremony of laying the Corner-stone of this Monument; copy of the Code of Virginia, edition of 1873; copy of Webster's Dictionary (unabridged); a full set of Lodge Jewels of Silver.

Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Brothers Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretary, you will superintend and see that the box is deposited in the place prepared for its reception.

HYMN—TUNE, AMERICA.

Father of love and might,
Send forth Thy holy light
On us to shine.
Be thou our Sovereign Lord,
And may Thy Holy Word
Be to us a shield and sword,
Master Divine.

Bound in one brotherhood,
Owning one common blood,
Children of Thine—
Fill us with kindness,
Prompt to relieve distress,
Wearing thy true impress,
Master Divine.

With joyful hands to-day
This Corner-stone we lay,
With corn, oil, wine;
But do Thou build up one,
Wrought in the living stone
Of our true hearts alone,
Master Divine.

Grand Master.—My Most Worshipful Brethren, the Grand Masters of the Grand Lodges of New York, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, you will descend with me to the foundation.

The Grand Master with the *Trowel* stood at the East, with the Grand Master of New York with the *Square* on his right, the Grand Master of Maryland with the *Level* at the West, and the Grand Master of Pennsylvania, with the *Plumb* at the South side of the stone. The Grand Master spread the cement, after which he directed the Grand Marshal to order the Craftsmen to lower the cap-stone. Executed under the direction of Brother E. H. Kurlin, United States Army, and assisted by Right Worshipful John C. Armistead, and Brothers William B. Isaacs, Jr., and J. E. Alexander. This was done with three motions: First. Lowering the stone a few inches, and stopping while the Grand Honors were given. Second. Lowering again a few inches and repeating the Grand Honors. Third. Lowering to its place, and repeating the Grand Honors. The Square, Level, and Plumb were then applied to the stone, by their respective bearers, and all returned to their stations.

Grand Master.—My Most Worshipful Brother, the Grand Master of New York, what jewel do you bear?

Grand Master of New York.—The Square.

Grand Master.—Have you applied it to such parts of the stone as should be square?

Grand Master of New York.—I have, Most Worshipful Grand Master, and find the Craftsmen have faithfully performed their duty.

Grand Master.—My Most Worshipful Brother, the Grand Master of Maryland, what jewel do you bear?

Grand Master of Maryland.—The Level.

Grand Master.—Have you applied it to such parts of the stone as should be level?

Grand Master of Maryland.—I have, Most Worshipful Grand Master, and find the Craftsmen have faithfully performed their duty.

Grand Master.—My Most Worshipful Brother, the Grand Master of Pennsylvania, what jewel do you bear?

Grand Master of Pennsylvania.—The Plumb.

Grand Master.—Have you applied it to such parts of the stone as should be plumb?

Grand Master of Pennsylvania.—I have, Most Worshipful Grand Master, and find the Craftsmen have faithfully performed their duty.

Grand Master.—Right Worshipful Brother Deputy Grand Master, you will, with the assistance of our Most Worshipful Brethren, the Grand Masters of the Grand Lodges of South Carolina, North Carolina, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Delaware, examine the foundation stone, and see if it is well and duly laid, and report to me.

Deputy Grand Master.—Most Worshipful Grand Master, we have examined the foundation stone, and find it true and trusty, and duly laid. May this patriotic undertaking be prosecuted by the Craftsmen to completion according to the grand plan, and in Peace, Love, and Harmony.

HYMN—TUNE, LYONS.

O, praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice
His Praise in the great Assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

Let them His great name devoutly adore,
In loud swelling strains His praises express,
Who graciously opens His bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve and His children to bless.

With glory adorned His people shall sing,
To God, who defense and plenty supplies,
Their loud acclamations to Him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded and reach to the skies.

Ye angels above, His glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes now publish His praise,
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue,
Would join in your numbers and chant to your lays.

Grand Master.—My Most Worshipful Brother, the Grand Master of Massachusetts, you will descend and pour upon the Stone the Corn of nourishment.

Poured the Corn on the Stone, pronouncing the following invocation:

“May the Supreme Architect of the Universe preserve the health and strength of the workmen engaged in the erection of this Monument, protect them from all accidents, and bless and prosper the work of their hands.”

HYMN—TUNE, HEBRON.

When once of old in Israel
Our early Brethren wrought with toil,
Jehovah's blessings on them fell
In showers of CORN and WINE and OIL.

Grand Master.—My most Worshipful Brother, the Grand Master of North Carolina, you will descend and pour upon the Stone the Wine of refreshment.

Poured the wine, pronouncing the following invocation:

“May abundant refreshment be showered down upon the people of this our common country, and may the blessings of the Giver of all good things attend their undertakings.”

SECOND STANZA.

When there a shrine to Him alone
They built, with worship sin to foil,
On threshold and on corner-stone
They poured out CORN and WINE and OIL.

Grand Master.—My Most Worshipful Brother, the Grand Master of Connecticut, you will descend and pour upon the Stone the Oil of joy and gladness.

Poured the oil, pronouncing the following invocation:

“May the Supreme Being preserve to the people of this country Peace and Harmony, and vouchsafe to them joy and gladness and every blessing.”

THIRD STANZA.

And we have come fraternal bands,
With joy and pride and prosperous spoil,
To honor him by votive hands,
With streams of CORN and WINE and OIL.

Grand Master.—Having full confidence in the skill in the royal art of all who have assisted us in the honored duty assigned to the Grand Lodge of Ancient, Free, and Accepted Masons of the State of Virginia, it remains with me to finish the work.

He descended, with the Grand Senior Deacon on his right, and the Grand Junior Deacon on his left, and gave three distinct knocks on the stone. They then returned to their stations.

Grand Master.—Know all ye who hear me, We are assembled in the broad light of day, and proclaim ourselves Free and Accepted Masons, true to the laws of our country, professing to fear God and to confer benefits on mankind. We have secrets; they are inviolate and inviolable; they are lawful and honest. The tenets of our profession are Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. We inculcate the four Cardinal Virtues—Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice. If we had not practised those tenets and inculcated those virtues, our Institution would not have descended to us through generation after generation, nor would it have numbered among its members so many pure and illustrious personages who were and are always ready to participate in its work, and to promote its welfare. As Grand Master of Masons in the State of Virginia, I pronounce the Corner-stone of this Monument true, trusty, and well laid. May the Corn of nourishment, the Wine of refreshment, and the Oil of joy and gladness, and all the other necessities of life abound among all the people. May the blessings of God rest upon this work. May the Monument here to be erected be preserved throughout all ages as a reminder to each succeeding generation of the glorious event which it is intended to commemorate.

Grand Master.—My Most Worshipful Brother, our Grand Marshal, you will, with the aid of the Grand Senior and Junior Deacons, present me with the working tools.

Grand Master.—Brother Craighill, as the builder of this Monument, after the designs as laid down by the distinguished architects—R. M. Hunt, Henry Van Brunt, and J. Q. A. Ward—I confide to your hands the implements of Operative Masonry with the fullest confidence in your skill and ability to erect such a Monument as will perpetuate and

add new luster to the established glory, liberality, and patriotism of the people of these United States.

Grand Master.—Most Worshipful Brother, our Grand Marshal, you will take with you the Most Worshipful Grand Master of Pennsylvania, as a member and as the representative of the Congressional Commission having the Monument in charge, and inform his Excellency the President of the United States, that the Corner-stone of the Monument, about to be erected in commemoration of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to our illustrious and beloved Brother, General George Washington, has now been laid with Masonic Honors, and request his Excellency to descend and examine our work, and if approved, to receive it from our hands.

His Excellency Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, escorted by the Most Worshipful Grand Master, the Most Worshipful Grand Master of Pennsylvania, and the Most Worshipful Grand Marshal, descended to the Foundation-stone. He pronounced it well laid, and received the work from our hands.

The Most Worshipful Grand Master then introduced Most Worshipful Beverley R. Wellford, Jr., Past Grand Master, who delivered the following

ORATION.

When the ancient Patriarch awoke from the slumber in which his eyes had beheld the ladder that spanned the chasm between earth and heaven, and his ears had heard the promise of his father's God, that the land whereon he lay should be the heritage of his children—that his seed should be as the dust of the earth, and should spread abroad to the West and to the East, and to the North and to the South, and that in him and his seed should all the families of the earth be blessed—the first impulse of his heart was to erect then and there a Memorial-stone to consecrate the spot and to commemorate the event.

Centuries afterwards, in that romantic history, of which Bethel was one of the initial points, we read of the planting of another Memorial-stone. Year by year, in all these centuries, the promise had been in process of fulfillment, until now the seed of Jacob had multiplied into the hosts of Israel; and the Egyptian captivity long since terminated—the exodus safely accomplished through the perils of the Red Sea, and the weary wanderings of the Wilderness, the walls of Jericho overthrown, and the Hebrews in full possession of the promised land, a new era in their history was about to dawn. The offendings of the people had provoked a temporary withdrawal of the smiles of Providence, and the armies of Israel had been driven in dismay before the Philistines. The stricken people appealed to the Prophet to intercede in their behalf, and once again the arm of the Almighty was bared for their protection. Upon the field of victory, between Mizpeh and Shen, the Prophet took

a stone and set it, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

We are here, my Brethren and my countrymen, to parody the example of Jacob and of Sammel. The men of the Revolution proposed to perform in their own day the pious office now devolved upon us. Had they been permitted to do so, they would have come simply with the expectant Faith of Jacob, in a future yet to be accomplished. We come with the grateful experiences of Samuel of a realized past.

Representing two generations, the one removed from the other by a long interval of years, we are here, with filial reverence, to fulfill their pledge by planting the Bethel of the Fathers, while for ourselves we come, with shouting and praise, to raise the Ebenezer of the Sons.

On the 29th October, 1781, ten days after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the Continental Congress resolved that this Monument should be here erected. Reckoned only in years, and compared with the life of many nations of the ancient and of the modern world, the period which has intervened may appear to be very brief. But neither in individual nor in social life are we restricted to such a narrow measure of computation.

Who would think of measuring, by the simple third of a century, the great era which witnessed the birth in the manger at Bethlehem and the death upon the Cross on Calvary?

More than sixteen centuries of this world's history had been accomplished when the Ark rested upon Mount Ararat; but measured by the duration of human life, the survivors of the Deluge occupied towards the events of the Garden of Eden about the same relative position which we do to the events of our Revolutionary period.

Noah was the son of Lamech, and the grandson of Methusaleh. The one perished five years before, and the other in the very year of the Flood. In their earlier lives the one was contemporary with Adam for fifty-six years, and the other for two hundred and forty-three years, and in their later lives both were contemporary with Noah for six hundred years, and for nearly one hundred years with Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Thus two single lives of mortal men bridged the chasm of time from the Creation to the Deluge, and the grandchildren of Noah born after the Flood, might have received from their parents the history of Father Adam and Mother Eve, as imparted to them by those who had received them directly from the first Parents of Mankind.

All of the actors in our Revolutionary struggle have long since perished from the earth. Our possibilities of oral communication with that past are limited to the links between. Few, very few, even of these remain who can repeat the story of the hundred years ago as it was told to them by any actor in those scenes. Those, however, who survive, have a past of memory and of tradition, which, unlike the more extensive past of the survivors of the Ark, they and their children desire and purpose to preserve and perpetuate.

It is not an easy matter to meet the requirements of this occasion, and to place ourselves in imagination upon the standpoint which the Continental Congress occupied in looking towards the future, when they ordered the laying of this Corner-stone. What was then matter of speculation, has been so long matter of history; the hopes that cheered, have so long since ripened into fruition, and the fears that discouraged have so long since been dissipated, that it requires some violent mental effort to imagine ourselves in their condition of anxiety about a future, which has been during all of our lives a happily and gloriously realized past.

The surrender of Lord Cornwallis was naturally regarded, both at home and abroad, as foreshadowing an early and successful termination of our Revolutionary struggle. But the end was not yet. The night was far spent and the day-dawn drew nigh, but the gates of the morning were not even yet uplifted.

Upon the day after the surrender, General Washington issued the following order:

“Divine service will be performed to-morrow in the several brigades and divisions. The Commander-in-Chief earnestly recommends that the troops not on duty should universally attend with that seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence demands of us.”—*Sparks*, 189.

In the spirit of this order, the intelligence was received among all the people, as it sped from man to man, and house to house, with all the rapidity consistent with the then practicable means of communication. In the same spirit it was received by the Continental Congress, and in the same spirit the idea was conceived of erecting this monument.

It was no spirit of exulting confidence in an accomplished result, but a grateful recognition of Providential interposition in the past as a promise for the future.

More than a year had yet to intervene before peace could be proclaimed. The war against their emigrant children had, however, long since ceased to be, if it ever had been, popular with the British people. The principles upon which the Colonies began the contest were so natural an outgrowth of the principles upon which the House of Hanover had accepted the throne, as matter of grace, from the British people, through their representatives in Parliament assembled, that the overthrow of the Colonies would have rolled back the wheels of Constitutional Liberty to the days of the Stuarts. The only statesmen of Great Britain whose utterances live in history gave voice all the while to the remonstrances of a great constituency, composed of the best material of the British people, against the unnatural effort to subjugate America. Chatham, Camden, Burke, Barre—had protested from the outset with vehement force, that the cause of British Liberty was wrapt up in the successful resistance of their transatlantic brethren. If, under any fair system of representation, the voice of the great rural constituencies could have

been spoken in the House of Commons, it might have echoed a response to the protests, which came up from the centers of commerce and trade throughout the Kingdom, so loudly that Lexington, and Saratoga, and Yorktown would have been as unknown to history as Goldsmith's lovely village of the plain.

But the weak and obstinate monarch, the shadows of whose later life forbid harsh censure of the folly which dissevered an empire, was stubbornly deaf, and commanded deafness in all his advisers, to the protests and remonstrances of the wisest and most intelligently loyal of his subjects at home and abroad. The surrender of his army by Lord Cornwallis, however, and the pronounced refusal of Parliament to supply men and money to protract the hopeless struggle, confirmed too late the warning of Chatham, that he could never conquer America. Still he hesitated—but all the influence of the throne could not retain in power any ministry which refused to hearken to the voice of the great British people, commanding that the unnatural war should cease.

The Treaty was nominally the act of the King of Great Britain, assenting of his sovereign grace and pleasure, to treat with his former colonies as free, sovereign, and independent States.

It was really the act of the British people, speaking through a titular sovereign, whose reluctant will they constrained to execute it.

It was their recognition of the fact that their emigrant children had attained their majority; and their concession of the right of those children to assume all the responsibilities of that majority.

To the American people the treaty of peace was the successful consummation of their revolutionary struggle. The night was spent, and the morning had come at last—but with it came fearful anxieties about the developments of the day.

The struggle in its outset had looked only to the preservation of inherited British liberty, under all the forms of a Constitutional Monarchy. But the natural succession of events, consequent upon the efforts of the British ministry to subjugate the colonies, had imposed upon them the grand experiment of a purely Republican Government. The responsibility of making that experiment a success had been bravely assumed. But the normal state of society is that of peace, and the crucial test of popular government was to begin when the war closed. Pending hostilities, the civil power was, of necessity in many matters, subordinate to that of the military forces, and in its own recognized domain could command the aid of those forces to enforce social order. It was when those forces had to be disbanded—when the sword had to be converted into the plow-share, and the soldier to merge into the citizen—that the hour of real trial was to come. Then, and not until then, in the orderly and peaceful administration of the Government, and in the healthful progress of the State, could the practicability be demonstrated of the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property, under a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People.

Political philosophers abroad, of the most liberal feelings—especially those of the mother country, whose sympathies had been with us all the while, and who had echoed the words of Chatham, “If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop continues to be landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never”—stood aghast at the boldness of the experiment.

When, therefore, the unreflecting multitude, in the exultation of relief from the burdens of war by the confessed defeat of the foreign foe and the domestic traitor, were shouting their loud hosannas over an accomplished success, the wise and thoughtful of the Fathers were oppressed with the heaviest anxieties and fears.

Oh, my countrymen! if we could only divest ourselves of our present surroundings, and shut our eyes to the light which has, during all our days, made straight to us the pathway those Fathers had to tread in darkness, we might begin to understand the feelings with which they would have gathered here to plant their Bethel, and how much of Faith, how much of Hope, how much of Charity, the first onward step in the untraveled path before them involved.

The War of the Revolution opened at Lexington in April, 1775—Lord Cornwallis surrendered here in October, 1781.

Peace was proclaimed in March, 1783, but the British troops did not evacuate the city of New York until the 25th November. Upon the 4th December, George Washington took a final leave of his officers, and on December 23, 1783, surrendered his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Army to the Continental Congress at Annapolis. The strain of Peace upon the American experiment then began.

The Constitution which created this great American Union of States assembled here to day through its official representatives and its loyal people, was then in the womb of the future.

The treaty of peace had recognized each of these whilom British colonies as a free, sovereign, and independent State. The pressure of a common peril had united them for the purposes of common defense, and during the war they had adopted certain Articles of Confederation, under which a Congress of Representatives from all the States was vested with limited powers to be exercised in the common interest. These articles did profess the object of establishing a perpetual Union—but failed to provide any machinery of Government by which the bonds of that Union could be made stronger than ropes of sand.

The Congress was vested with authority to contract debts upon the credit of all the States, but with no power to raise money to pay them. It had authority to make war and to make peace, but no power to raise armies, to regulate trade and commerce, or to compel the observance of its plighted faith. The Government had no Executive head other than the President of Congress during its session, or a committee of its members during recess. It had no officers to collect its revenues—no Judiciary to expound or enforce its laws. For all practical purposes its

power was little more than the moral power of recommendation or remonstrance, dependent for force and effect entirely upon the concurrent action of thirteen States—each acting for itself and by itself with all the deliberation of Constitutional legislation.

The responsibility of solving the problem of self-government was devolved upon each of the thirteen States, and within its own domain could not be divided with any or all of the sisters. But each State stood before the world sponsor for all the others, and failure in one was disaster to all. The common peril which had demanded union in war, clamored yet more loudly for union in peace, but the utter inadequacy of the union of the Articles of Confederation, when the people of these States stood in the breach of the greatest responsibility ever imposed upon a community of men, was too painfully apparent.

The idea of the Union that was needed under which the wisdom and practicability of self-government was to be vindicated before all mankind—liberty, prosperity, and happiness secured at home, honor and respect commanded abroad—had been conceived, but how it was to be realized was the mighty problem of the immediate future.

It only began to be realized when the Constitution of the United States was adopted, and the government thereunder inaugurated. The interval of time between the close of the war and the inauguration of the first President of the United States was the really critical period of our history.

It is impossible for us to appreciate the fearful anxieties, the depressing discouragements, and the almost despairing efforts of the statesmen of that period. The Articles of Confederation forbade any amendments without the concurrence of all the States. To secure that unanimity appeared to be utterly impossible. One of the States refused even to meet her sister States in conference for the purpose of consultation and discussion. The fruits of hard-won victory seemed about to be thrown away by irreconcilable antagonisms of interest, real or imaginary, and unconquerable jealousies and apprehensions. Still, in the council of the States, sages and patriots toiled on prayerfully and hopefully. The same serene intelligence which had guided the destinies of America in the dark hours of the Revolution, ever making disaster luminous with hope, presided over the deliberations of the Constitutional Convention. His paternal counsels, all the while rebuking faction and discord, plead for that charity of opinion and action which could alone be the mother of the needed compromises and concessions. Finally a Constitution was formed, which was adopted in Convention by the votes of a majority of all the States, and an imposing majority of the delegates from all the other represented States. It had still, however, to secure the approval of the people of these States. The grave necessity of the situation, involving as it did all the results of the war, justified and required an appeal to the sovereign people of each State in convention assembled, and to place it out of the power of a few States to destroy the

hopes and wreck the interests of all, it was wisely provided that upon the adoption of the Constitution by nine of the States, the Union thereunder between these assenting States should be established, and a government for that Union elected and inaugurated under that Constitution.

The opposition to the Constitution, which had failed in the Convention to prevent its recommendation to the States, was now transferred, with a vehement zeal we can scarcely comprehend at this day, to the several State conventions. Many of its opponents enjoyed the most deserved reputations at home and abroad for patriotism and sagacity, and commanded the public ear and the public confidence to an extent no less than that of its authors and friends. The contest waxed warm in almost all of the States. In but three, and they among the smallest, was the Constitution adopted without contest. Its fate remained long in doubt in many of the others, and upon the final vote in the conventions of the three great States of Virginia, Massachusetts, and New York it escaped rejection by very narrow majorities.

In the immediate retrospect of the perils of this period, General Washington, in his first inaugural address, speaks thus :

“No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency ; and in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seems to presage.”

Whatever may have been the hesitating doubts of that day, the verdict of history has been long since written, and upon her pages the Convention which framed our immortal Constitution will challenge through all coming time the veneration and gratitude of all mankind, and its work will be commended as the most wonderful production of wisdom and genius which ever sprang from the brain of uninspired man.

We can only speculate what might have been the consequences of the rejection of the Constitution, and with what feelings and under what circumstances this American people would have looked back to-day to the hundred years ago if this great *E Pluribus Unum* of ours, this Union under the Constitution, had not been created. What have been the blessed results, both at home and abroad, of its establishment, are matters of history now, and we are here to-day, the representatives of her fifty millions of freemen, to voice their jubilant thanksgiving for the past, and to send heavenward their fervent prayer of faith and hope for the future, *Esto perpetua*.

Nor are we here alone. It would be strange, indeed, if we were. The glories of Yorktown of 1781 are linked with other memories and other names than those of our own honored dead, and we would not, if we could do so with the most even hand, apportion among them the common laurels of Washington and Rochambeau, La Fayette and Knox, De Grasse and Lincoln, Steuben and Hamilton. The descendants of those generous allies come hither to-day, welcome to open hearts and open homes, bearing the greeting of the Old World to the New, and the accordant voice of the children of the great Republic of Europe unites with that of the children of the great Republic of America in one common anthem.

There are other voices, too, which, sweeping over yon wide expanse of waters, come to unite with ours. They come in the familiar accents of the mother tongue from the Saxon homes and Norman castles of the Fatherland which, from and before the days of Runnymede, have nursed and cherished in yeoman and baron the spirit of Constitutional liberty. One hundred years of peace and of fraternal intercourse have forever dissipated the angry passions and healed the wounds of that unhappy fratricidal war, and the intelligent Englishman of to-day recognizes the 19th of October, 1781, as a mile-stone in the path our Fathers had been sent by his Fathers to this virgin land commissioned to tread.

The time has passed when the erection of this Monument could be attributed to any spirit of vulgar exultation over the defeat of an unsuccessful enemy, or any disposition to revive and transmit memories which could tend to alienate us and our children from our and their kindred beyond the great sea.

The event this occasion proposes to commemorate was scarcely less critical to British than it was to American liberty, and we are simply here to perpetuate the memory of heroic virtue in the successful defense of British birthright. Have we not then a right to claim the sympathies of every heart of kindred blood all over the world—and is it a mere delusion of our over-eager ears, which seems to catch in the distance the echoes of our thanksgiving songs as they are rolling back to us now o'er the land and the sea—from the emigrant homes of Canada—from the far away shores of New Zealand—from the gold fields of Australia—from India's coral strand—as well as from the dear old homesteads of the Fatherland by the Thames and the Mersey, the Clyde, the Tweed, and the Shannon?

The committee of the United States Congress imposed upon us, my Brethren, a grateful office when we were invited, with our Ancient Rites and Ceremonies, to lay the Corner-stone of this Monument. The duty we have performed is one of not unfrequent experience, but the privilege is rarely afforded of performing that duty under circumstances where all the surroundings of the occasion are so interesting and suggestive,

and the harmony of the Ceremonies with the purposes of the building so beautifully apparent.

Ours is a language of symbols. We teach morality, and enforce duty not merely in didactic prose, but in the poetry of allegory and parable. All of our Forms and Rites have attached to them a deep significance, and are designed for wise and useful purposes. The Ceremonies in which we have just participated, carry with them to every intelligent mind the reiteration of the great truth proclaimed from the Mount overlooking Gennessaret, that to build wisely or securely—either for the individual or for the community, for time or eternity—we must lay a foundation upon the solid rock.

This proposed Monument is a great symbol, and designed by its projectors in the poetry of art to inculcate to generations in the distant future great moral lessons of public duty, and stimulate to the cultivation and practice of public virtue by the force of honorable and honored example.

How beautifully consistent is that object with our history and traditions, and with the sublime morality we teach.

The theory of our institution—the historical accuracy of which it is unnecessary, and would be impossible here fully to discuss—attributes our organization to the wisdom of Solomon, and teaches that we are the custodians of valuable traditions and Rites which we have received in an unbroken line of descent from the architects of the Temple at Jerusalem. That theory assumes that the original design of the Institution was to enforce order and morality, and to secure the efficient and harmonious co-operation of more than 150,000 workmen in one stupendous undertaking; and that this object was proposed to be accomplished by appealing to no vulgar hopes or fears of mere personal ease or gain.

The undertaking in which they were engaged, the erection of a Temple for the worship of the living God, was designed to stimulate and gratify the aspirations of man's higher nature.

To that higher nature the appeal was made, and the straight paths of duty sought to be commended by enlightening the conscience and winning the heart. The plan of the organization—the principles of its administration—the Forms and Ceremonies of its proceedings—the signs and pass-words and tokens by which one Mason was enabled to know another in the dark as well as the light—were all so wisely selected and adjusted by the Master Workman to the necessities of man's moral nature, and to the promotion among its votaries of individual and social virtue, that such an Institution could not die with the occasion which had called it into existence.

When the Cap-stone of the Temple had been finally set in place, and the army of workmen had been disbanded, we may well imagine how jealously the intelligent Tyrian Mason, upon returning to his home in the then commercial center of the East, would have cherished and pre-

served any institution identified with that eventful era of his life. He had gone forth from his own land under the orders of Hiram, his King, and accompanied by that other Hiram, son of a Tyrian father and of a widowed mother of the Tribe of Naphthali, that man "filled with wisdom and understanding, and cunning to work all works in brass," to whom the inspired Hebrew record attributes the designing and supervision of all the brazen ornaments of the Temple cast in the clay grounds between Succoth and Zarthan. He had shared with his Hebrew fellow-workmen in the toil of the unfinished, and rightfully claimed some part and parcel of the glory of the finished Temple. If this Institution of ours had then been common property, we cannot doubt that the Tyrian Craftsman would have carried it with him to his seaboard home, and thence transferred it through the channels of trade and commerce which centered there.

We can readily understand also how the lost Tribes of Israel in their captivity, and in that dispersion among the Gentiles which has never yet been traced, in apostatizing from their religion, could have corrupted the Institution to conform to the false faith they accepted; and how the Jewish captives who never returned from Babylon, could have concurred with the men of Tyre in perpetuating it among their surrounding peoples.

But wherever the Institution went, in perpetuating a line of legitimate descent, its votaries were compelled to exact a recognition of the God of Israel as the Supreme Architect and Law Giver of the Universe, and the acceptance of the code of Sinai as the moral law of universal obligation, and to forbid the performance of any Masonic work without the presence, wide open upon the altar, of His Holy Writings—at least to the extent to which they were accepted and received by Solomon of Israel at the building of the Temple.

Our theory of legitimate descent through the Babylonian exiles who returned under Zerubbabel, and shared the toil and honor of rebuilding the fallen Temple, is easily consistent with the notorious fact that among the false faiths of the East there have existed, and do exist, bastard offspring of our common ancestor, who claim with us, under hereditary tradition, descent from the builders of the first Temple at Jerusalem.

If that theory be rejected it will be found extremely difficult to suggest any other which can explain that undisputed and indisputable fact. The obligation devolves upon those who dispute the theory to indicate some possible period when the fathers of these disciples of Zoroaster and Mohammed, these children of Ashur and Elam and Ishmael, could have concurred with our fathers in accepting as common ancestors the builders of the Temple, and as a common filial obligation the perpetuation of an Institution commemorative of the meridian glory of Israel, and of the great national acknowledgment of all its people, for themselves and their children, claiming under them as heirs of the promises—of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob—of Bethel, of Sinai, and of Ebenezer—as the one only true and living God.

Nor is it all inconsistent with our historic theory that we work now only in Speculative Masonry. In the very outset of the Institution, others than those engaged practically in architectural labor must have been regarded as eligible for membership, for we cannot imagine that Solomon, King of Israel, or Hiram, King of Tyre, any more than Athelstan, or Arthur, or St. Albans, the putative fathers of British Masonry, ever wrought only as Operative Masons.

Our present work is Speculative Masonry only, and adoption of the appellation of Free and Accepted Masons, like that of our system of Subordinate and Grand Lodge jurisdiction, is confessedly of modern origin. Prior thereto there was no central authority which could undertake to superintend or require the preservation of any record, even of such things as were proper or practicable to have been written. The perpetuation of the Institution was necessarily dependent upon individual Masons, and a sufficient number of them assembling together might at any time spontaneously organize a Lodge for the occasion only, and introduce new Brethren. No regular times or places for the meeting of the Brethren could have been generally practicable. They could not assemble without the Holy Bible, or some portion thereof, and even after the introduction of the arts of paper-making and printing this requirement made it impossible for stated meetings of Lodges to be held with any regularity, or any records of such meetings, or of rolls of the participants therein to be preserved, with any intelligent regard to personal safety. When the dissemination or custody of the Holy Word was a criminal offense, an Institution which required the presence of that Word at every assembling of the Craft and every known member of the Craft must have been a natural object of suspicion with the authorities of the despotic government.

It is not remarkable, therefore, that we cannot verify our ancient, or even our more modern, traditions by historical evidence. And it must be conceded that these traditions, in their transmission through so many years, by mere oral communication from one brother to another, come to us under circumstances which justify some skeptical doubt as to the exact verity of many of them.

As to some of our modern traditions, however, we have abundant warrant from profane history to sustain them. The existence during the middle ages throughout all Europe of societies of architects, corresponding to our traditions of the days when our fathers wrought in Operative Masonry, and of the work of those societies in the construction of public edifices, very harmonious with our theory of the work of our primal fathers upon the Temple at Jerusalem, is a fact beyond dispute. A standard Encyclopædia, in speaking of these societies, says: "They were composed of members from Italy, Germany, The Netherlands, France, England, Scotland, and other countries (sometimes even from Greece), and united under very similar constitutions—for instance, at the erection of the convent of Batalha, in Portugal, about 1400; of the minster of Strasburg,

1015 to 1439; that of Cologne, 950 and 1211 to 1365; of the Cathedral of Meissen, in the tenth century; of the Cathedral of Milan, the Convent of Monte Cassino, and of the most remarkable buildings of the British Isles." Among these "remarkable buildings of the British Isles," it is a prominent fact in British history, perpetuated by the inscription upon his tombstone under the choir of St. Paul's, "*Lector si Monumentum quaeris, circumspice*," that that venerable Cathedral rose from the ashes of the great fire of 1663, under the supervising genius of our illustrious Brother, Christopher Wren, then Grand Master of Masons in England.

As to some of our more ancient traditions, if skeptical doubts extend to the substance, they must go farther than merely to attribute innocent mistakings to some of the intermediaries through whom we have received them. If they be entirely untrue, there must have been a conspiring together at some time of many minds to impose falsehood as truth upon all who would accept from them our mysteries. The mere conception of such a fraud must have been the work of some wonderful genius, some mightier master of allegory than Bunyan; and its no less wonderful success the joint work of himself and co-conspirators—all of whom must have enjoyed at least reputable characters among their associates, for the only avowed purpose or conceivable object of the fraud was to inculcate through all coming time the loftiest human morality. Whether it requires more credulity to believe in the conception and success of such a fraud, perpetrated by such men for such an object, or to accept the traditions as truthful so far as human memory, unaided by any contemporary records could preserve and transmit them, we need not now stop to discuss.

In the days when the ownership of a single copy of the Bible was a privilege which few could hope to attain, and none to enjoy without hazard, we may well imagine how eagerly the seclusion of the Lodge-Room, and the facilities there afforded for reading and studying the inspired volume, would have been sought by many very earnest inquirers after the Truth. That every Lodge-Room in which the great Light of Masonry shone from the altar should be the nursery of liberal thought and charitable opinion might naturally be expected. The intelligent mind which cordially accepted the beautiful tenets of our profession and its law of love and charity as the rule of human conduct, could not be neutral in any struggle for the rights of individual conscience, assailed by the fires of persecution. And we cannot deny, but we may glory in the concession, that in this manner our Institution has performed no useless office in the great battles of civil and religious liberty, and that the grand army of martyrs has been recruited to no inconsiderable extent from the ranks of our brethren of those by-gone days.

Persecution necessarily provokes concert of action among its threatened victims, and no concert of action can be had except under some veil of secrecy. It is not remarkable, therefore, that in those days secret societies abounded, but it would have been remarkable if all of them had

been instituted and fostered for laudable purposes. Many of them, probably, did contribute to turbulence, and disloyalty to the State in its legitimate sphere of action, and it was not unnatural that all of these societies should have been confounded together, and the offendings of the guilty should have been sometimes imputed to the guiltless.

Whether the evil which was done or threatened by some of these societies was not more than counterbalanced by the good which was done or proposed to be done by the others, is a question upon which even now there may be no little dispute, even among those who would be glad to hold Masonry responsible for all the evil.

But if the existence of these societies did justify the hostility of despotic governments to all secret societies, and the opposition to them entertained by many individuals now, our Institution ought not to come under the ban of the censure.

It is possible—ay, very probable—that in those days when there was no superintending authority—when a few individual Masons might form a Lodge, and each Lodge interpret for itself the law of the ancient landmarks, Masonry was sometimes perverted by the mistaken zeal of brethren who were the victims of persecution, into a political engine. But this was the fault of individuals, and not of the Institution. Its fundamental teachings all forbade the use of the Institution for any such purpose, and its perversion to such purpose would have been readily avoided if any supervising Grand Lodge could have been then established.

But whatever objections might have been justly urged against Masonry as a secret society in those days, none of them exist now.

All of our Lodges now are under the control of a supervising Grand Lodge, which declares and construes the law, and enforces its observance, and no number of Masons can assemble for any Masonic work without the authority of a warrant from some Grand Lodge.

Ours is in no just sense a secret society. It is a confidential society. The times and places of our meetings, our purposes and objects, our roll of membership, our code of morals—are all publicly known and avowed. Our membership embraces men of every grade of respectable society, every sect of religion, every shade of political opinion, and it is the privilege of every member of one Lodge in good standing with his own Lodge to attend any of the meetings of sister Lodges.

Our code of morals is known and understood to be the same which is proclaimed from every Christian pulpit and Hebrew synagogue whenever the people are assembled for the worship of the living God.

Every Mason is especially enjoined to be a peaceable subject or citizen, and never to allow himself to be involved in riots or conspiracies against the public peace and the welfare of the nation.

Our Brethren, who live under monarchical governments, where the State is represented by an individual, are accustomed to emphasize their

recognition of this obligation by electing as their Grand Master the reigning monarch, if a Mason, and if he be not, the heir apparent, if he be, and thus inviting in advance his official approval of all Masonic action.

It is with them a practice, which beautifully harmonizes the reverence of Masonry for liberty and order—for while Masonry regards no man for his mere worldly wealth and honors, she does teach, as a cardinal civil virtue, loyalty to the State; and while she invests the representative of the State with her highest honors, that representative accepts and wears them as of her free and sovereign choice.

With us no such practice can be needed or observed; but the suggestion of the practice naturally recalls an interesting incident in our national and Masonic history, when the President of the United States appeared at the head of a Masonic procession, clad in Masonic clothing, to perform the same Masonic office which you, Most Worshipful Grand Master, have this day performed. The contemporary journals of the day record the proceedings in Washington City, on the 18th September, 1793, at the laying of the corner-stone of the first capitol of the United States, when George Washington, then President of the United States, in concert with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, several Lodges under its jurisdiction, and his own Virginia Lodge No. 22, of Alexandria, of which he had been Worshipful Master, laid that corner-stone, with all our ancient ceremonies.

When the Grand Lodge of Virginia assumed the performance of this duty, in looking forward to this day, it anticipated the promised presence and co-operation of our distinguished Brother, the then President of the United States.

In the inscrutable Providence of Almighty God he is not here. The wail of a people, from Ocean to Ocean, and from Gulf to Lake, in their recent sorrow at his untimely end, and their mighty wrath at "the deep damnation of his taking off," has scarcely died upon the ear. At high noon of a life which had manifested the largest capacity for public usefulness, and the highest public virtue—with his designs all unexecuted, upon the great trestle board which the people of this Union, in their confiding faith, had committed to him—the fell hand of the assassin has struck him down; and, though fifty millions of people would have rallied to his rescue, in the suddenness of his peril there was no help for the Widow's Son. He has gone down to a grave watered with the tears of a nation of mourners—but he lives, and will live in the hearts and the memories of his people—and around our altars the story of his life and death, so beautifully harmonious with our legendary traditions, will be told for generations yet to come, not only with the pride of fellow-citizenship, but with the deeper and tenderer interest which thrills the heart at mention of "the household name of one whom God has taken."

But in his own grandly eloquent words upon a similar occasion: "Clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is dark wa-

ters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne. Mercy and truth shall go before His face. God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

Our Brother is dead, but our President lives, and honors this occasion with his presence to-day. And to you, sir, as the Constitutional Executive of our common country, we tender the assurance that in the discharge of the delicate duties of your high office, you will receive from every intelligent Mason, who is faithful to the tenets of his profession, all that sympathy and support which good citizenship can require or pure patriotism can suggest; and we pledge you the whole moral weight of our Institution, as well in this land of the South as in that of the North—as well along this Atlantic Seaboard, as in the Great Valley beyond and upon the far-off Pacific shores—to secure for your Administration the aid and co-operation of the whole body of the people, in your every effort to make that Administration redound to the honor and glory of the People, the maintenance of the Constitution, and the preservation of the Union.

Since the establishment of our present system of Grand Lodges—now more than one hundred and fifty years gone by—records of all things proper to be written have been generally preserved. The character of any institution—especially one like ours—can be only fairly estimated by the character of the men who have been its directors and upholders. Our rolls of membership may not be entirely complete, but they are abundantly enough so to show that they have embraced all the while names which commanded the respect and homage of their contemporaries, for moral worth and public and private usefulness. Naturally enough, it is rich in names of men of liberal thought, who have championed the advance of Constitutional right.

Especially is this the case in our own country—in her later Colonial history and the earlier days of Independence. We have remaining records of various army Lodges, traveling with the army, and composed to a large extent of the most prominent and esteemed officers in the Continental service.

When, in September, 1774, the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia to consolidate the Colonies, for the purpose of remonstrance against the aggressions of Parliament, and of warning of the inevitable consequences of persistence therein, that Assembly of anxious patriots began their deliberations by selecting as their presiding officer, our Peyton Randolph.

When the futility of remonstrance had been demonstrated, and the hour for resistance had come, it was our Paul Revere who made that historic midnight ride to summon the yeomanry of Massachusetts to meet the coming foe and "welcome the invaders, with bloody hands, to hospitable graves."

When Lexington and Concord had inaugurated the Revolution, and

John Adams arose upon the floor of Congress to nominate a commander-in-chief of our armies, he gave voice to the unanimous sentiment which centered upon our peerless Washington.

Bunker Hill sent out her message of defiance, and of assurance that America could not be conquered, sealed with the life-blood of our Warren.

It was our Franklin who, after signing the Declaration of Independence, was sent abroad as the representative of the struggling States at the Court of France, through whom was negotiated the Treaty of Alliance with France, which insured our success and the final Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, which recognized it.

It was the fall of our Montgomery upon the Heights of Abraham which sealed the disastrous result of the Canadian campaign; and at the price of the life of our Mercer, the victory at Princeton was achieved.

It was our La Fayette who, at the sacrifice of ease and fortune at home, came to us with the first message of practical sympathy from abroad; shared all the burdens and vicissitudes of our fortunes; as the boy-General in command of our forces, baffled the advance of Cornwallis, compelled his occupation of York, and shared the laurels of his final surrender.

When the war had closed in triumph, and the agony of the succeeding crisis had passed, and the people of these States had ordained the establishment of this Union, and had elected the officers to execute their will, and the President of their choice came forward to take the oath of office before the assembled Congress, in New York City, three central objects stood out upon the canvas.

The President was our own Washington, pledging the acceptance of his high office and the exercise of all its functions and powers in subordination to the law of the land, and verifying the sincerity of that pledge by a reverent appeal to the God of the Bible, in the forms of law, before an officer of the law. That officer of the law was the Chancellor of the State of New York, our Most Worshipful Brother Robert R. Livingston, Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York. The Holy Bible, upon which the first President impressed his lips, was then brought, for this occasion, from the altar of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, of New York City, and is still sacredly preserved by that ancient Lodge.

If this Corner stone could have been laid when the Continental Congress proposed that it should have been, and the duty we have performed had been then devolved upon this Grand Lodge of Virginia, the exalted position now occupied by you so worthily, my Most Worshipful Brother, would have been filled by John Blair, the associate of Washington and Madison in the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and their only associate who concurred with them in commending that Constitution to the acceptance of

the people of Virginia, who was subsequently, by the appointment of the President and confirmation of the Senate, one of the first judges of the Supreme Court of the United States; and around him as representatives of the Craft of Virginia would have been gathered George Washington, Edmund Randolph, and John Marshall.

New Hampshire would have sent her John Sullivan; Massachusetts, her Henry Knox; Connecticut, her Israel Putnam; Rhode Island, her William Barton; New York, her Robert R. Livingston, De Witt Clinton, Daniel D. Tompkins, and Morgan Lewis; New Jersey, her Aaron Ogden; Pennsylvania, her Benjamin Franklin; Maryland, her Otho H. Williams; North Carolina, her Richard Caswell and Williamson R. Davie; South Carolina, her Mordecai R. Gist; Georgia, her James Jackson; and our generous allies, their La Fayette and Steuben.

Fresh from the agonies and trials of the Revolution, with the scars of battle and the laurels of victory, they would have come to symbolize in this memorial shaft the stern virtues by which victory had been achieved and Independence won. Planting it here where it could overlook the sea, they would have made it luminous with words of cheer and hope to every people struggling up the hill of Constitutional Liberty as it pointed with the light of experience the assured pathway to the summit; and for us and for ours with words of tender precatory warning that by the practice and observance of the virtues by which Independence was won, and by that means only could the blood-bought inheritance be retained and transmitted unimpaired to our children and our children's children.

That message as it was intended for us, enforced by our own grateful experience of one hundred years, we come here for them to send sounding down the ages.

The Corner-stone has been laid, and it only remains for the workmen now to pile high the shaft and fit it for the Cap-stone. God speed them in the blessed work. For, when it is complete, it will stand for generations yet to come, speaking thus from graves over which the Acacia will never cease to bloom, in a voice which will command audience:

We have built these institutions of American Liberty upon no shifting sands of temporary expediency, but upon the Eternal Rock of political right and truth, and in the conservation and preservation of them—Have Faith—Have Hope—Have Charity—and the rains may descend—the floods may come—the winds may blow and beat upon them; but they will not fall—for they are founded upon the Rock.

GRAND FANTASIA.

“International Congress,” “Sousa,”

By the Marine Band, conducted by Mr. J. PHILIP SOUSA.

4 P. M.

CONCERT.

AT GRAND STAND, MONUMENT SITE, BY THE [FIRST UNITED] STATES ARTILLERY
BAND, CARL KREYER, LEADER.

1. MARCH—"Adjutant Davis"..... *Kreyer.*
2. OVERTURE—"Der Tambour du Garde"..... *Till.*
3. WALTZ—"Pluie d'Or"..... *Waldtenfel.*
4. CORNET SOLO—De Berist's 5th Air..... *Price.*
5. PARAPHRASE—"How Fair Thou Art"..... *Nesradba.*
6. SELECTION—Trovatore..... *Verdi.*
7. DANSE—Des Sultanes..... *Polak Daniels.*
8. WALTZ—"Flots de Joies"..... *Waldtenfel.*
9. OVERTURE—"L'espoir de l'Alsace"..... *Herman.*
10. GALOP—"Maraschino"..... *Lee.*

4 P. M.

AT STAND, MILITARY CAMP, BY THE COLUMBIA (SOUTH CAROLINA) SILVER CORNET
BAND, A. D. PALMER, LEADER.

1. QUICKSTEP—"Thirteenth Regiment"..... *Cogswell.*
2. ANDANTE AND WALTZ—"Emma"..... *Boyer.*
3. OVERTURE—"Rip Van Winkle"..... *Brooks.*
4. POLKA—"Clarinda"..... *Keller.*
5. QUICKSTEP—"Eighth Regiment"..... *Chambers.*
6. WALTZ—"Blue Danube"..... *Strauss.*
7. OVERTURE—"Mixed Candy"..... *Caywood.*
8. GALOP—"Inauguration"..... *Ripley.*
9. OVERTURE—"Pea Nuts"..... *Southwell.*
10. "WASHINGTON GRAYS"..... *Graffula.*

7.30 P. M.

PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

From a boat moored in the York River. J. W. BOND, Pyrotechnist, Baltimore.

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| 1. Aerial Shells, Colored. | 2. Flight of Heavy Colored Rockets. |
| | 3. "WELCOME." |
| 4. Shells and Rockets. | 5. Battery. |
| 6. Flight Rockets. | 7. Shells. |
| | 8. Pyramid. |
| 9. Battery. | 10. Chinese Sun. |
| 11. Polka Dance. | 12. Shells and Rockets. |
| 14. Battery. | 13. Blooming Dahlia. |
| 16. Rockets and Shells. | 15. Dancing Devils. |
| | 17. Cascade. |
| | 18. Rockets and Shells. |
| | 19. Tableau—"TRIBUTE TO THE THIRTEEN." |

8.30 P. M.

PROMENADE CONCERT AND HOP.

RECEPTION HALL, SECOND U. S. ARTILLERY BAND, LUIGI FERRARI, LEADER.

1. GRAND MARCH..... *Graffula.*
2. OVERTURE—"Masaneillo"..... *Auber.*
3. WALTZ—"La Pluie d'Or"..... *Waldtenfel.*

4. POTPOURI—Liederkranz..... *Carl,*
5. LANCERS—"New York"..... *Weingarten.*
6. QUARTETTE—"Lucie de Lammermoor"..... *Donizetti.*
7. GALOP—"Racquette"..... *Simons.*
8. POTPOURI—"Boccacio"..... *Suppé.*
9. WALTZ—"To Thee"..... *Waldtenfel.*
10. POTPOURI—"Martha"..... *Flotow.*
11. POLKA—"Levy-Athen" (Cornet Solo)..... *Lery.*

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19.

9 A. M.

OPEN-AIR CONCERT.

AT GRAND STAND, MONUMENT SITE, BY THE MARINE BAND, WASHINGTON, MR. J. PHILIP SOUSA, CONDUCTOR; MR. S. PETROLA, ASSISTANT.

1. OVERTURE—"Les Dragoons de Villars"..... *Maillart.*
2. SELECTION—"Billee Taylor"..... *Solomons.*
3. DUETT FOR TWO CORNETS—"Swiss Boy"..... *Bent.*
Performed by Messrs. Jaeger and Petrola.
4. POTPOURI—"Madame Favart"..... *Offenbach.*
5. WALTZ—"Pastoral Songs"..... *Basquit.*
6. CAPRICE—"Turkish"..... *Bendel.*
7. GAROTTE—"Myrrha"..... *Sousa.*
8. FANTASIA—"Grand Duchess"..... *Offenbach.*
9. GALOP—"Tout a la Joie"..... *Fahrbach.*

AT STAND, MILITARY CAMP, BY THE FIFTH REGIMENT MARYLAND NATIONAL GUARD BAND, A. ITZEL, LEADER.

1. MARCH—"Yorktown Centennial"..... *Itzel.*
Dedicated to the Yorktown Centennial Commission.
2. OVERTURE—"Yubel"..... *Bach.*
3. TURKISH PATROL—"The Night Watch"..... *Gretry.*
4. HUMORESKA—(An old German song, as it would have been treated by Bach, Strauss, Lully, Verdi, Weber, and Wagner)..... *Scherz.*
5. "THE HUSSARS' RAID"..... *Spindler.*
6. OVERTURE—"Comique"..... *Keler Bela.*
7. VALSE—"Talisman"..... *Lannor.*
8. INTRODUCTION AND BRIDAL CHORUS—"Lohengrin"..... *Wagner.*
9. OVERTURE—"Crown Diamonds"..... *Auber.*
10. GALOP—"Turque"..... *Poloc-Daniels.*

EXERCISES ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER.

(Centennial Anniversary of the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis.)

At 11 a. m. the assembly was called to order by Hon. John W. Johnston, chairman of the Congressional Commission, and the ceremonies proceeded in the following order:

OVERTURE.

FEST..... *Lentner.*

By the United States Marine Band, conducted by Prof. J. Philip Sousa.

PRAYER BY REV. WILLIAM L. HARRIS, D. D. L. L. D., OF NEW YORK.

(Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.)

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth. Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. Thou art the sovereign of all worlds; the King eternal, immortal, and invisible; the only wise God, infinite in all Thy perfections and glorious in all Thy ways. Thou rulest in the armies of Heaven and among the children of men. Thou settest up one and puttest down another as seemeth good in Thy sight, and without Thee nothing is wise or strong or good. Thou art unsearchable, and Thy ways past finding out, still Thou hast not left Thyself without witness, for Thou hast declared Thyself—the wisdom and power and goodness—in the works of Thy hands, in the ways of Thy providence and in the teachings and revelations of Thy most holy word.

Thou, O Lord, wast our father's God, and we will praise Thee; Thou art our God, and we will adore and worship Thee. Thou hast been very gracious to us as a people in all our history. Thou hast not dealt so with any nation; and as Thou didst appoint divers observances for Thine ancient people, and didst command them to make public thanksgiving to Thee for the many and great deliverances wrought out for them in the overthrow of their enemies, and in other ways in all their journeyings from the house of their bondage to the promised land, so we desire this day, as becometh us at all times and in all places, to give thanks unto Thee O Lord, holy Father, Almighty everlasting God. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

In the ceremonies of this day, we commemorate and celebrate the closing conflict of the long and bloody struggle of the American Revolution, through whose baptism of fire and blood there came to this land the political independence of these United States; and on this day of centennial observances we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, our most hearty thanks for this crowning victory achieved on this field, and for all the blessings and benefits, civil, social, domestic, and religious, which we, as a free, prosperous, and happy people, have so richly enjoyed for these hundred years.

We thank Thee, that the lines have thus fallen to us in pleasant places, and that we have a goodly heritage, a heritage of priceless cost and of untold value, with its wide domain of mountain and valley, of forest and field and flood, a heritage of freedom forever.

We thank Thee for the wisdom which guided our fathers in the organization of our government, and in laying broad and deep the foundations

of our civil institutions, so as to secure the establishment and perpetuity of popular civil government, and the priceless boon of civil and religious liberty to us and to all the coming millions of this land.

For these and for all other, Thy benefits, we render unto Thee this day most hearty praise and thanksgiving.

And, O Lord, while we thus offer unto Thee our tribute of praise and thanksgiving, we would at the same time lift up our hearts and our voices together, in most devout and earnest prayer to Thee for the continuance of Thy most gracious favor to us; that the rich inheritance bequeathed to us by our fathers and which we now possess, may be perpetuated unimpaired to us and to our children, and to our children's children, to the latest generations of men. In order to this, may we always revere Thy law and keep Thy commandments, and never, in even the most secret chambers of our souls, say who is the Lord that we should obey his voice. May we do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God. May all discord and strife, whether sectional or otherwise, come to an end and be buried out of our sight and be forgotten forever. May all the people be of one spirit and purpose to maintain and defend our free institutions in their integrity and purity. In Thine over-ruling providence by which Thou dost restrain the wrath of man, and cause the remainder of wrath to praise Thee, do Thou utterly confound and defeat all the plans and schemes of selfish, designing, and wicked men; and a pure, unselfish, and unspotted patriotism inspire all the people, whether they move in high or humble spheres.

This land, O Lord, is still bowed down under an unwonted burden of grief, brought upon us by the untimely death of our late beloved, honored, and revered Chief Magistrate. While this great sorrow casts its long and dark shadow over this land, and over all lands, may it be not all darkness to us, but may its gleams of light, begotten of faith in Thee and hope in Thy promises, be multiplied, until it shall become to us with the Divine benediction and the Divine blessing. Sanctify this sore bereavement to the good of a sorrowing nation; and do Thou grant thy special sustaining grace in this hour of her great trial to the stricken widow, to the aged and afflicted mother, and to the fatherless children of our late President.

And we beseech Thee, O Lord, send down Thy heavenly blessings upon Thy servant the President of these United States. May he be plentifully endowed with the wisdom that is from above, which is pure and peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy, so that he may be rightly and wisely led in the great office to which he is called; and that in the exceedingly important, delicate, and difficult duties inseparable from the faithful execution of his high trust, he may guide our affairs with discretion and rule this land in righteousness.

And may Thy special grace and blessing be with all who are in au-

thority in this nation; upon the Supreme Court, upon the Senate, and upon the House of Representatives; upon the members of the Cabinet, and upon all who occupy places of trust or of honor in our general government; upon our Army and Navy; upon our sailors and soldiers; upon all State and municipal governments; that all our rulers may rule in Thy fear and with an eye single to the greatest good of the people, and to the greatest glory of Thy holy name.

We commend to Thee and to Thy most gracious favor her Royal Majesty Queen Victoria and the people over whom she has ruled so long and so wisely and well. May the chain of friendship now binding these two great nations—the United States and Great Britain—together never be broken.

We invoke Thy special grace and favor on the Republic of France; and we most sincerely and devoutly pray that her efforts to establish popular government on stable foundations may be crowned with speedy and complete success; and that the people, whose sympathies, sacrifices, and services were so helpful to us in our struggle for liberty, may receive and enjoy the fullest fruition of civil and religious freedom as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

We pray for our distinguished guests who honor us with their presence, and who have come to us across the sea, to share in the ceremonies and festivities of the day which the valor of their fathers so greatly aided to make memorable and illustrious in the annals of this country and in the history of the world. When they shall have accomplished the purposes of their visit to us, be pleased to protect them from the perils of the sea as they return to their own lands, and grant them in health and prosperity long to live, and after death to gain eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We would on this festal day pray for all rulers and for all peoples of all lands, making the scope of our supplications wide as Thine eternal love. May every yoke be broken; may every burden be unbound, and may the oppressed of all lands go free. So rule and overrule in the affairs of men that all civil governments may be a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well; and may they all be guided and administered in completest harmony with the principles and interests of the kingdom of Thy dear son, that so the kingdoms of this world may speedily become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, that He may reign forever and ever.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Words by CHARLES POINDEXTER. Music by J. E. SCHMOLZER.

(Rendered by the chorus of voices under Professor Seigel.)

Our fathers' God, who on these plains
Of old gave victory to our land,
This day in gracious favor deigns
To bless the labor of our hand.
To Him let us our voices raise,
In lofty hymns and notes of praise
Our grateful homage pay.

His was the strength that nerved their heart
In faith of battle for the right,
He did the wisdom high impart
That baffled all the foeman's might,
And gave our land in days of yore
Deliv'rance strong from trouble sore
Of war and bitter strife.

Built on foundation strong and deep
The starry pointing shaft we rear,
The form of mighty deeds to keep
And tell to every coming year.
So let us in our hearts upraise
A monument of those brave days
Of faith and victory.

ADDRESS.

By His Excellency CHESTER A. ARTHUR, President of the United States.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

Upon this soil one hundred years ago our forefathers brought to a successful issue their heroic struggle for independence. Here and then was established, and as we trust made secure upon this continent for ages yet to come, that principle of government which is the very fiber of our political system—the sovereignty of the people.

The resentments which attended and for a time survived the clash of arms have long since ceased to animate our hearts. It is with no feeling of exultation over a defeated foe that to-day we summon up a remembrance of those events which have made holy the ground whereon we tread. Surely no such unworthy sentiment could find harbor in our hearts, so profoundly thrilled with expressions of sorrow and sympathy which our national bereavement has evolved from the people of England and their angust sovereign.

But it is altogether fitting that we should gather here to refresh our

souls with the contemplation of the unfaltering patriotism, the sturdy zeal, and the sublime faith which achieved the results we now commemorate. For so if we learn aright the lesson of the hour, shall we be incited to transmit to the generations which shall follow the precious legacy which our fathers left to us, the love of liberty protected by law.

Of that historic scene which we here celebrate no feature is more prominent and none more touching than the participation of our gallant allies from across the seas. It was their noble and generous aid, extended in the direst period of the struggle, which sped the coming of our triumph, and made the capitulation of Yorktown possible a century ago. To their descendants and representatives, who are here present as the honored guests of the nation, it is my glad duty to offer cordial welcome.

You have a right to share with us the associations which cluster about the day when your fathers fought side by side with our fathers in the cause which was here crowned with success; and none of the memories awakened by this anniversary are more grateful to us all than the reflection that the national friendships here so closely cemented have outlasted the mutations of a changeful century. God grant, my countrymen, that they may ever remain unshaken, and that ever henceforth, with ourselves and with all the nations of the earth, we may be at peace!

At the conclusion of his address, Hon. John W. Johnston, chairman of the Congressional Commission, conducted the President to the chair as presiding officer during the remaining ceremonies of the day.

RESPONSES BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FRENCH AND GERMAN GUESTS.

RESPONSE OF M. MAXIME OUTREY,

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY OF FRANCE.

The French Government has felt much touched by the friendly sentiments which inspired the United States with the thought of asking France to participate in the celebration of the Yorktown Centennial, and heartily desires to respond in a manner worthy of both republics to the invitation sent by the President of the United States in behalf of the people of America. The manifestations of public sympathy following the initiative taken by the Congress of the United States, bidding France to this national festival, have been looked upon by us not only as an act of the highest courtesy, but especially as a mark of affectionate regard, having the noble aim of cementing yet more closely the ties which unite the two republics.

In commemoration of this day, which represents one of the grandest events of the political existence of this country, the French Government has sent a mission composed of special delegates from different departments, and the President of the French Republic, wishing to mark his personal sympathy, has sent one of his own aids-de-camp. They thus desire to show particularly their appreciation of the graceful compliment paid to our country.

Each and all of us are proud of having been called to the honor of representing France on this auspicious day.

The monument which is here to be erected will not only recall a glorious victory; it will perpetuate the recollections of an ever-faithful alliance, faithful through the trials and vicissitudes of an eventful century; and, as the President of the French Republic has so truly said, it will consecrate the union sprung from generous and liberal aspirations, and which the institutions we now boast of in common must necessarily strengthen and develop for the good of both countries.

In coming to this Yorktown Centennial, we come to celebrate the day which ended that long and bitter struggle against a great nation, now our mutual ally and friend, who here, as under all skies where her flag has floated, has left ineffaceable marks of her grand spirit. We come to celebrate the glorious date when the heroes of independence were able to set their final seal to the solemn proclamation of the Fourth of July, 1776.

• We come also to salute the dawn of that era of prosperity when, led by her great men, America permitted the intelligence of her people to soar and their energy to manifest itself, and thus the power of the United States has strengthened, and every year has added to the prestige which surrounds her star-spangled banner—when France brought from beyond the seas the co-operation of her army and of her navy to this valiant people engaged in a war for its independence. When La Fayette, Rochambeau, De Grasse, and so many others drew in their footsteps the young and brave scions of our most illustrious families, they yielded to a generous impulse and came with disinterested courage to sustain the cause of liberty. A blessing went with their endeavors and gave success to their arms; and when one hundred years ago, the French and the Americans grasped each others' hands at Yorktown, they realized that they had helped to lay the corner-stone of a great edifice.

But surely the most far-sighted among those men would have startled had he been able to look down the long vista of a century, and see at this end this republic, then young and struggling with all the difficulties which surrounded her, now calm, radiant, and beaming with her halo of prosperity.

The great Washington himself, whose genius foresaw the destiny of this country, could not have predicted this. Truly the United States have made, especially in these latter years, gigantic strides along the route to still greater progress by showing to the world what can be accomplished by an energetic and intelligent nation, always as respect-

ful of its duties as jealous of its rights. America has given a great example, and has been a cause of rejoicing to all true lovers of liberty.

France is proud of having contributed to found this great republic, and her wishes for your prosperity are deep and sincere. Our mutual friendship is founded on many affinities of taste and aspirations which time cannot destroy, and future generations I trust will assist again in this same place at the spectacle, unprecedented in history, of two great nations renewing from century to century, a compact of fraternal and imperishable affection.

I will not close without thanking the Federal Government, the different States of the Union of which the delegation have been the guests, and the people of America for the sympathy and welcome extended to the representatives of France. Each of us will treasure the recollection of American hospitality and of the friendly sentiments which have been manifested to us in every place and in every sphere.

[Translated.]

RESPONSE OF THE MARQUIS DE ROCHAMBEAU.

CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES: You have invited us to celebrate with you the great achievement of arms, and we did not hesitate to brave the terrors of the ocean to say to you that what our fathers and brothers did in 1781, we, their sons, would be willing to do to-day, and to attest our constant friendship, and to further show that we cherish the same sentiments that our fathers did in the glorious days we celebrate. In the name of my companions who represent here the men who fought in 1781, permit me to hope that the attachment formed in those days around this monument which is about to be erected will be renewed one hundred years hence, and that our descendants will again celebrate the victory which joined our fathers in comradeship and alliance.

[Translated.]

RESPONSE OF COLONEL VON STEUBEN.

MR. PRESIDENT: In the words of welcome to your foreign guests which you have just uttered, you remembered and mentioned in kind terms the family of Von Steuben. I assure you that as soon as the tidings of our hearty enthusiastic reception in this country, following the friendly invitation to us by the President of the United States were received in the old fatherland, there was heartfelt rejoicing among all classes in every part of our country. It was a new and striking evidence of the common sympathy that existed between the American and German peoples. It proves, too, that the American people, which thus appreciates and hastens to honor the great dead, stands at the height of

civilization and culture. Only this morning I received a cablegram from my country with hearty congratulations upon this happy commemoration day so important in the history of the United States, and I believe, Mr. President, that I may express to you the sincere congratulations of the whole German people and of the German Government upon this auspicious day.

Permit me also, Mr. President, to return you, for all our Von Steuben family, the warmest thanks of our full hearts—thanks which I cannot adequately express—for the boundless hospitality and for the cordial greetings which we have met on every hand at every step from the hour of our landing until you crowned the whole with your welcome to us as representatives of our great kinsman. I can only say to you, again and again, We thank you.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

Words by PAUL H. HAYNE, of South Carolina; music by J. MOSENTHAL, rendered by the chorus under Professor SEIGEL, the accompaniment by the Marine Band.

I.

Hark! hark! down the century's long-reaching slope,
To those transports of triumph—those raptures of hope!
The voices of Main and of Mountain combined,
In glad resonance borne on the wings of the wind;
The bass of the drum, and the trumpet that thrills
Through the multiplied echoes of jubilant hills!
And mark! how the years, melting upward like mist,
Which the breath of some splendid enchantment has kissed,
Reveal on the ocean, reveal on the shore,
The proud pageant of conquest that graced them of yore,

CHORUS—Where blended forever in love as in fame,
See! the standard which stole from the starlight its flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

II.

O! stubborn the strife ere the conflict was won,
And the wild-whirling war-wrack half stilled the sun;
The thunders of cannon that boomed on the lea
But re-echoed far thunders pealed up from the sea—
Where guarding his sea-lists—a knight on the waves—
Bold De Grasse kept at bay the bluff ball-dogs of Graves—
The day turned to darkness, the night changed to fire,
Still more fierce waxed the combat, more deadly the ire—
Undimmed by the gloom, in majestic advance,
Ah! behold where they ride, o'er the red battle-tide—

CHORUS—Those banners united in love as in fame—
The brave standard which drew from the starbeams their flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

III.

No respite! No pause! By the York's tortured flood
 The gray Lion of England is writhing in blood!
 Cornwallis may chafe, and coarse Tarleton aver—
 As he sharpens his broadsword and buckles his spur—
 "This blade, which so oft has reaped rebels like grain,
 Shall now harvest, for death, the rude yeomen again."
 Vain boast! for ere sunset he's flying in fear,
 With the rebels he scouted close, close in the rear!
 The French on his flank hurl such volleys of shot
 That e'en Gloucester's redoubt must be growing too hot.

CHORUS—Thus wedded in love, as united in fame,
 Lo! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame—
 And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
 The lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

IV.

O! morning superb! when the siege reached its close!
 See! the sundawn outbloom like the alchemist's rose!
 The last wreaths of smoke from dim trenches uphealed
 Are transformed to a glory that smiles on the world.
 Joy! Joy! Save the wan, wasted front of the foe,
 With his battle-flags furled and his arms trailing low,
 Respect for the brave! In grim silence they yield,
 And in silence they pass with bowed heads from the field.
 Then triumph transcendent! So Titan of tone
 That some vowed it must startle King George on his throne!

CHORUS—O! wedded in love, as united in fame,
 See! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame—
 And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
 The lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

V.

When Peace to her own timed the pulse of the land,
 And the war-weapon sunk from the war-wearied hand,
 Young Freedom, upborne to the height of the goal—
 She had yearned for so long with deep travail of soul—
 A song of her future raised, thrilling and clear,
 Till the woods leaned to hearken, the hill-slopes to hear!
 Yet, fraught with all magical grandeurs that gleam,
 On the hero's high hope, or the patriot's dream,
What Future, tho' bright, in cold shadow shall cast
 The stern beauty that haloes the brow of the Past?

CHORUS—O! wedded in love, as united in fame!
 See! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame,
 And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
 The lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

INTRODUCTION OF THE ORATOR, HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Hon. John W. Johnston, chairman of the Commission, then presented the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, saying :

Mr. CHAIRMAN: I have the honor and pleasure of introducing to the President of the United States and his Cabinet, to our guests from across the ocean, and to the vast multitude of American citizens here assembled, the distinguished gentleman chosen to deliver the address on this occasion, the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, of Massachusetts.

CENTENNIAL ORATION AT YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA,
19TH OCTOBER, 1881.

BY ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

INVITATION AND ANSWER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 16, 1880.*

SIR: Provision has been made by an act of Congress for a Centennial Celebration of the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown—the ceremonies to take place on the 19th of October, 1881. The national importance of the great event which closed the War for American Independence calls for a tribute to the devotion of our fathers, and the imposing civil fabric which they reared, from one of their accomplished sons; and we respectfully invite you to deliver the oration on that occasion, and assure you that the two Houses of Congress whom we represent, and in whose halls you have performed a brilliant and honorable service, will consider your acceptance of this invitation a distinguished favor to themselves and to the country.

With sentiments of the highest respect, your obedient servants,

GEO. B. LORING,
FRANCIS KERNAN,
JOHN GOODE,
E. H. ROLLINS,
H. B. ANTHONY,

Committee on Oration and Poem.

Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, *Boston, Mass.*

BOSTON, MASS., *December 22, 1880.*

GENTLEMEN: Your obliging communication of the 16th inst. reached me a few days ago. I am deeply conscious of my own insufficiency for meeting so great an occasion as you propose to me. But such an invitation, for such a service, and from such a source, cannot be declined.

Coming from the Capitol, and communicated by a committee of the two Houses of Congress, it has the force of a command, and I dare not disobey it.

I shall therefore hold myself at the disposition of the Committee of Arrangements on the 19th of October next, at Yorktown, Virginia, God willing.

Believe me, gentlemen, with a grateful acknowledgment of the complimentary terms of your letter,

Very faithfully and respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Hon. GEORGE B. LORING, FRANCIS KERNAN,

JOHN GOODE, E. H. ROLLINS, H. B. ANTHONY,

Committee of United States Congress.

ORATION.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES: I am profoundly sensible of the honor of being called to take so distinguished a part in this great Commemoration, and most deeply grateful to those who have thought me worthy of such an honor. But it was no affectation when, in accepting the invitation of the Joint Committee of Congress, I replied that I was sincerely conscious of my own insufficiency for so high a service. And if I felt, as I could not fail to feel, a painful sense of inadequacy at that moment, when the service was still a great way off, how much more must I be oppressed and overwhelmed by it now, in the immediate presence of the occasion! As I look back to the men with whom I have been associated in my own Commonwealth—Choate, Everett, Webster, to name no others—I may well feel that I am here only by the accident of survival.

But I cannot forget that I stand on the soil of Virginia—a State which, of all others in our Union, has never needed to borrow an orator for any occasion, however important or exacting. Her George Mason and Thomas Jefferson, her James Madison and John Marshall, were destined, it is true, to render themselves immortal by their pens, rather than by their tongues. The pens which drafted the Virginia Bill of Rights, the Declaration of American Independence, and so much of the text, the history, the vindication, and the true construction of the American Constitution, need fear comparison with none which have ever been the implements of human thought and language. But from her peerless Patrick Henry, through the long succession of statesmen and patriots who have illustrated her annals, down to the recent day of her Rives, her McDowell, and her Grigsby—all of whom I have been privileged to count among my personal friends—Virginia has had orators enough for every emergency, at the Capitol or at home. She has them still. And yet I hazard nothing in saying that the foremost of them all would have agreed with me, at this hour, that the theme and the theater are above the reach of the highest art; and would be heard exclaiming with me, in the words of a great Roman poet, “Unde ingenium par materia?” whence, whence shall come a faculty equal to the subject? For myself, I turn humbly and reverently to the only Source from which such inspiration can be invoked!

Certainly, fellow-citizens, had I felt at liberty to regard the invitation as any mere personal compliment, supremely as I should have prized it, I might have hesitated about accepting it much longer than I did hesitate. But when I reflected on it as at least including a compliment to the old Commonwealth of which I am a loyal son—when I reflected that my performance of such a service might help, in ever so slight a degree, to bring back Virginia and Massachusetts, even for a

day—would that it might be forever!—into those old relations of mutual amity and good nature and affection which existed in the days of our Fathers, and without which there could have been no surrender here at Yorktown to be commemorated—no Union, no Independence, no Constitution—I could not find it in my heart for an instant to decline the call. Never, never could I shrink from any service, however arduous, or however perilous to my own reputation, which might haply add a single new link, or even strengthen and brighten an old link, in that chain of love, which it has been the prayer of my life might bind together in peace and good will, in all time to come, not only New England and the Old Dominion, but the whole North and the whole South, for the best welfare of our common Country, and for the best interests of Liberty throughout the world!

Not the less, however, have I come here to-day in faint hope of being able to meet the expectations and demands of the occasion. For, indeed, there are occasions which no man can fully meet, either to the satisfaction of others or of himself—occasions which seem to scorn and defy all utterance of human lips, whose complicated emotions and incidents cannot be compressed within the little compass of a discourse; whose far-reaching relations and world-wide influences refuse to be narrowed and condensed into any formal sentences or paragraphs or pages; occasions when the booming cannon, the rolling drum, the swelling trumpet, the cheers of multitudes, and the solemn Te Deums of churches and cathedrals, afford the only adequate expression of the feelings, which their mere contemplation, even at the end of a century, cannot fail to kindle.

Yet, if it be not in me, at an age which might fairly have exempted me altogether from such an effort, to do full justice to the grand assembly and the grander topics before me, it certainly is in me, my friends, to breathe out from a full heart the congratulations which belong to this hour; to recall briefly some of the momentous incidents we are here to commemorate; to sketch rapidly some of the great scenes which gave such imperishable glory to yonder bay and river, and their historic banks; to name with honor a few, at least, of the illustrious men connected with those scenes, and, above all and before all, to give some feeble voice to the gratitude which must swell and fill and overflow every American breast to-day towards that generous and gallant nation across the sea, represented here at this moment by so many distinguished sons of so many endeared and illustrious names, which helped us so signally and so decisively at the most critical point of our struggle, in vindicating our rights and liberties, and in achieving our national Independence.

Yes, it is mine, and somewhat peculiarly mine, perhaps, notwithstanding the presence of the official representatives of my native State, to bear the greetings of Plymouth Rock to Jamestown; of Bunker Hill to Yorktown; of Boston, recovered from the British forces in '76, to

Mount Vernon, the home in life and death of her illustrious deliverer; and there is no office within the gift of Congresses, Presidents, or People, which I could discharge more cordially and fervently. And may I not hope, as one who is proud to feel coursing in his veins the Huguenot blood of a Massachusetts patriot who enjoyed the most affectionate relations with the young La Fayette when he first led the way to our assistance; as one, too, who has personally felt the warm pressure of his own hand and received a benediction from his own lips, under a father and a mother's roof, nearly threescore years ago, when he was the guest of the nation; and, let me add, as an old presiding officer in that representative chamber at the Capitol, where, side by side with that of Washington, its only fit companion-piece, the admirable full-length portrait of the Marquis, the work and the gift of his friend Ary Scheffer, was so long a daily and hourly feast for my eyes and inspiration for my efforts—may I not hope that I shall not be regarded as a wholly unfit or inappropriate organ of that profound sense of obligation and indebtedness to La Fayette, to Rochambeau, to De Grasse, and to France, which is felt and cherished by us all at this hour?

For, indeed, fellow-citizens, our earliest and our latest acknowledgments are due this day to France, for the inestimable services which gave us the crowning victory of the 19th of October, 1781. It matters not for us to speculate now whether American Independence might not have been ultimately achieved without her aid. It matters not for us to calculate or conjecture how soon, or when, or under what circumstances that grand result might have been accomplished. We all know that, God willing, such a consummation was as certain in the end as to-morrow's sunrise, and that no earthly potentates or powers, single or conjoined, could have carried us back into a permanent condition of colonial dependence and subjugation. From the first blood shed at Lexington and Concord, from the first battle of Bunker Hill, Great Britain had lost her American Colonies, and their established and recognized independence was only a question of time. Even the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777, the only American battle included by Sir Edward Creasy in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," of which he says that "no military event can be said to have exercised a more important influence on the future fortunes of mankind," and of which the late Lord Stanhope had said that this surrender "had not merely changed the relation of England and the feelings of Europe towards these insurgent colonies, but had modified, for all times to come, the connection between every Colony and every parent State"—even this most memorable surrender gave only a new assurance of a foregone conclusion, only hastened the march of events to a predestined issue. That march for us was to be ever onward until the goal was reached. However slow or difficult it might prove to be, at one time or at another time, the motto and the spirit of John Hampden were in the minds, and hearts, and wills of all our American patriots—"Nulla vestigia retrorsum"—no footsteps backward.

Nor need we be too curious to inquire to-day into any special inducements which France may have had to intervene thus nobly in our behalf, or into any special influences under which her King, and Court, and People, resolved at last to undertake the intervention. We may not forget, indeed, that our own Franklin, the great Bostonian, had long been one of the American Commissioners in Paris, and that the fame of his genius, the skill and adroitness of his negotiations, and the magnetism of his personal character and presence were no secondary or subordinate elements in the results which were accomplished. As was well said of him by a French historian, "His virtues and his renown negotiated for him; and, before the second year of his mission had expired, no one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and an army to the compatriots of Franklin." The Treaty of Commerce and the Treaty of Alliance were both eminently Franklin's work, and both were signed by him as early as the 6th of February, 1778. His name and his services are thus never to be omitted or overlooked in connection with the great debt which we owe to France, and which we so gratefully commemorate on this occasion.

But signal as his services were, Franklin cannot be named as standing first in this connection. Nearly two years before his treaties were negotiated and signed, a step had been taken by another than Franklin, which led, directly and indirectly, to all that followed. The young LA FAYETTE, then but nineteen years of age, a captain of the French dragoons, stationed at Metz, at a dinner given by the commandant of the garrison to the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of George III, happened to hear the tidings of our Declaration of Independence, which had reached the Duke that very morning from London. It formed the subject of animated and excited conversation, in which the enthusiastic young soldier took part. And before he had left the table, an inextinguishable spark had been struck and kindled in his breast, and his whole heart was on fire in the cause of American liberty. Regardless of the remonstrances of his friends, of the Ministry, and of the King himself, in spite of every discouragement and obstacle, he soon tears himself away from a young and lovely wife, leaps on board a vessel which he had provided for himself, braves the perils of a voyage across the Atlantic, then swarming with cruisers, reaches Philadelphia by way of Charleston, South Carolina, and so wins at once the regard and confidence of the Continental Congress, by his avowed desire to risk his life in our service, at his own expense, without pay or allowance of any sort, that on the 31st of July, 1777, before he was yet quite twenty years of age, he was commissioned a Major-General of the Army of the United States.

It is hardly too much to say that from that dinner at Metz and that 31st day of July in Philadelphia, may be dated the train of influences and events which culminated, four years afterwards, in the surrender of Cornwallis to the Allied Forces of America and France. Presented

to our great Virginian commander-in-chief a few days only after his commission was voted by Congress, an intimacy, a friendship, an affection grew up between them almost at sight, which might well-nigh recall the classical loves of Achilles and Patroclus, or of Æneas and Achates. Invited to become a member of his military family, and treated with the tenderness of a son, La Fayette is henceforth to be not only the beloved and trusted associate of Washington, but a living tie between his native and his almost-adopted country. Returning to France in January, 1779, after eighteen months of brave and valuable service here, during which he had been wounded at Brandywine, had exhibited signal gallantry and skill while an indignant witness of Charles Lee's disgraceful, if not treacherous, misconduct at Monmouth, and had received the thanks of Congress for important services in Rhode Island, he was now in the way of appealing personally to the French Ministry to send an army and a fleet to our assistance. He did appeal; and the zeal and force of his arguments at length prevailed. Beaumarchais had already done something for us in the way of money; and the amiable and well-meaning Count d'Estaing, at one time a *protégé* of Voltaire, had, indeed, already made efforts in our behalf with twelve ships of the line and three frigates. Poor Marie Antoinette must not be forgotten as having prompted and procured that assistance. d'Estaing, however, owing in part to the want of wise counsel and co-operation, had accomplished little or nothing for us, and had left our shores to die at last by the guillotine. But now, by the advice and persuasion of La Fayette, the army of Rochambeau, and afterwards the powerful fleet of the Count de Grasse, are to be sent over to join us; and the young Marquis, to whom alone the decision of the King was first communicated as a state secret, hastens back with eager joy to announce the glad tidings to Washington, and to arrange with him for the reception and employment of the auxiliary forces.

Accordingly, on the 10th of July, 1780, a squadron of ten ships of war, under the unfortunate Admiral de Ternay, brings Rochambeau with six thousand French troops into the harbor of Newport, with instructions "to act under Washington and live with the Americans as their brethren;" and the American officers are forthwith desired by Washington, in general orders, "to wear white and black cockades as a symbol of affection for their Allies."

Nearly a full year, however, was to elapse before the rich fruits of that alliance were to be developed—a year of the greatest discouragement and gloom for the American cause. The gallant but vainglorious Gates, whose head had been turned by his success at Saratoga, had now failed disastrously at Camden; and Cornwallis, elated by having vanquished the conqueror of Burgoyne, was instituting a campaign of terror in the Carolinas, with Tarleton and the young Lord Rawdon as the ministers of his rigorous severities, and was counting confidently on the speedy reduction of all the Southern Colonies. Our siege of Sa-

vannah had failed to recover it from the British. Charleston, too, had been forced to capitulate to Clinton. Not the steady conduct and courage of Lincoln; not the resolute endurance and heroism of Greene, the great commander of the Southern Department; not the skillful strategy of La Fayette himself in foiling Cornwallis at so many turns and leading him into countless perplexities and pitfalls; not all the chivalry of Sumter and Marion and Pickens; not the noble and generous example of his own Virginia, exposing and almost sacrificing herself for the relief and rescue of her Southern sisters; not even our well-won victories at King's Mountain under Campbell and Shelby, and at the Cowpens under the glorious Morgan, could keep Washington from being disheartened and despondent in looking for any early termination of the cares and responsibilities which weighed upon him so heavily.

The war on our side seemed languishing. The sinews of war were slowly and insufficiently supplied. All the untiring energy and practical wisdom and patriotic self-sacrifice of Robert Morris, the great Financier of the Revolution, without whom the campaign of 1781 could not have been carried along, hardly sufficed to keep our soldiers in food and clothing. Discontents were gathering and growing in the Army, and even its entire dissolution began to be seriously apprehended. A provision that all enlistments should be made to the end of the war, and entitling all officers, who should continue in service to that time, to half-pay for life, did much, for the moment, to reanimate the recruiting system and give new spirits and confidence to the officers. But it was soon found that, in many of the States, enlistments could only be effected for short terms; while the half-pay for life was rendered odious to the people, and, before the war was over, had become the subject of a commutation, which to this hour has been but partially fulfilled, and which calls loudly, even amid these Centennial rejoicings, for equitable consideration and adjustment. The Confederation which was to unite the strength, wealth, and wisdom of all the Colonies "in a perpetual Union," which had been signed by so many of them three years before, and which now, on the 1st of March, 1781, has just received the tardy signature of the last of them, is but miserably fulfilling its promise. Arsenals and magazines, field equipage and means of transportation, and, above all, both men and money, are lamentably wanting for any vigorous offensive campaign. "Scarcely any one of the States," says Bancroft, "had as yet sent an eighth part of its quota into the field," and there was no power in the Confederate Congress to enforce its requisitions. In vain did the young Alexander Hamilton, at only twenty-three years of age, with a precocity which has no parallel but that of the younger Pitt, pour out lessons of political and financial wisdom from the camp, in which he is soon to display such conspicuous valor, arraiging the Confederation as "neither fit for war nor peace." In vain had Washington written to George Mason, not long before, "Unless there be a maternal change both in our civil and military policy, it

will be useless to contend much longer," following that letter with another, as late as the 9th of April, 1781, to Colonel John Laurens, who had gone on a special mission to Paris, in which he gave this most explicit warning: "If France delays a timely and powerful aid in the critical posture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter. We are at this hour suspended in the balance. . . . We cannot transport the provisions from the States in which they are assessed to the army, because we cannot pay the teamsters, who will no longer work for certificates. Our troops are approaching fast to nakedness, and we have nothing to clothe them with. Our hospitals are without medicine, and our sick without meat, except such as well men eat. All our public works are at a stand, and the artificers disbanding. In a word, we are at the end of our tether, and *now or never our deliverance must come.*"

God's holy name be praised, deliverance was to come and did come, now!

Any material change in our civil policy was, indeed, to await the action of civil rulers; but Washington, himself and alone, could happily control our military policy. And he did control it. Within forty days from the date of that emphatic letter to Laurens, on the 18th of May, 1781, Rochambeau, with the Marquis de Chastellux, leaves Newport for Wethersfield, in Connecticut, to hold a conference with Washington at his call. On the 6th of July, the union of the French troops with the American army is completely accomplished at Phillipsburg, ten miles only from the most advanced post of the British in New York, the two armies united making an effective force of at least ten thousand men. On the 8th, Washington has a review of honor of the French troops, Rochambeau having reviewed the American troops on the 7th. On the 19th of August, the united armies commence their march from Phillipsburg, and reach Philadelphia on the 3d of September, where, Congress being in session, the French army, as we are told in the journal of the gallant Count William de Deux-Ponts, "paid it the honors which the King had ordered us to pay." And in that journal, so curiously rescued from a Paris bookstall on one of the Quais, in 1867,* the Count most humorously adds: "The thirteen members of Congress took off their thirteen hats at each salute of the flags and of the officers; and that is all I have seen that was respectful or remarkable." Well, that was surely enough. What more could they have done? Virginia herself, even in her earlier, I will not presume to say her better, days of the strictest construction, could not have desired or conceived a more significant and signal homage to the doctrine of State's Rights, than those thirteen hats so ludicrously lifted together at the successive salutes of each French officer and each French flag!

Thus far the destination of the Allied Armies was a secret even to themselves. Certainly, Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-

* By Dr. Samuel A. Green, of Boston.

chief at New York, was carefully kept in ignorance of Washington's plans, and was even made to believe that on himself the double bolt was to fall. He was, indeed, so sorely outwitted and perplexed that he is found at one moment sending urgent orders to Cornwallis for large detachments of his Southern army; at another moment, promising to send substantial re-enforcements to him; and at last, making up his mind, too late, to join Cornwallis in person, with as little delay as possible. Meantime, in the hope of creating a diversion, he despatches the infamous Arnold, whose treason had shocked the moral sense of mankind less than a year before, of whom Washington is at this moment writing "that the world is disappointed at not seeing him in gibbets," and who had just been recalled from an expedition in this very region, where he had burned and pillaged whatever he could lay his hands on, or set his torch to, along yonder James River, to prosecute his nefarious exploits at the North, and strike a paricidal blow upon his native State. Poor New London and the heroic Ledyard are now to pay the penalty of withstanding the audacious traitor, by the burning of their town and the brutal massacre of the garrison and its commander.

But no diversion or interruption of Washington's plans could be effected in that way or in any other way; and at length those plans are divulged and executed under circumstances which give assurance of success, and which cannot be recalled, even at this late day, without an irrepressible thrill of delight and gratitude.

Felix ille dies, felix et dicitur annus.

Felices, qui talem annum videre, diemque!

Leaving Philadelphia, with the Army, on the 5th of September, Washington meets an express near Chester, announcing the arrival, in Chesapeake Bay, of the Count de Grasse, with a fleet of twenty-eight ships of the line, and with three thousand five hundred additional French troops, under the command of the Marquis de St. Simon, who had already been landed at Jamestown, with orders to join the Marquis de La Fayette!

"The joy," says the Count William de Deux-Ponts in his precious journal, "the joy which this welcome news produces among all the troops, and which penetrates General Washington and the Count de Rochambeau, is more easy to feel than to express." But, in a foot-note to that passage, he does express and describe it, in terms which cannot be spared and could not be surpassed, and which add a new and charming illustration of the emotional side of Washington's nature. "I have been equally surprised and touched," says the gallant Deux-Ponts, "at the true and pure joy of General Washington. Of a natural coldness and of a serious and noble approach, which in him is only true dignity, and which adorn so well the chief of a whole nation, his features, his physiognomy, his deportment, all were changed in an instant. He put aside his character as arbiter of North America, and contented himself

for a moment with that of a citizen, happy at the good fortune of his country. A child, whose every wish had been gratified, would not have experienced a sensation more lively, and I believe I am doing honor to the feelings of this rare man in endeavoring to express all their ardor."

Thanks to God, thanks to France, from all our hearts at this hour, for "this true and pure joy" which lightened the heart, and at once dispelled the anxieties of our incomparable leader. It may be true that Washington seldom smiled after he had accepted the command of our Revolutionary Army, but it is clear that on that 5th of September he not only smiled but played the boy. The arrival of that magnificent French fleet, with so considerable a reinforcement of French troops, gave him a relief and a rapture which no natural reserve or official dignity could restrain or conceal, and of which he gave an impulsive manifestation by swinging his own chapeau in welcoming Rochambeau at the wharf. In Washington's exuberant joy we have a measure, which nothing else could supply, of the value and importance of the timely succors which awakened it. Thanks, thanks to France, and thanks to God, for vouchsafing to Washington at last that happy day, which his matchless fortitude and patriotism so richly deserved, and which, after so many trials and discouragements, he so greatly needed.

"All now went merry," with him, "as a marriage bell." Under the immediate influence of this joy, which he had returned for a few hours to Philadelphia to communicate in person to Congress, where all the thirteen hats must have come off again with three times thirteen cheers, and while the Allied Armies are hurrying southward, he makes a hasty trip with Colonel Humphreys to his beloved Mount Vernon and his more beloved wife—his first visit home since he left it for Cambridge in 1775. Rochambeau, with his suite, joins him there on the 10th, and Chastellux and his aids on the 11th; and there, with Mrs. Washington, he dispenses, for two days, "a princely hospitality" to his foreign guests. But the 13th finds them all on their way to rejoin the Army at Williamsburg, where they arrive on the 15th, "to the great joy of the troops and the people," and where they dine with the Marquis de St. Simon. On the 18th Washington and Rochambeau, with Knox and Chastellux and Du Portail, and with two of Washington's aids, Colonel Cobb, of Massachusetts, and Colonel Jonathan Trumbull, jr., of Connecticut, embark on the "Princess Charlotte" for a visit to the French fleet: and early the next morning they are greeted with "the grand sight of thirty-two ships of the line"—for De Barras, from Newport, had joined De Grasse, with his four ships, magnanimously waiving his own seniority in rank—"in Lynn Haven Bay, just under the point of Cape Henry." They go on board the Admiral's ship—the famous "Ville de Paris," of one hundred and four guns—for a visit of ceremony and consultation, and at their departure the Count de Grasse mans the yards of the whole fleet and fires salutes from all the ships.

A few days more are spent at Williamsburg on their return, where they find General Lincoln already arrived with a part of the troops from the North, having hurried them, as Washington besought him, "on the wings of speed," and where the word is soon given, "On, on, to York and Gloucester!"

Washington takes his share of the exposure of this march, and the night of the 28th of September finds him, with all his military family, sleeping in an open field within two miles of Yorktown, without any other covering, as the journal of one of his aids states, "than the canopy of the heavens, and the small spreading branches of a tree," which the writer predicts "will probably be rendered venerable from this circumstance for a length of time to come." Yes, venerable, or certainly memorable forever, if it were known to be in existence. You will all agree with me, my friends, that if that tree which overshadowed Washington sleeping in the open air on his way to Yorktown, were standing to-day—if it had escaped the necessities and casualties of the siege, and were not cut down for the abatis of a redoubt, or for camp-fires and cooking fires long ago—if it could anyhow be found and identified in yonder Beech Wood or Locust Grove or Carter's Grove—no Wellington Beech or Napoleon Willow, no Milton or even Shakspeare Mulberry, no Oak of William the Conqueror at Windsor, or of Henri IV at Fontainebleau, nor even those historic trees which gave refuge to the fugitive Charles II, or furnished a hiding place for the Charter which he granted to Connecticut on his restoration, would be so precious and so hallowed in all American eyes and hearts to the latest generation.*

Everything now hurries, almost with the rush of a Niagara cataract, to the grand fall of Arbitrary Power in America. Lord Cornwallis had taken post here at Yorktown as early as the 4th of August, after being foiled so often by "that boy," as he called La Fayette, whose Virginia campaign of four months was the most effective preparation for all that was to follow, and who, with singular foresight, perceived at once that his lordship was now fairly entrapped, and wrote to Washington, as early as the 21st of August, that "the British army must be forced to surrender." Day by day, night by night, that prediction presses forward to its fulfillment. The 1st of October finds our engineers reconnoitering the position and works of the enemy. The 2d witnesses the gallantry of the Duke de Lauzun and his legion in driving back Tarleton, whose raids had so long been the terror of Virginia and the Carolinas. On the 6th, the Allied Armies broke ground for their first parallel, and proceeded to mount their batteries on the 7th and 8th. On the 9th, two batteries were opened—Washington himself applying the torch to the first gun; and on the 10th, three or four more were in play—"silencing the enemy's works, and making," says the little diary of Colonel Cobb, "most noble music." On the 11th, the indefatigable Baron Steuben was breaking the ground for our second parallel, within

* Washington Irving says it was a mulberry.

less than four hundred yards of the enemy, which was finished the next morning, and more batteries mounted on the 13th and 14th.

But the great achievement of the siege still awaits its accomplishment. Two formidable British advanced redoubts are blocking the way to any further approach, and they must be stormed. The allied troops divide the danger and the glory between them, and emulate each other in the assault. One of these redoubts is assigned to the French grenadiers and chasseurs, under the general command of the Baron de Viomesnil. The other is assigned to the American light infantry, under the general command of La Fayette. But the detail of special leaders to conduct the two assaults remains to be arranged. Viomesnil readily designates the brave Count William to lead the French storming party, who, though he came off from his victory wounded, counts it "the happiest day of his life." A question arises as to the American party, which is soon solved by the impetuous but just demand of our young Alexander Hamilton to lead it. And lead it he did, with an intrepidity, a heroism, and a dash unsurpassed in the whole history of the war. The French troops had the largest redoubt to assail, and were obliged to pause a little for the regular sappers and miners to sweep away the abatis. But Hamilton rushed on to the front of his redoubt, with his right wing led by Colonel Gimat and seconded by Major Nicholas Fish, heedless of all impediments, overleaping palisades and abatis, and scaling the parapets—while the chivalrous John Laurens was taking the garrison in reverse. Both redoubts were soon captured; and these brilliant actions virtually sealed the fate of Cornwallis. "A small and precipitate sortie," as Washington calls it, was made by the British on the following evening, resulting in nothing; and the next day a vain attempt to evacuate their works, and to escape by crossing over to Gloucester, was defeated by a violent and, for us, down the most providential storm of rain and wind—of which the elements favored us with a Centennial reminiscence last night. Meantime not less than a hundred pieces of our heavy ordnance were in continual operation, and "the whole peninsula trembled under the incessant thunderings of our infernal machines." Would that no machines more truly "infernal" had brought disgrace on any part of our land in these latter days! But these brought victory at that day. A suspension of hostilities, to arrange terms of capitulation, was proposed by Cornwallis on the 17th; the 18th was occupied at Moore's House in settling those terms; and on the 19th the articles were signed by which the garrison of York and Gloucester, together with all the officers and seamen of the British ships in the Chesapeake, "surrender themselves Prisoners of War to the Combined Forces of America and France."

And now, fellow-citizens, there follows a scene than which nothing more unique and picturesque has ever been witnessed on this continent, or anywhere else beneath the sun. Art has essayed in vain to depict it. Trumbull—whose brother, not he himself, was an eye-witness of it as

one of Washington's aids—has done his best with it; and his picture in the Rotunda of the Capitol is full of interest and value, giving the portraits of the officers present, as carefully taken by himself from the originals. John Francis Renault, too—assistant secretary of the Count de Grasse, and an engineer of the French Forces—has left us a contemporaneous engraved sketch of it, which has quite as many elements of fancy as of truth. In this engraving all the officers are on foot, while Trumbull has rightly put most of them on horseback. Meantime, Renault not only gives Cornwallis surrendering his sword in person, though we all know that he did not leave his quarters on that occasion, but looks forward a full century and exhibits in the background the Column which ought to have been here long ago, but of which the corner-stone was only laid yesterday!

Standing here, however, on the very spot to-day, with the records of history in our hands—as summed up in the brilliant volumes of Bancroft and Irving, or scattered through the writings of Sparks, or spread in detail over the “Field-Book” of Lossing, or on the more recent pages of Carrington’s “Battles of the Revolution” and Austin Stevens’s *American Historical Magazine*, not forgetting the precious journals and diaries of Thatcher and Trumbull and Cobb, of Deux-Ponts and the Abbé Robin, and of Washington himself, nor that of the humbler Anspach Sergeant in the “Life of Stenben”—we require no aid of art, or even of imagination, to call back, in all its varied and most impressive details, a scene which, as we dip our brush to paint it now at the end of a hundred years, seems almost like a tale of Fairy-Land.

We see the grand French Army drawn up for upwards of a mile in battle array, ten full regiments, including a Legion of Cavalry with a Corps of Royal Engineers—Bourbonnais and Soissonais, Royal Deux-Ponts, Saintonge and Dillon, who have come from Newport, with the Touraine, the Auxonne, the Agénaïs, and the Gâtinaïs, soon to win back the name of the Royal Auvergne—who had just landed from the fleet. They are all in their unsoiled uniforms of snowy white, with their distinguishing collars and lappels of yellow, and violet, and crimson, and green, and pink, with the Fleurs de Lis proudly emblazoned on their white silk regimental standards, with glittering stars and badges on their officers’ breasts, and with dazzling gold and silver laced liveries on their private servants—the timbrel, with its associations and tones of triumph, then “a delightful novelty,” lending unaccustomed brilliancy to the music of their bands!

Opposite, and face to face to that splendid line, we see our own war-worn American Army; the regulars, if we had anything which could be called regulars, in front, clad in the dear old Continental uniform, still “in passable condition”; a New York brigade; a Maryland brigade; the Pennsylvania Line; the light companies made up from New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Massachusetts; a Rhode Island and New Jersey battalion, with two companies from Delaware; the Canadian Volunteers;

a park of artillery, with sappers and miners; and with a large mass of patriotic Virginian militia, collected and commanded by the admirable Governor Nelson. Not quite all the Colonies, perhaps, were represented in force as they had been at Germantown, but hardly any of them were without some representation, individual if not collective—many of them in simple, homespun, every-day wear, many of their dresses bearing witness to the long, hard service they had seen—coats out at the elbow, shoes out at the toe, and in some cases no coats, no shoes at all. But the STARS AND STRIPES, which had been raised first at Saratoga, floated proudly above their heads, and no color-blindness on that day mistook their tints, misinterpreted their teachings, or failed to recognize the union they betokened and the glory they foreshadowed.

Between these two lines of the Allied Forces, so strikingly and strangely contrasted, the British Army, in their rich scarlet coats, freshly distributed from supplies which must otherwise have been delivered up as spoils to the victors, and with their Anspach, and Hessian, and "Von Bose" auxiliaries in blue are now seen filing—their muskets at shoulder, "their colors cased," and their drums beating "a British or German march"—passing on to the field assigned them for giving up their standards and grounding their arms, and then filing back again to their quarters. There is a tradition that their bands played an old English air, "The World is Turning Upside Down," as they well might have done, and that the American fifes and drums struck up Yankee Doodle. But all such traditions are untrustworthy, and no such incidents are needed to give the most vivid effect and lifelike reality to that imposing picture of a hundred years ago.

We would not, if we could, my friends, recall at this hour anything which should even seem like casting reproach or indignity upon the armies or the rulers of old Mother England at that day or at any day. She did what any other nation would have done, our own not excepted, to hold fast her possessions, and to avert so serious a disruption of her empire. And if she did it unwisely, unjustly, tyrannically, as so many of her great statesmen at the time declared, and as so many of her later historians and ministers have admitted, we may well remember that the principles and methods of free government were but little understood by kings or cabinets of that age. How unjust to carry back and apply the opinions and principles of a later to a former century! Who doubts that good old George III spoke from his conscience as well as from his heart when he said so touchingly to John Adams, on receiving him as the first American Minister at the Court of St. James,—"I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed my people"? We are here to revive no animosities resulting from the War of the Revolution, or from any other war, remote or recent; rather to bury and drown them all, deeper than ever plummet sounded. For all that is grand and glorious in the career and example of Great Britain certainly we can entertain

nothing but respect and admiration ; while I hazard little in saying that for the continued life and welfare of her illustrious sovereign, whom neither Anne nor Elizabeth will outshine in history, the American heart beats as warmly this day as if no Yorktown had ever occurred, and no Independence had ever separated us from her imperial dominion. And we are ready to say, and do say, "God save the Queen," as sincerely and earnestly as she herself and her ministers and her people have said "God save the President" in those recent hours of his agony.

There is a tradition that when shouts of triumph were beginning to resound, as the scene which I have so feebly portrayed went on, Washington himself restrained and rebuked them, exclaiming, "Let posterity cheer for us!" The phrase does not altogether sound to me like his. But my late accomplished friend, Lord Stanhope, in his valuable history of that period, bears testimony to a similar incident. "Yet Washington," he says, "with his usual lofty spirit, had no desire to aggravate the anguish and humiliation of honorable foes. On the contrary, he bade all spectators keep aloof from the ceremony, and suppressed all public signs of exultation."

And let us not fail to remember that England paid us the compliment of sending over the bravest and best of her soldiers and officers, to this and every other field of the American War. Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and Cornwallis were all foemen worthy of any steel. It certainly would not have detracted from the permanent fame of Cornwallis—it would have added to it rather—could he have summoned up nerve enough to march manfully at the head of his troops and surrender his sword to Washington in person. Yielding at last to superior force—for the Allied Army was double his own—and without a cloud upon his courage, there was nothing for him to shrink from in such an act. But unstrung, as he evidently was, by the wear and tear of a long suspense, and by the disappointing and vexatious delays of Sir Henry Clinton—whose promised re-enforcements reached the Chesapeake four or five days too late—the plea of ill-health was readily accepted. We may well leave it to Horace Walpole to call him "a renegade," as he does, for having obeyed his Sovereign by coming over to conquer America, after being one of a very few members in the House of Lords to enter a protest against some of the arbitrary acts or declarations which gave occasion to the war. We may leave it to Walpole, too, to tell the story of his having vowed, before he came, that "he would never pile up his arms like Burgoyne." The remembrance of such a vow, if he ever made it, would naturally have embarrassed and confused him at Yorktown—more especially if he recalled the vow while dating his original proposal to surrender, as he did, on the very anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender! But no malicious gossip of Strawberry Hill must prevent our recognition of Lord Cornwallis as a brave and accomplished officer, the very ablest of all the British Generals in the American War, destined to the Governorship of Bengal a few years afterwards, and

later to the Governor-Generalship of all India, where he was not only to receive the jeweled sword of Tippoo Saib, after the great victory at Seringapatam, but was to win the higher honor of being called "the first honest and incorruptible governor India ever saw, after whose example hardly any governor has dared to contemplate corruption. Other governors," it is added, "were conquerors, so was he; but his victories in the field, and they were brilliant, are dim beside his victory over corruption." Nor is it a much less enviable distinction for him, that, as Lord Lientenant of Ireland, while it was the scene of a rebellion, he pacified the Irish by conciliatory and moderate measures. We should all rejoice, I am sure, if a similar tribute should be won, as it seems so likely to be, by the present Lord Lientenant, under the lead of the eloquent and accomplished Gladstone.

There were other British officers here destined to great distinction. Among them was Lientenant-Colonel Abercromby, who led the little sortie on the night before the capitulation was tendered, who had commanded a regiment during the whole war, who succeeded Cornwallis as Commander-in Chief of the forces in India, and died as Sir Robert Abercromby, the oldest General in the service, in 1827.

Among them, too, was the young Lord Rawdon, who had been conspicuous at Bunker Hill, when hardly of age, and who had played a distinguished part at Camden. He was here only as an enforced spectator, however, having been brought to the Chesapeake as a prisoner of war by De Grasse, who had captured him a few weeks before on board a Charleston packet. He went home at last to be Earl of Moira and Marquis of Hastings, and, like Cornwallis, Governor-General of India. His name may well be recalled, as adding another to the remarkable number of notabilities of all countries who were more or less associated with Yorktown.

And, indeed, but for the delays of Sir Henry Clinton, the young Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV, then a midshipman in the British fleet here, might, perchance, have added something even of Royal dignity to the scene.

But I must not forget the second in command on this field, who led up the British forces to the formal surrender, bringing the sword of Cornwallis in his hand—the gallant and genial Brigadier Charles O'Hara, a man of singular elegance and personal beauty; a strict and thorough disciplinarian; the special friend of that General Conway, afterwards Field Marshal Conway, whose efforts against the stamp act, and to put an end to the war, secured him not only the respect of all America, but even a portrait in Faneuil Hall, which, alas, the British soldiers destroyed or carried away at the evacuation of Boston. O'Hara went home to be wounded at the siege of Toulon in 1792, and to die ten years later as Governor of Gibraltar. It was of him that it is said in "Cyril Thornton," a favorite novel half a century ago, by an author who knew him well, "His appearance was of that striking cast which

once seen is not easily forgotten. General O'Hara was the most perfect specimen I ever saw of the soldier and courtier of the last age. Notwithstanding the strictness of discipline which he scrupulously enforced, no officer could be more universally popular. The honors of the table were done by his staff, and the General was in nothing distinguished from those around him, except by being undoubtedly the gayest and most agreeable person in the company." It may not be less interesting to recall the fact that he was on the point of being married, in 1795, to Miss Mary Berry—Horace Walpole's Miss Berry—so celebrated in the social history of London, who lived to be ninety, and who, forty-eight years after the engagement was broken, reopened the packet of letters which had passed between them, and left a touching record, which is in her published memoirs, of "the disappointed hopes and blighted affections that had deepened the natural vein of sadness in her character." Whatever misunderstandings or mistakes may have broken off the match, to the great sorrow of them both, it is certainly nowhere suggested that the lady thought any the worse of her lover because he had been the dignified and graceful bearer of Cornwallis's sword to Washington. This gay agreeable person dined here with Washington at headquarters on the very day of the surrender; and Colonel Trumbull makes special note in his diary that "he was very social and easy."

But I turn at once from anything sentimental or romantic to others of the real, substantial actors of the day. And there could surely be nothing more real or more substantial than the American General now deputed by Washington to receive the sword from O'Hara's hand, and to conduct him and the British host to the field for laying down their arms, the sturdy, stalwart BENJAMIN LINCOLN, of Massachusetts, the senior American Major-General on the ground, nearly fifty years of age, and of a plump and portly figure, who had conducted the Northern Army to this place, had occupied the right of the line, at Wormeley's Creek, during the siege, and who is now instructed to mete out to the surrendering forces the same precise measure of consideration and honor which Clinton and Cornwallis had meted out to him at his recent capitulation of Charleston. A few months afterwards he was elected by Congress the first Secretary of War of the United States, and had the privilege, in that capacity, of presenting to Washington the two British Yorktown standards assigned to him by Congress, and of receiving from Washington, in reply, a most affectionate acknowledgment of "particular obligations for able and friendly counsel in the Cabinet and vigor in the field." Lincoln deserved it all for patriotic and persevering service during the whole Revolution. Nor will Massachusetts ever forget the invaluable aid which he rendered to Governor Bowdoin in the suppression of Shays' Rebellion in 1786-87.

And here, too, from Massachusetts—for I will furnish the roll of my own State before passing to others—was HENRY KNOX, Brigadier-General in command of the American Artillery, which he had organized and

conducted from the siege of Boston to that of Yorktown, as staunch and as responsive as any one of the very field-pieces, whether six or twelve or eighteen or twenty-four pounders, which he tended and "trained up in the way they should go" as his own children; who, as Chastellux bears witness, "seldom left the batteries, incessantly directing the artillery, and often himself pointing the mortars;" whose energy and activity, in providing heavy cannon for this siege, led Washington to say of him, in the report to Congress which secured his promotion to a Major-Generalship, that "the resources of his genius supplied the deficit of means." He, also, was afterwards Secretary of War of the United States, succeeding Lincoln in 1785, and serving in the Cabinet of Washington until his resignation in 1794.

And here, under Knox, as a Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, was the brave and devoted Ebenezer Stevens, like Knox, a Boston boy, a Son of Liberty, one of the Tea-party; whose services, here and elsewhere, were of the highest value, in connection with Colonel Lamb, of New York, and Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington, of Virginia, and Major Bauman; who lived to superintend the fortifications on Governor's Island, in New York Harbor, in 1800; and having fixed his residence in that city, to command the Artillery of the State in the War of 1812.

James Thacher, of old Plymouth, was here as a Surgeon, under Washington's favorite Surgeon, James Craik, of Virginia, the author of an interesting "Military Journal" of the Revolution, and among whose papers I have seen a rough sketch of the Surrender. Colonel Joseph Vose was here, sometime at the head of the first Massachusetts Continental Infantry, but now in La Fayette's corps. And DAVID COBB was here, in the enviable capacity of an Aid to Washington; who kept a little Diary on the field, from which I have already quoted; who lived to hold both military and judicial office in Massachusetts, and who will always be associated with that brave saying of his, during Shays' Rebellion, "I will sit as a Judge or die as a General."

Colonel TIMOTHY PICKERING was here also, who from his first bold resistance to the British Troops at the Salem drawbridge in '75, before Bunker Hill or even Concord and Lexington, down to the end of the war, did memorable military service; who was with Washington in his famous retreat across the Jerseys, and was Adjutant-General at Brandywine and Germantown. He was here as Quartermaster-General of the American Army, and was afterwards Secretary of War and Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet.

But let me hasten to the representatives of other States.

New Hampshire was represented here by HENRY DEARBORN, a brave and devoted officer from Bunker Hill to Yorktown; afterwards Secretary of War to Jefferson and Commander-in-Chief of the Army, but here as Assistant Quartermaster-General to Pickering; and by Nicholas Gilman, afterwards a member of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, and for many years a Representative and Senator in Con-

gress under the Constitution, but who now, as Deputy Adjutant-General, received from Lord Cornwallis, to whom he was sent for the purpose by Washington, the return of exactly 7,050 men surrendered. But New Hampshire may claim the distinction of having sent to this field its most distinguished victim, the lamented young ALEXANDER SCAMMELL, who, though a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard, was here in immediate command of New Hampshire troops; who, surprised while out with a reconnoitering party, in an early stage of the siege, was mortally and basely wounded by his captors; and of whose death, on the 6th of September, it is said by Henry Lee, of Virginia, in his "Memoirs of the War," "This was the severest blow experienced by the allied army throughout the siege; not an officer in our army surpassed in personal worth and professional ability this experienced soldier."

Connecticut was represented here by Lieutenant-Colonel Ebenezer Huntington and Major John Palsgrave Wyllis, and especially by Colonel Jonathan Trumbull, jr., a Secretary and Aide-De-Camp of Washington, and the son of the great Revolutionary War Governor, Jonathan Trumbull; and by Colonel DAVID HUMPHREYS, another and most valued member of Washington's military family, to whose care the captured standards of the surrendering army were consigned; who received a sword from Congress in acknowledgment of his fidelity and ability, and to whom Washington presented the epaulets worn by himself throughout the war, now among the treasures of the Massachusetts Historical Society; afterwards a minister to Portugal and to Spain; one of the earliest importers of merino sheep; a miscellaneous and somewhat prolific poet; and who commanded the militia of Connecticut in the War of 1812.

Rhode Island was represented here by Colonel Jeremiah Olney at the head of one of her regiments, and by his distant relative, the gallant Captain Stephen Olney, who was the first to mount the parapet and form his company in Hamilton's redoubt on the 14th.

New Jersey was represented here by Elias Dayton, Francis Barber, and Matthias Ogden, at the head of her regiments of Continental Infantry, as well as by Colonel Aaron Ogden, afterwards United States Senator and Governor of the State.

Pennsylvania was represented here by General Peter Muhlenberg, a relative of the first Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, who had thrown off his gown as a Lutheran preacher, in '76, in Virginia, "to organize out of his several congregations one of the most perfect battalions in the army;" by Adjutant-General Edward Hand and Colonel Walter Stewart; by Brodhead and Moylan, and the two Butlers, at the head of her regiments, and Parr at the head of her Rifle Battalion; by Arthur St. Clair, born in Scotland, grandson of an Earl of Rosslyn, who had been with Amherst at Louisburgh and with Wolfe at Quebec, who is here as a volunteer in Washington's mili-

tary family, afterwards to be President of the Continental Congress; and, pre-eminently, by ANTHONY WAYNE, the hero of Stony Point, "Mad Anthony," as he was sometimes called, here in command of the Pennsylvania line, and who died in 1796, as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army.

Maryland was represented here by General Mordecai Gist, by Adams and Woolford and Moore and Roxburgh, in command of her regiments and battalions, and more especially by Colonel TENCH TILGHMAN, a favorite Aid of Washington, who was deputed by him to bear the tidings of the surrender to Congress.

New York was represented here by James Clinton, a brother of Vice-President George Clinton, whose statue is now in the Rotunda of the Capitol, and the father of the eminent De Witt Clinton, who, himself, having served as a Captain in the old French War, and as a Colonel under the lamented Montgomery in 1775, was now, as Major-General, in command of New York, New Jersey, and Rhode Island troops, with Van Schaick, and Van Dyck, and Van Cortlandt as his Colonels. But New York had other representatives on this field, lower in grade, but one of them, at least, second to none of her soldiers or citizens either in immediate estimation or in future eminence. ALEXANDER HAMILTON was here, I need hardly repeat, commanding a battalion of La Fayette's light infantry, and who by his heroism at the redoubt, as we have seen, had been one of the most conspicuous contributors to the result of which he was now a witness. Destined to so early and brilliant a career in the Convention which framed the Constitution, as one of the principal writers of the "Federalist," and as the organizer of our financial system in the Cabinet of Washington, he is a bright particular star, with no lessening ray, on the field of Yorktown, never to be lost sight of in the history of our country. Nor must his friend and fellow officer of the light infantry battalion, Major NICHOLAS FISH, fail to be mentioned, who shared with him the perils of the storming party; who lived a pure, patriotic, and useful life, and who gave the name of Hamilton to a son, whose recent discharge of the duties of Secretary of State has added fresh distinction to the name.

I cannot pass from the name of Hamilton without recalling at once that heroic representative of South Carolina who was here with him, and who was hardly second in interest—to every American eye, certainly—to any other figure on this field—the young JOHN LAURENS, often called "the Bayard of the American Revolution," son of Henry Laurens, once President of the Continental Congress, but at this moment a prisoner in the Tower of London, of which, by a striking coincidence, Lord Cornwallis was the titular Constable. After having served on the staff of Washington—who "loved him as a son," and who said of him that "he had not a fault that he could discover, unless it was an intrepidity bordering on rashness"—he had now just returned from a confidential and successful mission to France, for which he had

received the thanks of Congress. He was with Hamilton in storming the redoubt, and had the signal distinction of being one of the two commissioners, with the Vicomte de Noailles, the brother-in-law of La Fayette, to arrange the terms of the surrender, at Moore's House, with Colonel Dundas and Colonel Ross of the British Army. His untimely death, at only twenty-eight years of age, within a year afterwards, in a petty skirmish in South Carolina, while serving under General Greene, produced a shock throughout the whole country. Roland, at Roncesvalles, just a thousand years before, did not leave a more fragrant and enduring memory. It has been well said of him that "of all the youthful soldiers of the Revolution there is not one upon whose story the recollections of his contemporaries have more fondly dwelt." There was no one of his period for whom the highest honors of our land might have been more safely predicted: no one in whose ear it might have been more confidently whispered a hundred years ago to-day—

Si quæ fata aspera rumpas,

Tu Marcellus eris!

His father nobly said, on hearing of his death, just after his own release from the Tower, "I thank God I had a son who dared to die for his country."

The soldiers of South Carolina, at the moment of this siege, had enough to do at home in defense of their own firesides and families, of which the Battle-Flag of their gallant William Washington, borne by him at the Cowpens and at Eutaw, and ordered by the Governor of the State to be brought here by the old Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, is a touching and precious reminder. But one such representative of the State on this field as John Laurens is enough to secure her a proud and distinguished place in the memories of this anniversary.

Nor was the Canada of that day without a worthy representative here in the person of Colonel Moses Hazen, who had been wounded under Wolfe on the heights of Quebec; who rendered valuable service to the end of our war, and was promoted to be a Brigadier-General of our Army, but was here in command of a regiment of Canadians, recruited by himself, sometimes called "Congress's Own" and sometimes "Hazen's Own."

And now, fellow-citizens, let me by no means proceed further without naming, with every degree of emphasis and distinction, that sterling soldier and thorough disciplinarian, who had been an aid-de-camp of Frederick the Great, and served at the celebrated siege of Schweidnitz in Prussia, but who joined the American Army in 1777, and drilled, and disciplined, and fairly reorganized it, so untiringly and so effectively, at Valley Forge—Major-General BARON VON STEUBEN. He was here in command of the combined division of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania troops, and as Inspector-General of the Army of the United States. It fell to his lot to receive the first overture of capitula-

lation while on his tour of duty in the trenches, and he resolutely refused to leave those trenches till the British flag was struck. The very last letter which Washington wrote as Commander-in-Chief, dated on the very day of his resignation at Annapolis, was a letter of compliment and gratitude to Steuben; and to no one did Washington or the American Army owe more than they owed to him. All honor to the memory of the brave old German soldier from every heart and lip here gathered, and a cordial welcome to the representatives of his family who have accepted the invitation of the United States to assist at this Commemoration!

And in the same connection may be justly named Brigadier-General Chevalier DE PORTAIL, who commanded the engineers on this field, and who, on Washington's special recommendation, was promoted by Congress, for his services at the siege, to be a Major-General of the United States Army.

These, I believe, were the only two distinguished foreign officers—apart entirely from La Fayette and the French auxiliary officers—who were present at Yorktown. PULASKI had fallen two years before, at Savannah; DE KALB a year before, at Camden; while KOSCIUSKO was still at the South with General Greene, where he succeeded the lamented Laurens—all three of them brave, heroic men, whose names can never be omitted from the roll of honor of the American Revolution.

Such, fellow-citizens, were the principal officers, from other States, and other parts of the country and of the world, who were gathered on this Virginia field, in immediate association with the American Line.

Opposite to them, in that splendid French Line, stood the gallant strangers who had been so generously sent to our aid.

Here, at the head of them, was the veteran Count de ROCHAMBEAU, now in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and in the thirty-ninth year of his military service, who had long been known and noted for his bravery in the wars of the Continent. Cool, prudent, reserved, conciliatory, no one could have been more perfectly suited to the delicate duties which devolved upon him in co-operating with an army of a different land and language, and no one could have discharged those duties more faithfully. Perhaps his very ignorance of the English tongue was a positive safeguard and advantage for him; it certainly saved him from hearing or saying any rash or foolish things. Washington bore witness, in the letter bidding him farewell, to the high sense he entertained of the invaluable services he had rendered “by the constant attention he had paid to the interest of the American cause, by the exact order and discipline of the corps under his command, and by his readiness at all times to give facility to every measure to which the force of the combined armies was competent.” Congress presented to him two of the captured cannon, with suitable inscriptions and devices, which long adorned the family château in the Vendôme, in testimony of the illustrious part he had played here. His name on the still delayed Column—one of only

three names in the originally prescribed inscription—will soon be engraved where all the world can read it. Returning home at the close of our war, he received the highest honors from his Sovereign; was Governor successively of Picardy and Alsace; commanded the French Army of the North, and in 1791 was made a Marshal of France. Narrowly escaping the guillotine of Robespierre, he lived to receive the cordon of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon, and died in 1807, at eighty-two years of age. We welcome the presence of his representative, the Marquis de Rochambeau, at this festival, and of Madame la Marquise, here happily at my side, and offer them the cordial recognition which is due to their name and rank.

Here, in equal rank and honor with Rochambeau, stood the Count de GRASSE, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, who was associated with our War for Independence hardly more than a month, but who during that momentous month did enough to secure our lasting respect and gratitude; whose services, as Lieutenant-General and Admiral of the Naval Army and Fleet of France, in yonder bay, were second in importance to none in the whole siege; to whom Washington did not hesitate to write, the very day after the event, "The surrender of York, from which so great glory and advantage are derived to the Allies, and the honor of which belongs to your Excellency." The sympathies of all his companions here were deeply stirred when, losing his famous flag-ship and a large part of his fleet on his way home, he reached England as a prisoner of Admiral Rodney, to be released only after our Treaty of Peace was signed; and, though he had vindicated his conduct before a court-martial demanded by himself, to die in retirement after a few years, without having regained the favor of a sovereign who could pardon anything and everything but defeat. Honor this day to the memory of the brave Count de Grasse, whose name, as Washington wrote to Rochambeau on hearing of his death, "will be long deservedly dear to this country!"

Here, second in command of the French Line, was that worthy and excellent General, the Baron de VIOMESNIL, who brought a gallant brother, the Viscount, with him, and who himself returned home "to be killed before the last rampart of Constitutional Royalty," on the 10th of August, 1792.

Here, in hardly inferior rank, was Major-General the Marquis de CHASTELLUX; genial, brilliant, accomplished, the Journal of whose tour in America—indifferently translated and scandalously annotated by an English adventurer—is full of the liveliest interest; who returned home to be one of the immortal Forty of the French Academy, welcomed by a discourse of Buffon on Taste; and, better still, to receive one of the very few humorous and playful letters which Washington ever wrote—bantering him "on his catching that terrible contagion, domestic felicity," which, alas! he only lived to enjoy for six years. Washington had before written to him, soon after his return home: "I can truly

say, that never in my life have I parted with a man to whom my soul claved more sincerely than it did to you."

The Admiral Count de BARRAS was here—the senior naval officer of France at the siege, but who generously waived his seniority; who was privileged, however, to sign the Articles of Capitulation for himself and the Count de Grasse; who was fortunate enough to escape any share in the defeat by Rodney; who reached home in season to be promoted, and then to die before the outbreak of a Revolution in which his nephew, of the same name, was famous as a Jacobin and regicide, and afterwards as the head of the Directory.

The magnificent Duke de LAUZUN was here, conspicuous by his tall hussar cap and plume—afterwards Duke de Biron—a gay Lothario in the salon, but dauntless in the field, who, at the head of his legion, put Tarleton himself to flight; but who returned home to be, in 1793, one of the victims of the guillotine.

Two of the LAVAL-MONTMORENCYS were here: the Marquis, at the head of the Bombonnais regiment; and his young son, the Viscount Matthieu, afterwards the Duke de Montmorency—an intimate friend of Madame de Staël, long a resident at Coppet, and who was eminently distinguished, in later years, for his accomplishments and his philanthropy.

The young Count AXEL DE FERSEN was here—a Swedish nobleman, and Aid to Rochambeau, "the Adonis of the camp"; who returned to France to become a suitor of Madame de Staël and a favorite of Marie Antoinette—to whose zeal in aiding the flight of the King and Queen, with "a glass-coach and a new berline," himself on the box, Carlyle devotes an early and humorous chapter of his "French Revolution"—and who was killed at last by a mob in Stockholm, in 1810, on an unfounded charge of having been privy to the murder of a popular prince.

The brave young Duke de ROUERIE was here, under the modest title of Colonel Armand, who, after good service in our cause for two years, had sailed for France in February, 1781, but had returned in September in season to be at the siege, and was a volunteer at the capture of one of the redoubts. Before the war was over he was made a Brigadier-General on the special recommendation of Washington. He went home at last to be a prisoner in the Bastille, and to die of fever or of poison, in a forest, to which he had fled from Danton and Robespierre.

The Marquis de ST. SIMON, we know, was here, in command of the whole splendid corps, just landed from the fleet, called by Rochambeau "one of the bravest men that lived"; wounded while commanding in the French trenches, but who insisted on being carried to the assault at the head of his troops; who, after our war was ended, entered the service of Spain, and, after various fortunes, died a Captain-General of that Kingdom.

But a second Marquis de ST. SIMON was here also, of still greater historic notoriety—a young soldier of twenty-one, who had been a pupil

of D'Alembert, who lived to be the proposer to the Viceroy of Mexico of a canal to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific, and to be the author of a scheme for the fundamental reconstruction of society—the founder of St. Simonianism, with Comte for a time as one of his disciples, and whose published works fill not less than twenty volumes.

And here was the Count MATTHIEU DUMAS, another of Rochambeau's aids, who bore a conspicuous part at one of the redoubts and was one of the first to enter it, who returned home to be a member of the Assembly and a peer of France, whose last military service was with Napoleon at Waterloo, and who, in 1830, gave active assistance to La Fayette in placing Louis Philippe on the throne—dying at eighty-four years of age.

Count CHARLES DE LAMETH was here, too, as an Adjutant-General, and was severely wounded at the storming of the redoubts, who afterwards served in the French army of the North till the memorable 10th of August, 1792, became a Deputy at the Restoration, and was living as late as 1832.

But how can I attempt to portray the numerous. I had almost said the numberless, French officers of high name and family who were gathered on this field a hundred years ago, and who went home to so many strange fortunes, and not a few of them to such sad fates? It would require no small share of the genius which old Homer displayed in his wonderful catalogue of the ships and forces which came to the siege of Troy, when Pope translates him as demanding of the Muses

A thousand tongues,

A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs!

Time certainly would fail me were I to give more than the names of General de Choisy and the Marquis de Rostaing; of the Marquis and Count de Deux-Ponts; of the Counts de Custine and de Charlus, d'Audinchamp and de Dillon, de l'Estrade, de St. Maime, and d'Olonne; of the Viscounts de Noailles and de Pondeux; of Admiral Destonches and Commodore the Count de Bongainville; of General Desandronins and Colonel the Viscount d'Aboville; of Colonels de Querenet and Gimat, and Major Galvan; of M. de Menonville and the Marquis de Vauban; of M. de Béville and M. Blanchard; of Chevalier de la Vallette, M. de Bressolles, and M. de Broglie; of Chevalier, afterwards the Baron, Durand, a General of the French Army at the Restoration; of M. de Montesquieu, son of the author of "*L'Esprit des Lois*"; of M. de Mirabeau, brother of the matchless orator; of M. de Berthier, afterwards one of Napoleon's Chiefs of Staff, a Marshal of France, and Prince of Wagram. I must have omitted many who ought to be named in this enumeration, but enough have certainly been given to show what a cloud of witnesses and actors were here, whose names have since been celebrated in the annals of their own country, and which deserve a grateful mention in ours to-day. That famous "*Field of Cloth of Gold*," two centuries and

a half before, when Francis I and Henry VIII met, in the valley of Ardres, to arrange an ominous family alliance, had hardly a more imposing representation of the nobles and notables of either land.

And now all the officers I have mentioned, and many more, French and American, are assembled with the troops to which they are attached, on this hallowed spot, to be met, and welcomed, and fraternized with, by at least thirty-five hundred Virginia militiamen—some of them under the command of the brave and excellent General WEEDON, some of them under Generals Edward Stevens and Robert Lawson, some of them under Colonel Gibson and Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington of the Artillery, with St. George Tucker, afterwards distinguished as an editor of *Blackstone* and as a Judge, serving here as a Major; but all recognizing, as their Commander-in-Chief, the patriotic and noble-hearted THOMAS NELSON, then Governor of the State. A finer or firmer spirit did not breathe than that of Thomas Nelson, junior, as he was then called, who had served in the Continental Congress and signed the Declaration of Independence: who had been one of the largest contributors to the relief of Boston during her sufferings from the Port Bill; who had commanded the State forces of Virginia from 1777; who had pledged his personal credit to raise a loan in 1780, and had advanced money from his own pocket to pay two Virginia regiments sent to the South for the support of General Greene; who now, as the Allied Armies approached Yorktown, had been active and untiring, beyond all other men, in preparing supplies of every sort to support and sustain them; and who pointed the first gun at his own dwelling-house in the town, supposing it to be occupied by Cornwallis or some of his officers, and offered a reward of five guineas for every shell which should be fired into it. Still another gallant Virginian was present at the siege—no other than Henry Lee, “Light Horse Harry,” as he is called—who describes the scene as an eye-witness in his “*Memoirs of the War*,” but he, with his legion, was attached to General Greene’s army further south, and here perhaps, only accidentally and as a spectator. Thomas Nelson, I repeat, was peculiarly and pre-eminently the representative of local Virginia on the day we commemorate: and his name must ever have a proud and leading place among the most precious memories which cluster around his native Yorktown.

I said of local Virginia—for there was another representative of the Old Dominion here, greater than Nelson, greater than any one who could be named, present or absent, living or dead. I do not forget that, while America gave WASHINGTON to the world, Virginia gave him to America, and that it is her unshared privilege to recognize and claim, as her son, him whom the whole country acknowledges and reveres as its Father!

Behold him here at the head of the American Line, presiding, with modest but majestic dignity, over this whole splendid scene of the Sur-

render! He is now in his fiftieth year, and has gone through anxieties and trials enough of late to have filled out the full measure of three score and ten. That winter at Valley Forge, those cabals of Conway, that mutiny in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the defection of Charles Lee, the treason of Benedict Arnold—with all the distressing responsibilities in which it involved him—the insufficiency of his supplies of men, money, food, and clothing, must have left deep traces on his countenance as well as in his heart. But he is the same incomparable man as when, at only twenty-one, he was sent as a Commissioner from Governor Dinwiddie to demand of the French forces their authority for invading the King's dominions, or, as when, at twenty-three, he was the only mounted officer who escaped the French bullets at Braddock's defeat. And here he stands foremost, among their Dukes and Marquises and Counts and Barons, receiving the surrender of the standards under which he had then fought against France, as a British colonial officer!

From the siege of Boston, where he obtained his first triumph, to this crowning siege of Yorktown—more than six long years—he has been one and the same; bearing, beyond all others, the burden and heat of our struggle for independence; advising, directing, commanding; enduring deprivations and even injustices without a murmur, and witnessing the successes of others without jealousy.—while no such signal victory had yet been vouchsafed to his own immediate forces as could have satisfied a heart ambitious only for himself. But his ambition was only for his Country, and he stands here at last, with representatives of all the States around him, and with representatives of almost all the great Nations of the world as witnesses, to receive, on the soil of his own native and beloved Virginia, the surpassing reward of his fortitude and patriotism. He has many great functions still to fulfill—in presiding over the Convention to frame the Constitution, and in giving practical interpretation and construction to that Constitution by eight years of the first Presidency. But, with this event, the first glorious chapter of his career is closed, and he will soon be found at Annapolis in the sublime attitude of voluntarily resigning to Congress the plenary commission he had received from them, and retiring to private life.

Virginians! you hold his dust as the most precious possession of your soil, and would not let it go even to the massive mausoleum prepared for it beneath the Capitol at Washington, which no other dust can ever fill. Oh, let his memory, his principles, his example, be ever as sacredly and jealously guarded in your hearts! No second Washington will ever be yours, or ever be ours. Of no one but him could it have been justly said:

All discord ceases at his name—

All ranks contend to swell his fame.

The highest and most coveted title which any man can reach—not in our own land only, or in our own age only, but in all lands and in all ages.

will still and ever be—that “he approached nearest to Washington:” and in every exigency which may arise, the test questions of patriotism will be, “What would Washington have said?” “What would Washington have done?” The eloquent Lamartine exclaimed, as he so fearlessly confronted the Red Flag of Communism, thirty-three years ago, in Paris: “The want of France is a Washington.” Our own country knows how to sympathize with such a want. “While the Coliseum stands Rome shall stand,” was the familiar proverb of antiquity. We associate the durability of our free institutions with no material structure. Columns and obelisks, statues and monuments, consecrated halls and stately capitols, may crumble and disappear; the little St. John’s Church in Virginia, where Patrick Henry exclaimed, “Give me Liberty or give me Death,” the old State House in Boston, where James Otis “breathed into this nation the breath of life”—the Old South, Faneuil Hall, Carpenter’s Hall and the Hall of Independence at Philadelphia, one after another, may be sacrificed to the improvement of a thoroughfare, or fall before the inexorable elements; but when the character and example of Washington shall have lost their hold upon the hearts of the people, when his precepts shall be discarded and his principles disowned and rejected, we may then begin to fear, if not to despair, for the perpetuity of our Union and of our Freedom. We were all Virginians once, when the Pilgrim Fathers signed their little Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, and spoke of Plymouth and Massachusetts as “these northern parts of Virginia.” We will all be Virginians again, in revering the Father of his Country, in recognizing him as worthy to be first forever in all American hearts, and in thanking God that, after so many delays, and discouragements, and trials, he was privileged to find on his native soil, a hundred years ago to-day, the scene of his most memorable triumph.

And here, close at the side of Washington, behold the only other figure which remains to be specially designated on the field I have attempted to depict! He stands proudly in the American line, in which he had so long and gallantly served; but he stands as a representative of more than one land—as a living link between two; the beloved La Fayette! He must have felt at that moment—he certainly had a right to feel—that his fondest day-dream had been verified, his most ardent anticipations fulfilled. To the immediate consummation which he was now witnessing, his own compatriots had contributed the indispensable element of success, and for their co-operation he had lent the whole strength of his influence and his entreaties, and had led the way, at every cost and sacrifice, by his personal example. He had foreseen the result many months before, and thanked Washington in one of his letters, “for the most beautiful prospect which I may ever behold.” A long and eventful career is still before him, for he is but twenty-four years old, his twenty-fourth birthday having occurred during the progress of the siege. He hastens home to give the name of Virginia to

the daughter born after his return. He is destined to command armies on his native soil. He is destined to be the subject of cruel imprisonment, and excite the sympathies of the civilized world. He is to be the arbiter of dynasties, and lead up "a citizen king" to the throne of France. He is to revisit in triumph the land he has aided, to be received with more than regal honors, and to return home to die at last with the respect and affection of all good men. But nowhere will he stand more proudly than here, on this field of Yorktown, by the side of his revered Washington, exulting in the legitimate fruits of his own untiring efforts. To no scene of his life did he recur with more enthusiasm; to no place did he come, during his last visit to our country, with more eagerness and even ecstasy. I have seen his own private letter to his friend, President Monroe, written at Yorktown, on the 20th of October, 1824, when, in company with the Governor of Virginia and Chief Justice Marshall, and Colonel Huger, of South Carolina—one of the two only surviving field officers of his American Light Infantry—he had spent the forty-third Anniversary of the Surrender on this spot, and had been the subject of that brilliant ceremonial reception. It was from the lips of JAMES MADISON, not many years afterwards, and but a few years before his death, under his own roof at Montpelier, that I learned to think and speak of La Fayette, not merely as an ardent lover of liberty, a bosom friend of Washington, and a brave and disinterested volunteer for American Independence—leading the way, as a pioneer, for France to follow—but as a man of eminent practical ability, and as great, in all true senses of that term, as he was chivalrous and generous and good. Honor to his memory this day from every American heart and tongue, and a cordial welcome to M. Bureaux de Pusy, M. de Corcelle, and to all others of his relatives who have accepted the invitation of our Government, and whose presence on this occasion is hailed with such peculiar satisfaction and delight!

Said I not justly, Fellow-Citizens, at the outset of this Address, that our earliest and our latest acknowledgments to-day are due to France, for the joyous consummation which we are assembled to commemorate? Said I not justly, that—whatever confidence we may feel now, or whatever assurance there was then, that the ultimate result of the American struggle, whether aided or unaided, could have been nothing less than Independence—our immediate success in the arduous conflict was owing, under God, to the assistance of that generous and gallant nation? Never, never can the fact be forgotten in the history of American liberty, nor ever can the obligations which were thus incurred be lost from our most grateful recollections. Nor do I think that France herself has a page in all her annals which she would be less willing to obliterate, least of all in these recent days when new ties of sympathy have been created between us as the two great sister Republics of the world. Certainly, if La Fayette himself could have looked forward from this field of Yorktown and foreseen that, when

this Centennial Anniversary should be celebrated by the American people, his own beloved country would be represented here by the relatives of Rochambeau, and by his own descendants, coming over as citizens of a French Republic, he would have felt that all his heroic efforts and sacrifices had not been made for the liberty of America only. But he did foresee it, as through a glass darkly, it is true, for many years, but with a clearer and more confident eye before he died. Even at the moment of the Surrender he wrote, "Humanity has gained its suit: Liberty will never more be without an asylum." But at Bunker Hill, in 1825, during his triumphal tour, as the guest of the nation, he gave emphatic expression to his faith, as well as his hope, when, after toasting "The resistance to oppression which has already enfranchised the American Hemisphere," he added, "The next half century's Jubilee-Toast shall be, TO ENFRANCHISED EUROPE!"

We do not forget that it was from a Bourbon Monarch we received this aid. We do not forget of what dynasty the vigilant and far-sighted Vergennes, and the accomplished but somewhat wavering Necker, were Ministers—together with the aged Maurepas, over whose death-bed the tidings of this surrender "threw a halo." We do not forget that it was in the very uppermost ranks of French society that an enthusiasm for our contest for freedom first caught and kindled. We do not forget that it was from the highest nobility of France that so many of her brave soldiers came over to help us, and went home, alas! to reap such a harvest of horrors for themselves. We would not breathe a word or thought to-day in disparagement of those who were the immediate instruments of our success on this field. The sad fate of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and of so many of the gay young officers who were gathered here around Washington and Rochambeau, a century ago, cannot be recalled by Americans without emotion, as they reflect that, by the very act of helping us to the establishment of republican institutions, they were preparing the way for dethronement, exile, or death on the scaffold, for themselves.

But it is to France that our acknowledgments are due—to France, then an Absolute Monarchy, afterwards an Empire, then a Constitutional Monarchy, again an Empire—but always France: *TOUJOURS LA FRANCE!* She has many glories to boast of in her history, glories in art and science, glories in literature and philosophy, glories in peace and war, brilliant statesmen and orators and authors, heroic soldiers and captains and conquerors on land and on sea; and even in the later pages of that history, amid all her recent reverses, the endurance and fortitude of her marvelously mercurial people—rising superior to what seemed a crushing downfall—have won the admiration and sympathy of the world. When I witnessed personally, by a happy chance, the removal of the last scaffolding from that superb column in the Place Vendôme, restored in all its original beauty as a priceless monument of history, I could not but feel that the glories of France were safe. When we all

witnessed, from afar, the magic promptness with which, at the call of her late admirable President, THIERS, and almost as at the touch of Midas, those millions of gold came pouring into the public coffers to provide for the immediate payment of her ransom from Germany, we all could not fail to feel that she had a reserved power to reinstate herself, as she has done, among the foremost nations of the world. Yet as her children, and her children's children for a thousand years, and till time shall be no more, shall review her varied and most impressive annals, since Gaul was conquered by Julius Cæsar, down through the days of Clovis and Charlemagne, through all her dynasties, Merovingian, Carlovingian and Capetian, Valois, Bourbon, Bonaparte, or Orleans, their eyes will still rest, and still be reveted with just pride, on the brief but eventful story of this 19th of October, 1781. And as they read that story, her classical scholars will recall the account which the great Roman historian, Livy, has left us, of the splendid ceremonial at the celebration of the Isthmian games, when Titus Quinctius, the Roman Proconsul and General, having subdued Philip of Macedon, and given freedom and independence to Greece, from lip to lip the saying ran, and resounded over Corinth, in words which might almost have been written prophetically as well as historically, "THAT THERE IS A NATION IN THE WORLD WHICH, AT ITS OWN EXPENSE, WITH ITS OWN LABOR, AND AT ITS OWN RISK, WAGED WAR FOR THE LIBERTY OF OTHERS: AND THIS NOT MERELY FOR CONTIGUOUS STATES, OR FOR NEAR NEIGHBORS, OR FOR COUNTRIES THAT MADE PART OF THE SAME CONTINENT; BUT THAT THEY EVEN CROSSED THE SEAS FOR THE PURPOSE, SO THAT NO UNLAWFUL POWER SHOULD SUBSIST ON THE FACE OF THE WHOLE EARTH, BUT THAT JUSTICE, RIGHT AND LAW SHOULD EVERYWHERE HAVE SOVEREIGN SWAY!"*

More than twenty centuries divide the two records. Twenty centuries more may hardly include their like again. The two interventions, fæke them for all in all—their incidents, their objects, their results—may, perchance, stand unique forever on the respective pages of ancient and modern history. Our own Republic, certainly, with the farewell warning of Washington in memory against all entangling alliances, and with its jealous adherence to Monroe doctrines, is neither in the way of reciprocating such aid, nor of ever invoking it again. Not the less gracefully and fervently, however, may we acknowledge and celebrate the noble act of France, and offer to her, as we do this day, in the name of our whole Country, and in the name of American Liberty, a renewed assurance of the gratitude which is so justly her due, and which no lapse of time can ever extinguish in our hearts. Our commemorative Column has lingered, indeed, with almost all the other monuments and statues ordered by our government in those days of narrow resources and inadequate art. All the more significantly and imposingly it will now rise, not in mere fulfillment of the resolution of the old Continental Congress, but by the solemn decree of fifty millions of living people, with all the accumulated

* Liv. Hist. lib. 33.

arrears of gratitude of intervening generations. "Major, quo serior, gloria, ubi invidia secessit." It will stand like some stately century plant, whose blossoms attract the gaze and admiration of observers all the more intently because they have taken a hundred years for their development:

Welcome, welcome, then, to the representatives of France—of her President, of her Army and Navy, and all her Departments—His Excellency M. Outrey, Colonel Lichtenstein, General Boulanger, Captain de Cuverville, and the others who have come at the invitation of our Government to witness some of the results of what Frenchmen did for us, and helped us to do for ourselves, so long ago; and may peace and good will be perpetual between the land of La Fayette and the land of Washington!

With the event which we are commemorating, the War of the American Revolution was practically closed. A year and a half still remained for General GREENE to display his vigilance and valor at the South, and for General HEATH and others to control and administer our posts at the North, while our commissioners in Paris were exhausting all the arts of diplomacy in arranging the formal Treaty of Independence and Peace with Great Britain. Not until the 18th of April, 1783, was Washington able to issue his memorable Order for the Cessation of Hostilities—a day which, as he said in that order—referring to the first blood at Lexington and Concord—"completes the eighth year of the war." But the real consummation had been accomplished on this field. The first blow for independence dates from Massachusetts. The Declaration of Independence dates from Philadelphia. But the crowning and clinching victory is forever associated with Virginia, and throws unfading luster upon these surrounding shores and plains. And thus, by a striking coincidence, the final triumphal scene of our great revolutionary drama was reserved for the very same shores and surroundings on which the earliest American colonization was attempted, and at last successfully accomplished, under the inspiration of Sir Walter Raleigh, a century and a half before. Jamestown and Yorktown! How much of the most impressive history of our country is condensed in the names of those two neighboring Virginia localities—at this day, indeed, but little more than names, but always have a place in the same fond remembrance with Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill!

And now, fellow-countrymen, as we look back at that history at this hour, and see at what a great price our fathers purchased for us the freedom we are so richly enjoying—at what a cost of toil and treasure and blood these republican institutions of ours have been founded and built up—can there fail to come home to each one of our hearts a deeper sense of our responsibility, as a people and as individuals, for upholding, advancing, and transmitting them unimpaired to our posterity? The century which has rolled away since the scene we commemorate

needs no review on this occasion. It has made its mark upon our land, and written its own history on all our memories. The immense increase of our population, the vast expansion of our territory, the countless productions of our industry, the measureless mass of our crops, the magical reduction of our debt, the marvelous prosperity of our people beyond that of all other nations of the earth—all these are things not to boast of as if they were of our own accomplishment, but to recognize and thank God for with all our hearts. Nor can we of this generation stand here to-day on this Virginia soil, beneath this October sun, without an irrepressible thrill of exultation and thanksgiving, that we are here as brothers from the St. John's to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—all conflicts long over, and all causes for conflicts at an end—fifty millions of people, all free and equal, and all recognizing one Country, one Constitution, one Flag, to be cherished in every heart, to be defended by every hand!

But it is of our future, not of the past or even of the present, that I would speak in the brief remnant of this Address. It is not what we have been, or what we have done, or even what we are, that weighs on our thoughts at this hour, even to the point of oppressiveness: but what, what are we to be? What is to be the character of a second century of independence for America? What are to be its issues for ourselves? What are to be its influences on mankind at large? And what can we do, all powerless, as we are, to pierce the clouds which rest upon the future, or to penetrate the counsels of an overruling Providence—what can we do to secure these glorious institutions of ours from decline and fall, that other generations may enjoy what we now enjoy, and that our liberty may indeed be “a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest”—a “Liberty enlightening the World.”

We cannot, if we would, conceal from others or from ourselves, that all has not gone well with us of late, and that there has been, and still is, in many minds an anxious, if not a fearful, looking forward to what is to come. I do not forget that other lands have not been exempt from simultaneous and even similar troubles with our own, and that a contagion of crime and tumult seems to have been sweeping over both hemispheres alike. We need not certainly make too much of our own discreditable deadlocks at Washington or at Albany, while the Prime Minister of England is heard lamenting that “the greatest and noblest of all representative assemblies in the world is in some degree disabled, in some degree dishonored, by the abuse of rules intended for the defense of liberty.” But these have not been the worst signs of our times. It was strikingly said by a great moral and religious writer of old England, in the last century, in relation to his own land, that “between the period of national honor and complete degeneracy there is usually an interval of national vanity, during which examples of virtue are recounted and admired without being imitated.” Oh, let us beware lest we should be approaching such an interval in our own history! No one

will deny that there is enough of recounting and extolling the great examples of virtue and valor and patriotism which have been left us by our fathers. Voices of admiration and eulogy resound throughout the land. Statues and monuments and obelisks are rising at every corner. There can hardly be too many of them. But vice and crime, speculation and embezzlement, bribery, corruption, profligacy, and even assassination, alas! stalk our streets and stare up at such memorials unrebuked and unabashed. And are there not symptoms of malarias, in some of our high places more pestilent than any that ever emanated from Potomac or even Pontine marshes, infecting our whole civil service, and tainting the very life-blood of the nation?

Let me not exaggerate our dangers, or dash the full joy of this occasion, by suggesting too strongly that there may be poison in our cup. But I must be pardoned, as one of a past generation, for dealing with old-fashioned counsels in old-fashioned phrases. Profound dissertations on the nature of government, metaphysical speculations on the true theory of civil liberty, scientific dissections of the machinery of our own political system—even were I capable of them—would be as inappropriate as they would be worthless. Our reliance for the preservation of Republican liberty can only be on the common-place principles, and common sense maxims, which lie within the comprehension of the children in our schools, or of the simplest and least cultured man or woman who wields a hammer or who plies a needle.

The fear of the Lord must still and ever be the beginning of our wisdom, and obedience to His commandments the rule of our lives. Crime must not go unpunished, and vice must be stigmatized and rebuked as vice. Human life must be held sacred, and lawless violence and bloodshed cease to be regarded as a redress or remedy for anything. It is not by assassinating Emperors or Presidents that the welfare of mankind or the liberty of the people is to be promoted. Such acts ought to be as execrable in the sight of man as they are in the sight of God. The only one-man power this country has had to tremble at, is the power of some wretched miscreant, seeking spoils but finding none, with a pistol in his hand, to neutralize and nullify the votes of millions, and put a beloved President to torture and to death. The rights of the humblest, as well as of the highest, must be respected and enforced. Labor, in all its departments, must be justly remunerated and elevated, and the true dignity of labor recognized. The poor must be wisely visited and liberally cared for, so that mendicancy shall not be tempted into mendacity, nor want exasperated into crime. The great duties of individual citizenship must be conscientiously discharged. Peace, order, and the good old virtues of honesty, charity, temperance, and industry must be cultivated and revered. The purity of private life must be cherished and guarded, and luxury and extravagance discouraged. Polygamy must cease to pollute our land. Profligate literature must be scorned and left unpurchased. Public opinion must be refined, purified, strength-

ened, and rendered prevailing and imperative, by the best thoughts and best words which the press, the platform, and the pulpit can pour forth. The pen and the tongue alike must be exercised under a sense of moral responsibility. In a word, the less of government we have by formal laws and statutes, the more we need, and the more we must have, of individual self-government.

For, my friends, there must be government of some sort, and it must be exercised and enforced. Cities and towns must make provision for all that relates to cities and towns. States, which still and always have duties, which still and always have rights, must provide for all that justly relates to States. And the general government of the Union must exercise its paramount authority over everything of domestic or foreign interest which comes within the sphere of its constitutional control. Civil service must be reformed. Elections and appointments, as Burke said, must be made "as to a sacred function and not as to a pitiful job." The elective franchise must be everywhere protected. Public credit must be maintained in city, state, and nation, at every sacrifice. Neither a gold nor a silver currency, nor both conjoined—neither mono metalisms nor bi-metalisms—can form any substitute for the honesty and good faith which are the basis of an enduring public credit. Our independent judicial system, with all the rights and duties of the jury-box, must be respected and upheld. The army and the navy must be adequately maintained for the defense of our coasts and commerce and boundaries, and the militia not neglected for domestic exigencies; but Peace, at home and abroad, must still and ever be the aim and end of all our preparations for war. Above all, the Union—the Union "in any event," as Washington said—must be preserved!

But let me add at once that, with a view to all these ends, and as the indispensable means of promoting and securing them all, Universal Education, without distinction of race, must be encouraged, aided, and enforced. The elective franchise can never be taken away from any of those to whom it has once been granted, but we can and must make education coextensive with the elective franchise; and it must be done without delay, as a measure of self-defense, and with the general co-operation of the authorities and of the people of the whole country. One-half of our country, during the last ten or fifteen years, has been opened for the first time to the introduction and establishment of free common schools, and there is not wealth enough at present in that region to provide for this great necessity. "Two millions of children without the means of instruction" was the estimate of the late Dr. Sears, in 1879. Every year brings another installment of brutal ignorance to the polls, to be the subject of cajolement, deception, corruption, or intimidation. Here, here, is our greatest danger for the future. The words of our late lamented President, in his Inaugural, come to us to-day with redoubled emphasis from that unclosed grave on the Lake: "All the constitutional power of the Nation and of the States, and all

the volunteer forces of the People should be summoned to meet this danger by the saving influence of universal education." No drought or flood or conflagration, no succession of droughts or floods or conflagrations, can be so disastrous to our material wealth as this periodical influx, these annual inundations, of ignorance, to our moral and political welfare. Every year, every day, of delay increases the difficulty of meeting the danger. Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education. Justice to them, the welfare of the States in which they live, the safety of the whole Republic, the dignity of the Elective Franchise, alike demand that the still remaining bonds of ignorance shall be unloosed and broken, and the minds as well as the bodies of the emancipated go free!

I know whereof I speak; and have certainly given time enough, and thought enough to the subject, for fourteen years past, in my relations to a great Southern Trust to learn, at least, what that Trust has done, what it can do, and what it cannot do. It has been thus far as a voice crying in the wilderness—calling on the people of the South to undertake the great work for themselves, and preparing the way for its successful prosecution. It may be looked back upon, one of these days, if not now, as the little leaven which has leavened the whole lump. But the whole lump must be kneaded and molded and worked over, with unceasing activity and energy, by every town, village, and district, for itself, or there will be no sufficient bread for the hungry and famished masses. And there must be aids and appropriations and endowments, by Cities and States, and by the Nation at large, through its public lands, if in no other way, and to an amount compared with which the gift of George Peabody—munificent as it was for an individual benefactor—is but as the small dust of the balance.

It is itself one of the great rights of a free people to be educated and trained up from childhood to that ability to govern themselves, which is the largest element in republican self-government, and without which all self-government must be a failure and a farce, here and everywhere! It is indeed primarily a right of our children, and they are not able to enforce and vindicate it for themselves. But let us beware of subjecting ourselves to the ineffable reproach of robbing the children of their bread, and casting it before dogs, by wasting untold millions on corrupt or extravagant projects, and starving our common schools. The whole field of the Union is now open to education, and the whole field of the Union must be occupied. Free Governments must stand or fall with Free Schools. These and these alone can supply the firm foundation; and that foundation must, at this very moment, be extended and strengthened and rendered immovable and indestructible, like that of the gigantic obelisk of Washington, if the boasted fabric of liberty, for which this victory cleared the ground, is not to settle and totter and crumble!

Tell me not that I am indulging in truisms. I know they are truisms:

but they are better—a thousand fold better—than Nihilisms or Communisms or Fenniaism, or any of the other *isms* which are making such headway in supplanting them. No advanced thought, no mystical philosophy, no glittering abstractions, no swelling phrases about freedom—not even science with all its marvelous inventions and discoveries—can help us much in sustaining this Republic. Still less can any Godless theories of Creation, or any infidel attempts to rule out the Redeemer from his rightful supremacy in our hearts, afford us any hope of security. That way lies despair! Commonplace truths, old familiar teachings, the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Farewell Address of Washington, honesty, virtue, patriotism, universal education, are what the world most needs in these days, and our own part of the world as much as any other part. Without these we are lost. With these, and with the blessing of God, which is sure to follow them, a second century of our Republic may be confidently looked forward to; and those who shall gather on this field, a hundred years hence, shall then exult, as we are now exulting, in the continued enjoyment of the free institutions bequeathed to us by our fathers, and in honoring the memories of those who have sustained them!

It is matter of record, fellow-citizens, that on the day after the Surrender here had taken place, Washington issued his General Order congratulating the Army on the glorious event. That Order concluded as follows: "Divine service is to be performed to-morrow in the several brigades and divisions. The Commander-in-Chief recommends that the troops not on duty should universally attend, with the seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence demand of us." Accordingly, on Sunday, the 21st of October, the various divisions were drawn up in the field to offer "to the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles," says the journalist Thacher, "their grateful homage for the preservation of our lives through the dangers of the siege, and for the important event with which Divine Providence has seen fit to crown our efforts."

The joyful tidings reached Philadelphia by the hand of Colonel Tilghman, at midnight of the 23d, and the next morning were formally communicated to Congress, when resolutions were passed, on motion of Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, of which the very first was as follows:

Resolved, That Congress will at two o'clock this day go in procession to the Dutch Lutheran Church and return thanks to Almighty God for crowning the Allied Arms of the United States and France with success, by the surrender of the whole British Army under the command of the Earl of Cornwallis.

Two days only intervened when, on the 26th, a Solemn Proclamation was issued by Congress, acknowledging "the influence of Divine Providence in raising up for us a powerful Ally"; and praying God "to protect and prosper that illustrious Ally, and to favor our united exertions for the speedy establishment of a safe, honorable, and lasting peace."

In France the tidings were received with a similar recognition of the Divine aid; and orders were sent out at once by the King for a solemn Te Deum of thanksgiving by his troops in America. The King himself wrote a special letter to Rochambeau, signed by his own hand, and dated at Versailles, 26th of November, 1781, concluding with these impressive words: "In calling these events to the mind, and acknowledging how much the abilities of General Washington, your talents, those of the general officers employed under the orders of you both, and the valor of the troops, have rendered this campaign glorious, my chief design is to inspire the hearts of all as well as mine with the deepest gratitude towards the Author of all prosperity; and in the intention of addressing my supplication to Him for the continuation of his divine protection, I have written to the Archbishops and Bishops of my Kingdom to cause Te Deum to be sung in the churches of their dioceses; and I address this letter to inform you, that I desire it may be likewise sung in the town or camp where you may be with the corps of troops, the command of which has been intrusted to you, and that you would give orders that the ceremony be performed with all the public rejoicings used in similar cases, in which I beg of God to keep you in his holy protection."

All France, as well as all America, was thus ringing and resounding with the praise of God for our great deliverance.

"Not unto us, not unto us," was the emotion and the utterance of the whole American people, and of all who sympathized with the American people of that day; and "not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise," must still be the emotion and the utterance of us all as we contemplate the completed century of Republican liberty which that day ushered in. Commemorative columns and splendid ceremonials are fit tributes of gratitude to the mortal or immortal men of our own land and of other lands who were the instruments of achieving our independence. But "Glory to God in the Highest" must swell up from every true heart and lip at this hour for what Washington well called "the reiterated and astonishing interpositions" which not only carried us through the Revolution triumphantly, but which, during the century which has succeeded it, have overruled so wonderfully, to our permanent welfare, events which to human eyes seemed fatal to our prosperity and peace! The great French historian and statesman, Guizot, has reminded us, in that popular history of his own land to which he devoted the last labors of his life, that in 1776, before the Declaration of Independence, "the Virginians had adopted, at the close of their proclamations, the proudly significant phrase, 'God save the Liberties of America!'" Let that Virginia phrase be the fervent phrase of us all in all time to come; and let the legend we have stamped upon our coin, and inserted in the very eagle's beak, be indelibly impressed on every patriotic heart—"IN GOD WE TRUST."

Fellow-Citizens of the United States—Citizens of the old Thirteen of the Revolution, and Citizens of the new Twenty-five, whose stars are now glittering with no inferior luster in our glorious galaxy—yes, and Citizens of the still other States which I dare not attempt to number, but which are destined at no distant period to be evolved from our imperial Texas and Territories—I hail you all as brothers to-day, and call upon you all, as you advance in successive generations, to stand fast in the faith of the Fathers, and to uphold and maintain unimpaired the matchless institutions which are now ours! “You are the advanced guard of the human race; you have the future of the world,” said Madame de Staël to a distinguished American, recalling with pride what France had done for us at Yorktown. Let us lift ourselves to a full sense of such a responsibility for the progress of Freedom in other lands as well as in our own. It is not ours to intervene for the redress of grievances, or for the establishment of Independence elsewhere, as France did here, with fleets and armies. But we can and must intervene—and we are intervening, daily and hourly, for better or worse—by the influence and the force of our example. Next, certainly, to promoting the greatest good of the greatest number at home, the supreme mission of our Country is to hold up before the eyes of all mankind a practical, well-regulated, successful system of Free, Constitutional Government, purely administered and loyally supported—giving assurance and furnishing proof that true liberty is not incompatible with the maintenance of Order, with obedience to Law, and with a lofty standard of political and social Virtue. Every failure here, every degree of failure here, through insubordination or discord, through demoralization, corruption, or crime, throws back the cause of freedom everywhere, and presents our country as a warning, instead of as an encouragement, to the liberal tendencies of other governments and other lands. We cannot escape from the responsibility of this great Intervention of American Example; and it involves nothing less than the hope, or the despair of the Ages! Let us strive, then, to aid and advance the Liberty of the world, in the only legitimate way in our power, by patriotic fidelity and devotion in upholding, illustrating, and adorning our own Free Institutions. “Spartam naetus es: Hanc exorna!” There is no limit to our prosperity and welfare, if we are true to those institutions. We have nothing now to fear except from ourselves. There is no boundary line for separating us, without cordons of custom-houses, and garrisons of standing armies, which would change the whole character of those institutions. We are One by the configuration of nature and by the strong impress of art—inextricably intertwined by the lay of our land, the run of our rivers, the chain of our lakes, and the iron net-work of our crossing and recrossing and ever multiplying and still advancing tracks of trade and travel. We are One by the memories of our fathers. We are One by the hopes of our children. We are One by a Constitution and a Union which have not only survived the shock of Foreign and Civil War, but have stood the abeyance of almost all administration,

while the whole people were waiting breathless, in alternate hope and fear, for the issues of an execrable crime. We are One—bound together afresh—by the electric chords of sympathy and sorrow, vibrating and thrilling, day by day of the live-long summer, through every one of our hearts, for our basely wounded and bravely suffering President—bringing us all down on our knees together in common supplications for his life, and involving us all at last in a common flood of grief at his death! I cannot forget that as I left President Garfield, after a friendly visit at the Executive Mansion last May, his parting words to me were, “Yes, I shall be with you at Yorktown.” We all miss him and mourn him here to-day; and not only the rulers and people of all nations have united with us in paying homage to his memory, but Nature herself, I had almost said, has seemed to sympathize in our sorrow—giving us ashes for beauty, and parched and leaden leaves on all our forests, instead of their wonted autumn glories of crimson and gold! But I dare not linger, amid festive scenes like these, on that great affliction, which has added, indeed, “another hallowed name to the historical inheritance of our Republic,” but which has thrown a pall of deepest tragedy upon the falling curtain of our first century. Oh, let not its influences be lost upon us for the century to come, but let this very field, consecrated heretofore by a great surrender of foreign foes, be hereafter associated, also, with the nobler surrender to each other of all our old sectional animosities and prejudices, and let us be One, henceforth and always, in mutual regard, conciliation, and affection!

“Go on, hand in hand, O States, never to be disunited! Be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity! Join your invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds! And then——” But I will not add, as John Milton added, in closing his inimitable appeal on Reformation in England, two centuries and a half ago, “A cleaving curse be his inheritance to all generations who seeks to break your Union!” No imprecations or anathemas shall escape my lips on this auspicious day. Let me rather invoke, as I devoutly and fervently do, the choicest and richest blessings of Heaven on those who shall do most, in all time to come, to preserve our beloved Country in **UNITY, PEACE, and CONCORD!**

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

By the chorus under Professor Seigel. Accompaniment by the United States Marine Band.

The chairman of the Commission then introduced James Barron Hope, esq., of Virginia, saying:

MR. CHAIRMAN. I have now the pleasure of introducing one of Virginia's most gifted sons, James Barron Hope, esq., who has been selected by the Commission to deliver the Centennial poem.

ARMS AND THE MAN:

A METRICAL ADDRESS RECITED ON THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS, AT YORKTOWN, ON
INVITATION OF A JOINT COMMITTEE OF THE SENATE
AND HOUSE OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS,

BY JAMES BARRON HOPE, OF VIRGINIA.

[Correspondence omitted.] Copyright secured.

P O E M .

BY JAMES BARRON HOPE.

P R O L O G U E .

Full-burnished through the long revolving years
The plowshare of a Century to-day
Runs peaceful furrows where a crop of Spears
Once stood in War's array.

And we, like those who on the Troad's plain,
See hoary secrets wrenched from upturned sods,
Who, in their fancy, hear resound again
The battle-cry of Gods,

We now, this splendid scene before us spread,
Where Freedom's full hexameter began,
Restore our Epic, which the Nations read
As far its thunders ran.

Here Visions throng on People and on Bard ;
Ranks all a-glitter, in battalions massed,
And closed around us like a plumed guard,
They lead us down the Past.

I see great Shapes in vague confusion march
Like giant shadows, moving vast and slow,
Beneath some torch-lit temple's mighty arch,
Where long processions go.

I see these Shapes before me all unfold,
But ne'er can fix them on the lofty wall,
Nor tell them save as she of Endor told
What she beheld to Saul.

I see his Shape who should have led these ranks—
GARFIELD I see, whose presence had evoked
The stormy raptures of a Nation's thanks—
His chariot stands unyoked !

Unyoked and empty, and the Charioteer
To Fame's expanded arms has headlong rushed,
Ending the glories of his grand career,
While all the world stood hushed.

The thunder of his wheels is done, but he,
Sustained by patience, fortitude, and grace—
A Christian Hero—from the struggle free,
Has won the Christian's race.

His wheel-tracks stop not in the Valley cold,
But upward lead, and on, and up, and higher,
Till Hope can realize and Faith behold
His chariot mount in fire.

Therefore, my Countrymen, lift up your hearts!
Therefore, my Countrymen, be not cast down!
He lives with those who well have done their parts,
And God bestowed his crown.

And yet another form to day I miss—
Grigsby, the scholar, good, and pure, and wise,
Who now, perchance, from scenes of perfect bliss,
Looks down with tender eyes.

Where his great friend through life, great Winthrop, stands :
Winthrop, whose gift in life's departing hours
Went to the dying Old Virginian's hands,
Who died amid those flowers.*

Prayers change to blooms, the ancient Rabbins taught ;
So his, then, seemed to blossom forth and glow,
As if his supplicating soul had brought
Sandalphon down below.

But, happily, that Winthrop stood to-day
The patriot, scholar, orator, and sage,
To tell the meaning of this grand array
And vindicate an Age.

That Era's life and meaning his to teach,
To him the parchments, but the shell to me ;
His voice the voice of billows on the beach
Wherein we heard the sea :

My voice the voice of some sequestered stream,
Which only boasts, as on its waters glide,
That here and there it shows a broken gleam
Of pictures on its tide.

I.

The fountain of our story spreads no clouds
Of mist ; above it rich in purple glows ;
None paint us Gods and Goddesses in crowds
Where some Scarnander flows.

The tale of Jamestown, which I need not gild,
With that of Plymouth by the world is seen,
But none in visions fancifully build
Olympus in between.

*Hugh Blair Grigsby, LL. D., Chancellor of William and Mary College, and president of the Virginia Historical Society, Scholar and Historian, died on the day on which he received a gift of flowers from his life-long friend Mr. Winthrop, and these literally gladdened the dying eyes of the noble gentleman, whose loss will long be deplored by all who knew him, whether they live in Virginia or Massachusetts.

At Jamestown stood the Saxon's home and graves;
 There Britain's spray broke on the native rock;
 There rose the English tide with crested waves
 And overwhelming shock.

Virginia thence, stirred by a grand unrest,
 Swept o'er the waters, scaled the mountain's crag,
 Hewed out a more than Roman roadway West,
 And planted there her flag.

Her fortune was forewritten even then:
 That fortune in the coming years to be
 "Mother of States and unpolluted men,"
 And nurse of Liberty!

Then 'twas our coast all bore Virginia's name:
 Next North Virginia took its separate place,
 And grew by slow degrees in wealth and fame
 And Freedom's special grace.

II.

At Plymouth Rock a handful of brave souls,
 Full armed in faith, erected home and shrine,
 And flourished where the wild Atlantic rolls
 Its pyramids of brine.

There rose a manly race, austere and strong,
 On whom no lessons of their day were lost:
 Earnest as some Conventicle's deep song,
 And keen as their own frost.

But that shrewd frost became a friend to those
 Who fronted there the Ice King's bitter storm,
 For see we not that underneath the snows
 The growing wheat keeps warm?

Soft ease and silken opulence they spurned,
 From sands of silver, and from emerald boughs,
 With golden ingots laden full, they turned
 Like Pilgrims under vows.

For them no tropic seas, no slumbrous calms,
 No rich abundancee generously unrolled;
 In place of Cromwell's proffered flow'rs and palms
 They fronted long-drawn cold.

The more it blew, the more they faced the gale;
 The more it snowed, the more they would not freeze,
 And when crops failed on sterile hill and vale
 They went to reap the seas!

Far North, through wild and stormy brine they ran,
 With hands a-cold plucked Winter by the locks!
 Masterful mastered great Leviathan!
 And drove the foam as flocks!

III.

Next in their order came the Middle Group :
 Perchance less hardy, but as brave they grew—
 Grew straight and tall, with not a bend nor stoop,
 Heart-timber through and through !

Midway between the ardent heat and cold
 They spread abroad, and, by a homely spell,
 The iron of their axes changed to gold
 As fast the forests fell !

Doing the things they found to do, we see
 That thus they drew a mighty empire's charts.
 And, working for the present, took in fee
 The future for their marts !

And there, unchallenged, may the boast be made,
 Although they do not hold his sacred dust,
 That theirs the man who never once betrayed
 The simple Indian's trust.

Theirs, too, the genius which linked silver Lakes
 With the blue Ocean and the outer world,
 And the fair banner which their Commerce shakes
 Wise Clinton's hand unfurled.

IV.

Then sweeping down below Virginia's capes,
 From Chesapeake to where Savannah flows,
 We find the settlers laughing 'mid their grapes
 And ignorant of snows.

The fragrant *appawock* and golden corn
 Spread far a-field by river and lagoon.
 And all the months poured out from Plenty's Horn
 Were opulent as June.

Yet they had tragedies full dark and fell—
 Lone Roanoke Island rises on the view,
 And this Peninsula its tale could tell
 Of Opecanough.

But when the Ocean thunders on the shore,
 Its waves though broken overflow the beach,
 So here our fathers on and onward bore
 With English laws and speech.

Soft skies above them, under foot rich soils,
 Silence and savage at their presence fled—
 This Giants' Causeway, sacred by their toils,
 Resounded at their tread.

With ardent hearts and ever-open hands,
 Kindly and honest, brave and proud they grew,
 Their lives and habits colored by fair lands
 As skies give waters hue.

A semi-Fendal state and pomp were theirs,
 Their knightly figures shine in purple mist,
 With ghostly pennons flung from ghostly spears
 And ghostly hawks on wrist.

By enterprise and high adventure stirred,
 From half-moon fort and sentry-guarded croft
 They hawked at Empire, and, as on they spurred,
 Fate's falcon soared aloft !

Fate's falcon soared aloft, full, strong, and free,
 With blood on talons, plumage, beak, and breast !
 Her shadow like a storm-shade on the sea
 Far-sailing down the West !

Swift hoofs clang out behind that Falcon's flights—
 Hoofs shod with Golden Horse Shoes catch the eye !
 And as they ring we see the Forest-Knights—
 The Cavaliers ride by !

V.

Midway between the orange and the snows,
 As some fair planet rounds up from the sea,
 Eldest of all the Central Power arose
 In vague immensity.

She stretched from Seas in sun to Lakes in shade
 O'erstepped swift Rio Escondido's stream—
 Her bounds expressed, as by the Tudor made,
 An Alexander's dream.

And liberal Stuart granted broad and free
 Bound'ries which still the annalist may boast—
 Limits which ran "throughout from sea to sea,"
 And far along the coast !

A mighty shaft through Raleigh's fingers slipped.
 Smith shot it, and a Continent awoke !
 For that great arrow, with an acorn tipped,
 Planted an English Oak !

VI.

Oaks multiplied apace, and o'er the seas
 Big rumors went in many a widening ring,
 And stories fabulous on every breeze
 Swept to a distant King.

Full many a tale of wild romance and myth
 In large hyperbole the New World told,
 And down from days of Raleigh and of Smith
 The Colonies meant gold.

Not from Banchoonan's mines came forth the ore,
 But from the waters, and the woods, and fields
 Paid for in blood, and bringing more and more
 The wealth that labor yields.

Then, seeing this, that King beyond the sea,
 The *jus divinum* filling all his soul,
 Bethought him that he held these lands in fee
 And absolute control.

When this high claim in action was displayed
 With one accord the young Plantations spoke
 And told him, English-like, they were not made
 To plow with such a yoke.

Thus met, not his to falter, nor to flag :
 A sudden fury seized the royal breast—
 Prometheus Bound upon a Scythian crag
 His policy expressed.

And so he ordered, in those stormy hours,
 His adamantine chains for one and all,
 Brute "Force" and soulless "Strength" the only powers
 On which he chose to call.

Great men withstood him many a weary day ;
 In Press and Parliament full well they strove,
 But all in vain; for he was sworn to play
 A travesty on Jove!

Then blazed the crater and the flame took wing,
 Furions and far the lava raged around,
 Until, at last, on this same spot that King
 His Herculaneum found!

Breed's Hill became Vesuvius, and its stream
 Rushed forth through years, a God-directed tide,
 To light two Worlds and realize the dream
 For which brave Warren died.

VI.

Before this thought the present hour recedes,
 As from the beach a billow backward rolls,
 And the great past, rich in heroic deeds,
 Illuminates our souls!

Stern Massachusetts Bay uplifts her form,
 Boston the tale of Lexington repeats,
 With breast unarmored she confronts the storm—
 New England England meets!

I see the Middle Group by Fortune made
 The bloody Flanders of the Northern coast,
 And, in a varying play of light and shade,
 Host, thund'ring, fall on host!

I see the Carolinas, Georgia mowed
 By War, the Reaper, and grim Ruin stalk
 O'er wasted fields; but Guilford paved the road
 That led to this same York!

Here, too, Virginia in the vision comes
 Full-bent to crown the battle's closing arch,
 Her pulses trumpets and her heart-throbs drums
 To animate her march !

As Pocahontas, acting for all time,
 Leaped forth the wrath of Powhatan to brave,
 She hither came, and here she stood sublime
 To perish or to save.

I see her interposing now her frame
 Between her sisters and the alien bands,
 And taking both of Freedom and of Fame
 Full seizin with her hands.

VII.

But in that fiery zone
 She upriseth not alone,
 Over all the bloody fields
 Glitter Amazonian shields ;
 While through the mists of years
 Another form appears,
 And, as I bow my head,
 Already you have said :
 'Tis France ! 'Tis France !
 For 'twas hither that she came
 As a Heaven-directed flame,
 Consecrating all this land,
 Like a bolt from Jove's own hand !

Welcome to France !
 From sea to sea !
 With heart and hand !
 Welcome to all within the land—
 Thrice welcome let her be !

And to France
 The Union here to-day
 Gives the right of this array,
 And folds her to her breast
 As the friend that she loves best.
 Yes, to France

The proud Ruler of the West
 Bows her sun-illumined crest,
 Grave and slow,
 In a passion of fond memories of one hundred years ago !

France's colors wave again
 High above this tented plain,
 Stream and flaunt, and blaze and shine,
 O'er the banner-painted brine
 Float and flow !
 And the brazen trumpets blow
 While upon her serried lines
 Full the light of Freedom shines
 In a broad, effulgent glow.

And here this day I see
 The fairest dream that ever yet was dreamt by History!
 As in cadence, and in time,
 To the martial throb and rhyme
 Of her bugles and her drums.

Forth a stately vision comes—
 Comes majestically slow—
 Comes a fair and stately vision of one hundred years ago!

Welcome to France!
 From sea to sea!
 With heart and hand!
 Welcome to all within the land!
 Thrice welcome let her be!
 Of Freedom's Guild made free!
 Welcome!
 Thrice Welcome!
 Welcome let her be!

And as in days of old
 Walter Raleigh did unfold
 His gay cloak, with all its hems
 Wrought in braided gold and gems,
 That his Queen might, passing, tread
 On the sumptuous cloth outspread,
 And step on the shining fold
 Of fair samnite rich in gold.
 So for France—
 Splendid, grand, majestic France!—
 May Fortune down *her* mantle throw
 To mend the way that *she* may go!
 May GLORY leap before to reap—
 Up to her shoulders turned her sleeves—
 And FAME behind follow to bind
 Unnumbered honors in unnumbered sheaves!
 And may that mantle forever be
 Under thy footfall, oh France the Free!
 Forever and forever!

VIII.

And here France came one hundred years ago.
 Red, russet, purple glowed upon the trees,
 And sunset glories deepened in their glow
 Along the painted seas.

A wealth of color blazed on land and wave,
 Topaz, and gold, and crimson met the eye,
 October hailed the ships which came to save
 With banners in the sky.

De Barras swept down from the Northern coast,
 De Grasse foam-driving came with favoring breeze,
 Here they surprised the proud, marauding host
 Like specters of the seas.

Then was no time for such a boastful strain
 As Campbell sang o'er Baltic's bloody tide,
 Nor did Britannia dominate the main
 In customary pride.

France closed this river, and France ruled yon sea,
 Held all our waters in triumphant state,
 Her sails foretelling what was soon to be
 Like ministers of Fate.

And when the Union hymns her proudest Lay
 De Grasse is often on her tuneful lips—
 And his achievement challenges to-day
 Some Homer of the Ships!

So when this spot its monument shall crown,
 Two Worlds upon its base his name shall see.
 With a fair wind his story shall sail down
 Through Ages yet to be!

IX.

This on the water: On the land a scene
 Whose Epic scope is far beyond my pow'r,
 For on this spot a People's fate hath been
 Decided in an hour.

Long was the conflict waged through weary years,
 Counted from when the sturdy farmers fell;
 Hopes crucified, red trenches, bitter tears
 Made man another hell.

See pallid women girt in woe and weeds!
 See little children gaunt for lack of food!
 Behold the catalogue of War's black deeds,
 Where evil stands for good!

See slaughtered cattle, never more to roam,
 Rot in the fields, while chimneys tall and bare
 Tell in dumb pathos how some quiet home
 Lit up the midnight air!

See that burnt crop, yon choked-up sylvan well,
 This yeoman slain, yecorven in the sun!
 Great God! Shreds of a woman's dress to tell
 Why murder there was done!

Such things as these gave edge to all the blows
 Our fathers struck on this historic sod;
 Feet, hands, and faces turned towards their foes,
 Their valiant hearts to God.

X.

Here, then, the Allies were arrayed, and far
 Flashed War's stern front o'er all the spreading ground;
 Here our great chief, the Lion's path to bar
 Dug trench on trench around.

And as the Allied hosts advance
 All the left wing is giv'n to France;
 Is giv'n to France and—Fame!

Yes, these together always ride,
 The Dioscoroi of the tide
 Where War plays out the game!
 And that broad front 'tis hers to hold
 With hand of iron, heart of gold,
 And helmet plumed with flame.

Across the river broad she sends
 De Choisy and Lauzun, where ends
 The leaguer far and wide:
 While Weeden seconds, as he may,
 Marines and troopers in array
 Upon the Glo'ster tide.

As waves hurled on a stranded keel
 Make all the oaken timbers reel
 With many a pond'rous blow,
 So day by day, and night by night,
 The French, like billows foaming white,
 Thunder against the foe.

As far rolled on that thunder swell,
 Far flew the shot, far flew the shell
 On parapet and mast!
 O'er town, and works, and waves amain,
 Far fell grim Ruin's driving rain—
 Red Havoc on the blast!

And as the flashing cannon sowed
 Their iron crop, brave Nelson rode—
 His bridle-bit all foam—
 Up to the gunners; and, said he:
 "Batter yon mansion down for me—
 Basement, and walls, and dome!"
 And better to sharpen those gunners wits,
 "Five guineas," he cried, "for each shot that hits!"
 That mansion was—his home.

XI.

Behind the town the sun sinks down,
 Gilding the vane upon the spire,
 While many a wall reels to its fall
 Beneath the fell artillery fire.

As sinks that sun, mortar and gun,
 Like living things, leap grim and hot,
 And far and wide across the tide
 Spray-furrows show the flying shot.

Thick smoke in clonds yon earthwork shrouds,
 Where, steeped in battle to the lips,
 The French amain pour fiery rain
 Upon the bastions and the ships.

That iron sleet smites walls and fleet,
 As closes in the Autumn night,
 And Aboville from head to heel
 Glows with the battle's wild delight.

At every flash oak timbers crash.
 A sudden glare yon frigate dyes!
 Then flames up-gush, and roar, and rush
 From deck to where her pennon flies.

Those flames on high crimson the sky,
 And paint their signals overhead,
 And every fold of smoke is rolled
 And woven in Plutonian red.

All radiant now taffril and prow,
 And hull and cordage, beams and spars,
 Thus lit, she sails on fiery gales
 To purple seas, where float the stars.

Ages ago just such a glow
 Woke Agamemnon's house to joy,
 Its red and gold to Argos told
 The long-expected fall of Troy.

So on these heights that flame delights
 The Allies thundering at the wall,
 Forewrit they see the land set free,
 And Albion's short-lived Ilum fall!

Then, as the Lilies turn to red,
 Dipped in the battle's wine,
 Another picture is outspread,
 Where still the figures shine—
 The picture of a deadly fray
 Worthy the pencil of Vernet!

XII.

On the night air there floating comes hoarse, warlike, low and deep,
 A sound as tho' the dreaming drums were talking in their sleep.
 "Fall in! Fall in!" The stormers form in silence stern and grim,
 Each heart full-beating out the time to Freedom's battle hymn.—
 "Charge! Forward, men!" The word goes forth, and forth the stormers go!
 Each column like a mighty shaft shot from a mighty bow!
 And tumult rose upon the night like sounds of warring seas;
 Mars drank of the Horn of Ulphus and he drained it to the lees!

Now by fair Freedom's splendid dreams! It was a gallant sight
 To see the blows against the foes well struck that Autumn night!
 Gimat, and Fish, and Hamilton, and Laurens pressed the foe,
 And Olney—brave Rhode Islander!—was there, alas, laid low!
 Viomesnil, and Noailles, and Damas stout and brave,
 Broke o'er the English right redoubt a steel-encrusted wave;
 St. Simon from his sick couch rose, wooed by the battle's charms.
 And like a knight of old romance went to the shock of arms.

And there the columns won the works! and then uprose the cheers
 Which have lasted us and ours for a good one hundred years!
 And there were those amid the French filled with a rapture stern,
 And long the cry resounded, live the Regiment of Auvergne!
 Long live the Gallic Army! and long live splendid France!
 The Power that gives to history the beauty of romance!

But on our right commanded one dearer by far than all,
 The Hero who first came to us, and came without a call,
 His name with that of his Leader's all histories entwined,
 The one as is the mighty oak, the other as the vine;
 The one the staff, the other the rich pennon on its lance—
 Now, need I name the dearest name of all the names of France?
 Oh, Marquis brave, upon this shaft deep-cut thy cherished name,
 Twin "Old Mortalities," shall find fond Gratitude and Fame!

Two Leaders watch the battle's tide and listen as it rolls,
 And only Heaven above could tell the tumult of their souls!
 Cornwallis saw the British Power struck down by one fell blow—
 A Gallic spear-head on the lance that laid the Lion low!

But the Father of his Country saw the future all unrolled:
 Independence blazed before him written down in text of gold;
 Like the Hebrew on the mountain gazing forward then he saw
 The Promised Land of Freedom blooming under Freedom's law;
 Saw a grand Republic spurring in the lists where Nations ride
 The peer of any Power in her majesty and pride;
 Saw that young Republic gazing through her helmet's gilded bars
 Toward the West all luminous with the light of coming stars;
 From Atlantic to Pacific saw her banners all unfurled—
 Heard sonorous trumpets blowing Peace with all the World!

Roused from his glorious vision, with success within his reach,
 In few and simple words he made this long-resounding speech:
 "The work is done, and well done!" thus spoke he on this sod
 In accents calm and measured as the accents of a God—
 A God, said I? His image rises on the raptured sight
 Like Baldur, wise and valiant, the Gothic God of Light!

XIII.

As some spent gladiator, near to death,
 Whose reeling vision scarce a foe defines,
 For one last effort gathers all his breath,
 England draws in her lines,
 Her blood-red flag floats out full fair, but flows
 O'er crumbling bastions in fictitious state;
 Who stands a siege Cornwallis sadly knows
 Plays at a game with Fate,
 Siege means surrender at the bitter end:
 From Him downward such the sword made rule,
 With few exceptions, few indeed, amend
 This law in any school,
 The student who for these has ever sought
 Mid his exceptions Caesar counts as one,
 Besieger and besieged he, victor, fought
 Under a Gallic sun,
 Great Vercinget'rix failed, but at the wall
 He strove and failed, but failed in glory's ways,
 So that true soldiership describes the Gaul
 In terms of honest praise.

But there was not a Caesar in the lines
 'Round which our Chief the fatal leaguer drew :
 The noble Earl, though valiant, never shines
 'Mid War's majestic few.

By hopes, and fears, and agonies long tossed—
 Clinton hard-fixed in method's rigid groove—
 The British Leader saw the game was lost,
 But, yet, it had one move.

Could he attain yon spreading Glos'ter shore—
 Could he and his cross York's majestic tide—
 He then might laugh to scorn the cannon's roar
 And far for safety ride.

Bold was the plan! and generous Light Horse Lee
 Gives it full measure of unstinted praise ;
 But Providence declared this should not be,
 In its own wondrous ways.

Loud roared the storm! The rattling thunders rang :
 Against the blast his rowers could not row :
 While waves, like hoary-headed Homers, sang
 Hexameters of woe!

XIV.

There came the time to end the tragic play.
 To drop the curtain and to quench the lamps.
 And soon the story took its jocund way
 Through all the Allied camps.

Measure for measure there was righteous law,
 The cup of Lincoln bowed Cornwallis pressed ;
 And, as he drank, the wondering Nations saw
 A sunrise in—the West!

Death fell upon the Royal cause that day :
 The King stood like Swift's oak, with blighted crest.
 Head-piece and crown both cleft, he drooped away—
He jacet—tells the rest.

And patriots stood where “traitors” late were jeered—
 Transformed from “rebels” into freemen bold,
 What seemed Mambrino's helmet now appeared
 A real helm of gold!

XV.

Then came the closing scene : but shall I paint
 The scarlet column, sullen, slow, and faint,
 Which marched with “colors eased” to yonder field,
 Where Britain throw down corselet, sword, and shield?
 Shall I depict the anguish of the brave
 Who envied comrades sleeping in the grave?
 Shall I exult o'er inoffensive dust
 Of valiant men whose swords have turned to rust?

Shall I, like Menelens by the coast,
 O'er dead Ajaces make manly boast?
 Shall I, in strains of an ignoble verse,
 Degrade dead Hector, and their pangs rehearse?
 No! such is not the mood this people feels;
 Their chariots drag no foeman by the heels!
 Let Ajax slumber by the sounding sea,
 From the fell passion of his madness free!
 Let Hector's ashes unmolested sleep—
 But not to-day shall any Priam weep!

Superb in white and red, and white and gold,
 And white and violet, the French unfold
 Their blazoned banners on the Autumn air,
 While cymbals clash and brazen trumpets blare.
 Steeds fret and foam, and spurs with scabbards clank.
 As far they form in many a shining rank:
 Deux-Ponts is there, as hilt to sword-blade true;
 And Guvion rises smiling on the view;
 And the brave Swede, as yet untouched by Fate,
 Rides 'mid his comrades with a mien elate;
 And Duportail—and scores of others glance
 Upon the scene; and all are worthy France!

And for those Frenchmen and their splendid bands—
 The very centuries shall clap their hands,
 While at their head, as all their banners flow,
 And all their drums roll out and trumpets blow,
 Rides first and foremost splendid Rochambeau!
 And well he rides, worthy an Epic rhyme—
 Full well he rides in attitude sublime—
 Fair Freedom's Champion in the lists of Time!

In hunting-shirts, or faded blue and buff,
 And many clad in simple rustic stuff,
 Their ensigns torn, but held by Freedom's hand,
 In serried lines the Continentals stand.
 They boast no music's blood-bestirring charms,
 Their only ornaments their shining arms:
 But these, all ignorant of stain or rust,
 Like silver shine through sun-illumin'd dust.
 Precision theirs, if not a martial grace,
 Each heart triumphant, but composed each face,
 Well taught in military arts by brave Steuben,
 With port of soldiers, majesty of men,
 All Fathers of their country—like a wall,
 They march to see Britannia's banner fall.

Well taught were they by one who learned War's trade
 From Frederick, whom not Ruin's self dismayed;
 Well taught by one who never lost the heat
 Caught on the anvil where all Europe beat,
 But beat in vain, in those prodigious years
 When Prussia's only crops were—men and spears!
 And to the gallant race of Steuben's name,
 That long has held close intercourse with Fame,
 This grand Republic bows her lofty crest,

And takes his kinsmen to her ample breast;
At fray, or festival, on march, or halt,
Von Stenben always far above the salt!

The brave young Marquis, second but to one,
For whom he felt the reverence of a son,
Rides at the head of his division proud—
A ray of glory painted on the cloud!
"Mad Anthony" is there! And Knox—but why
Great names like battle-flags attempt to fly?
Who sings of skies lit up by Jove and Mars
Thinks not to chant a catalogue of stars!
I bow me low, and bowing low I pass,
Unnumbered heroes in unnumbered mass,
While at their head, in grave and sober state,
Rides one whom Time has found supremely great,
Master of Fortune and the match of Fate!

Then Tilghman, mounted, on these plains of York,
Swift sped away, as speeds the homing hawk!
And soon 'twas his to make that watchman's cry
Which woke all Nations and shall never die!

XVI.

Brave was the foe-man, but foredoomed his cause;
He fought against the spirit of his laws,
And fought in vain; for on these fields went down
The *jus divinum* and the kingly crown.

But for those scenes Time long has made amends.
The ancient enemies are present friends:
Two swords in Massachusetts, rich in dust,
And, better still, the peacefulness of rust,
Fold the whole story in its double parts
To one who lives in two great nations' hearts.
And late above Old England's roar and din
Slow-tolling bells spoke sympathy of kin:
Victoria's wreath blooms on the sleeping breast
Of him just gone to his reward and rest.
And firm and fast between two mighty Powers
New treaties live in those undying flowers.

Turned back my gaze: on Spain's romantic shore
I see Gaul give his last salute to Moor;
And, later still, the page of Fame I scan
To see brave France at deadly Inkerman.
While on red Balaklava's field I hear
Gallia's applause swell Albion's ringing cheer.

England and France, as Allies, side by side
Fought on the Piche's melancholy tide.
And there, brave Tattnall, ere the fight was done,
Stirred English hearts as far as shone the sun,
Or tides and billows in their courses run.

That day 'mid the dark Piche's slaughter
 He said: "Blood is thicker than water!"
 And your true man, through "brayed in a mortar"

At feast or at fray
 Will still feel it and say,

As he said, "*Blood is thicker than water!*"

And full homely is the saying, but the story always starts
 An answer from ten thousand times ten thousand kindred hearts.
 Then let us pray that as the sun shines ever on the sea
 Fair Peace forevermore may smile upon the Splendid Three!
 May happy France see purple grapes aglow on all her hills,
 And England, breast-deep in her corn, laugh back the laugh of rills!
 May this fair land to which all roads lead as the roads of Rome
 Led to th' eternal city's gates, still offer Man a home—
 A home of peace and plenty, and of freedom, and of ease,
 With all before him where to choose between the shining seas!
 May the war-cries of the Captains yield to happy reapers' shouts,
 And the clover whiten bastions and the olive shade redoubts!

XVII.

At last our fathers saw the treaty sealed;
 Victory unhelmed her broad, majestic brow;
 The sword became a sickle in the field;
 The war-horse drew the plow.

There is a time when men shape for their land,
 Its institutions, 'mid some tempest's roar,
 Just as the waves which thunder on the strand
 Shape out and round the shore.

Then comes a day when institutions turn
 And shape the men, or cast them into molds:
 One Era trembles while volcanoes burn,
 Another Age beholds

The hardened lava turned to hills and leas,
 Far-blooming glebes, with orchards intermixed;
 Vineyards which look far out o'er purple seas
 And deep foundations fixed.

So when fell Chaos, like a baleful Fate,
 What we had won seemed bent to snatch away.
 Sound thinkers rose, who fashioned out the State
 As potters fashion clay.

Of those great names I may record but few;
 For he who sees the ocean white with sails,
 And pictures each, confuses all the view—
 He paints too much, and fails.

His canvas shows no high, emphatic light,
 Its shadows in full mass refuse to fall,
 And, as its broken details vex the sight,
Men turn it to the wall.

Of those great names but few may pass my lips,
 For he who speaks of Salamis then sees—
 Not those who there commanded Grecian ships,
 But grand Thomistocles!

Yet, some I mark, and these discreetly take,
 To grace my Verse, through duty and design.
 As one notes barks that leave the broadest wake
 Upon the stormy brine.

XVIII.

They rise before me! and there Mason stands—
 The Constitution maker—firm and bold,
 Like Bernal Diaz planting with kind hands
 Fair trees to blaze in gold.

And 'mid the lofty group sedate I see
 Great Franklin muse where Truth had locked her stores,
 Holding within his steady hand the key
 That opened many doors.

And Trumbull, strong as hammered steel of old,
 Stands boldly out in clear and high relief—
 His soul unbending, and his heart of gold—
 He never failed his chief!

And Robert Morris glides into my Verse,
 Who from the stones contrived to render bread—
 Who filled the young Republic's slender purse
 When Credit's self seemed dead.

Tylers, I see—sprung from the sturdy Wat,
 A strong-armed rebel of an ancient date—
 With Falkland-Cary's come to draw the lot
 Cast in the helm of Fate.

And Marshall in his ermine, white as snow,
 Wise and profound Fame, often loves to draw :—
 His noble function on the Bench to show
 That Reason is the Law.

And Madison, who, with incessant toil,
 Laid deep foundations, working day and night—
 Foundations blessed by fruitful corn and oil—
 Uprises on the sight.

His sword unbuckled and his brows unbent,
 The upright Hamilton again appears,
 And in fair Freedom's mighty Parliament
 He marches with the Peers!

Henry is there beneath his civic crown:
 He speaks in words that thunder as they flow,
 And as he speaks his thunder-tones bring down
 An avalanche below!

Nor does John Adams in the picture lag;
 He was as bold, as resolute, and free
 As is the eagle on a misty crag
 Above a stormy sea.

And 'mid his fellows in those days of need,
 Impassioned Jefferson burns like a sun—
 The New World's Prophet of the New World's Creed,
 Prophet and Priest in one!

These two are taken by a patriot's mind
 As kindred types of our great Saxon stock,
 And that same thinker hopes some day to find
 Both statues in one block.

XIX.

But here I number splendid names too fast!
 Heroes and sages throng behind this group;
 And thick they come as came in Homer's past
 A Goddess and her troop.

And as that troop, 'mid frays and fell alarms,
 Swept all a-glitter on their mission bent,
 And bore from Vulcan the resplendent arms
 To great Achilles sent,

So came the names which light my pious Song,
 Came bearing Union forged in high debates—
 A sun-illuminated shield, and strong
 To guard these mighty States.

The shield sent to the son of Peleus glowed
 In hammered wonders, all without a flaw;
 The shield of Union in its splendors showed
 The Compromise of Law.

XX.

Achilles came from Homer's Jove-like brain,
 Pavilioned 'mid his ships where Thetis trod;
 But he whose image dominates this plain
 Came from the hand of God.

Yet of his life, which shall all time adorn,
 I dare not sing; to try the theme would be
 To drink, as 'twere, that Scandinavian Horn
 Whose tip was in the sea.

I bow my head and go upon my ways,
 Who tells that story can but gild the gold;
 Could I pile Alps on Apennines of praise,
 The tale would not be told.

Not his the blade which Lyric fables say
 Cleft Pyrenees from ridge to nether bed;
 But his the sword that cleared the Sacred Way
 For Freedom's feet to tread.

Not Caesar's genius nor Napoleon's skill
 Gave him proud mastery o'er the trembling earth.
 But great in honesty, and sense, and will,
 He was the "man of worth."

He knew not North, nor South, nor West, nor East:
 Childless himself, Father of States he stood,
 Strong and sagacious as a Knight turned Priest,
 And vowed to deeds of good.

Compared with all Earth's heroes I may say
 He stood, with even half his virtues hid,
 Greater in what his hand refrained than they
 Were great in what they did.

And thus his image dominates all time,
 Uplifted like the everlasting dome
 Which rises in a miracle sublime
 Above eternal Rome.

On Rome's once blooming plain where'er we stray
 That dome majestic rises on the view,
 Its Cross a-glow with every wandering ray
 That shines along the Blue.

So his vast image shadows all the lands,
 So holds forever Man's adoring eye,
 And o'er the Union which he left, it stands
 Our Cross against the sky?

XXI.

My Harp soon ceases; but I here allege
 Its strings are in my heart and tremble there,
 Its dying strain shall swell a claim and pledge—
 A claim, a pledge, a prayer!

I stand, as stood in storied days of old,
 Vasco Balboa staring o'er bright seas
 When fair Pacific's tide of limpid gold
 Surged up against his knees.

For haughty Spain, her banner in his hand,
 He claimed a New World, sea, and plain, and crag—
 I claim the Future's Ocean for this land,
 And here I plant her flag!

Float out, oh flag, from Freedom's burnished lance!
 Float out, oh flag, in Red, and White, and Blue!
 The Union's colors and the hues of France
 Commingled on the view!

Float out, oh flag, and all thy splendors wake!
 Float out, oh flag, above our Hero's bed!
 Float out, oh flag, and let thy blazon take
 New glories from the dead!

Float out, oh flag, o'er Freedom's noblest types!
 Float out, oh flag, all free of blot or stain!
 Float out, oh flag, the "Roses" in thy stripes
 Forever blent again!

Float out, oh flag, and float in every clime!
 Float out, oh flag, and blaze on every sea!
 Float out, oh flag, and float as long as Time
 And Space themselves shall be!

Float out, oh flag, o'er Freedom's onward march!
 Float out, oh flag, in Freedom's starry sheen!
 Float out, oh flag, above the Union's arch,
 Where Washington is seen!

Float out, oh flag, above a smiling Land!
 Float out, oh flag, above a peaceful sod!
 Float out, oh flag, thy staff within the hand
 Beneficent of God!

XXII.

An ancient Chronicle has told
 That, in the famous days of old,
 In Antioch under ground
 The self-same lance was found—
 Unbitten by corrosive rust—
 The lance the Roman soldier thrust
 In CHRIST'S bare side upon the Tree,
 And that it brought
 A mighty spell
 To those who fought
 The Infidel,
 And mighty victory.

And so this day
 To you I say—
 Speaking for millions of true Southern men—
 In words that have no undertow—
 I say, and say agen,
 Come weal or woe,
 Should this Republic ever fight,
 By land, or sea,
 For present law or ancient right,
 The South will be
 As was that lance,
 Albeit not found
 Hid under ground,
 But in the forefront of the first advance!

'Twill fly a pennon fair
 As ever kissed the air;
 On it, for every glance,
 Shall blaze majestic France
 Blent with our Hero's name
 In everlasting flame,

And written, fair in gold,
 This legend on its fold:
 Give us back the ties of Yorktown!
 Perish all the modern hates!
 Let us stand together Brothers
 In defiance of the Fates,
 For the safety of the Union
 Is the safety of the States!

OVERTURE

By Dodworth's Thirteenth Regiment Band of the National Guard of the State of
 New York.

The Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State, then read the following order of the President:

ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT DIRECTING A SALUTE TO THE BRITISH FLAG.

Read by Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

In recognition of the friendly relations so long and so happily subsisting between Great Britain and the United States, in the trust and confidence of peace and good-will between the two countries for all the centuries to come, and especially as a mark of respect for the illustrious sovereign and gracious lady who sits upon the British throne, it is hereby ordered that at the close of these ceremonies commemorative of the valor and success of our forefathers in their patriotic struggle for independence, the British flag shall be saluted by the forces of the Army and Navy of the United States now at Yorktown. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy will give orders accordingly.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By the President:

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

RECEPTION BY THE PRESIDENT.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies a reception was held by the President of the United States, in honor of the guests of the Nation, at La Fayette Hall.

In the evening the guests were invited to participate in a promenade concert and hop at La Fayette Hall.

4 P. M.

GRAND CONCERT.

AT GRAND STAND MONUMENT SITE, BY DODWORTH'S THIRTEENTH REGIMENT BAND,
NEW YORK. HARVEY B. DODWORTH, CONDUCTOR.

PART I.

1. MARCH—"Virginia" *Dodworth.*
2. OVERTURE—"Rienzi" *Wagner.*
3. MORCEAU—"The Nightingale" *Barlens.*
(An Idyl for the Piccolo.) Signor A. Noziglia.
4. SOLO (Cornet)—"Casta Diva"—Norma *Bellini.*
Signor A. Liberati.
5. COLLOCATION—"A Day in Camp" *Dodworth.*

Being an adaptation of the following Army songs and calls: "All's Well," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Off in the Silly Night," "Reveille," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "The Assembly," "Benny Havens, Oh," "Glory Hallelujah," "Breakfast Call," "Kingdom Coming," "Various Camp Calls," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" Mess Call—"Roast Beef," "In the Louisiana Lowlands," "Dress Parade and Review," "Retreat," "Marching Through Georgia," "Tattoo," "Annie Laurie," "Lights Out." *Finale*—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue," &c., and "To the Colors."

PART II.

6. COLLOCATION—"Reminiscences" *From Meyerbeer.*
Improvising gems from "L'Africaine," "Le Prophete," "L'Etoile du Nord," "Pardon de Ploermel," "Robert Le Diable," and "Les Huguenots." The Solos by Messrs. Leiferth, Auld, and Gore.
7. SOLO—(Euphonium)—"Theme and Variations" *Raffayolo.*
Signor Raffayolo.
8. SOLO—(Flute)—"Theme and Variations," "Spring, Gentle Spring". *L. De Carlo.*
9. SOLO—(Cornet)—Grand Fantasia *Hartman.*
Signor A. Liberati.
10. COLLOCATION—"Battercups" *Dodworth.*

Consisting of "To the love of my youth I'll be true," "I see her still in my dreams," "Dot little German band," "Eileen," "Ten Thousand Miles Away," "Johnny Morgau," "Grandfather's Clock," and "Dancing in the Barn."

AT THE MILITARY CAMP, BY THE WECCACOE LEGION CORNET BAND, S. H. KINDLE,
LEADER.

Dress Parade of Regular Troops in front of the pavilion in honor of the Guests.

7.30 P. M.

PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

From a boat moored in the York River.

1. Brilliant Illumination.
2. Flight Rockets and Shells.
3. Chinese Sun.
4. Rockets and Shells.
5. Battery.
6. Diamonds and Roses.
7. "YORKTOWN."
8. Rockets and Shells.
9. Saturn and Satellites.
10. Fountains.
11. Battery.
12. Race. Five Monitors.
13. Falling Waters.
14. Rockets and Shells.
15. Battery.
16. Fountains.
17. Revolving Suns.
18. Battery.
19. Rockets and Shells.
20. "PEACE."

8.30 P. M.

PROMENADE CONCERT AND HOP.

RECEPTION HALL, BOSTON CADET BAND, J. THOMAS BALDWIN, CONDUCTOR.

PART I.

1. GRAND MARCH—"Battle of Yorktown".....Neumann.
2. OVERTURE—"Ungarische Lustspiel".....Keler-Bele.
3. CONCERT WALTZ—"Shower of Gold".....Waldteufel.
4. CORNET SOLO—"Young America".....Levy.
Performed in Unison by the Cornet Soloists of the Band.
5. SELECTIONS FROM "RIGOLETTO".....Verdi.

PART II.

6. DUET FOR TWO CORNETS.....Gambert.
By Thomas W. Henry and Mace Gay, Jr.
7. POTPOURRI—"Pretty as a Picture".....Cullin.
8. OVERTURE—"William Tell".....Rossini.
9. GEMS FROM "LUCIA DE LAMMEMOOR".....Donizetti.
10. CONCERT GALOP—"Elegante".....Weiss.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20.

The original programme included a military review for the 20th and a naval drill for the 21st. But the necessities of state requiring the presence of the President and the Senate at Washington on the 21st, the Commission determined to combine the review and drill in one day, and they both took place on Thursday, October 20.

On that day, at 10 o'clock a. m., there was a grand parade and review, by the President, of the regular United States troops, the naval brigade, and the troops of the several States, under the command of Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, U. S. A.

The President and his Cabinet, the President *pro tempore* of the Senate, the members of the two Houses of Congress, the Congressional Commission, the governors of States, the commissioners of States, the French and German guests, and other distinguished visitors, occupied the reviewing stand, and the military and naval forces, numbering about twelve thousand, passed in review, saluting the President as they passed.

NAVAL DRILL.

In the afternoon a general "sail drill" was held, and the fleet, under command of Admiral David D. Porter, was exercised in making, short-ening, and furling sails, and shifting top-sails, by general signal from the flagship of the Admiral.

SALUTE TO THE BRITISH FLAG.

At the close of the day, in accordance with the "general order" of the President of the day before, the British flag was saluted by the fleet and the batteries on shore.

This closed the official programme of the ceremonies.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AND VISITING MILITARY.

His Excellency CHESTER A. ARTHUR, President of the United States.
The Cabinet.

The Senate of the United States.

The House of Representatives.

The Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

General William T. Sherman, General of the Army.

Lieutenant General Philip H. Sheridan.

Maj. Gen. Irwin McDowell, United States Army.

Maj. Gen. John M. Schofield, United States Army.

Brig. Gen. O. O. Howard, United States Army.

Brig. Gen. John Pope, United States Army.

Brig. Gen. Alfred H. Terry, United States Army.

Brig. Gen. George Crook, United States Army.

Admiral David D. Porter, Admiral of the Navy.

Vice Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, United States Navy.

Rear Admiral John Rodgers, United States Navy.

Rear Admiral John L. Worden, United States Navy.

Rear Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, United States Navy.

Rear Admiral Thomas H. Patterson, United States Navy.

Rear Admiral E. T. Nichols, United States Navy.

Rear Admiral D. McN. Fairfax, United States Navy.

The Diplomatic Corps.

The Governors of every State in the Union.

The Mayors of the Principal Cities.

Ex-President Ulysses S. Grant.

Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes.

Ex-Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin.

Ex-Vice-President Schuyler Colfax.

Ex-Vice-President William A. Wheeler.

The Society of The Cincinnati.

Other Distinguished Citizens.

OUR FOREIGN GUESTS.

Le Commandant LEICHTENSTEIN, representing the President of the French Republic.

THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON.

M. Maxime Outrey, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

M. Philippe Bérard, Third Secretary.

M. Grimand De Caux, Chancellor.

REPRESENTING THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

Le Marquis De Rochambeau.
M. De Corcelle, Secretary of Embassy.

REPRESENTING THE WAR OFFICE.

General George Ernest Boulanger.
Colonel Hippolyte William Bossan.
Lieutenant Colonel Blondel.
Major Octave Gilbert de Pusy.
Captain St. George Tucker Mason.

REPRESENTING THE MARINE.

Admiral Halligon.
Captain Cavalier De Cuverville.
Two captains of vessels of the line.
Two captains of frigates.
Two lieutenants of vessels.

REPRESENTING THE BUREAU OF ARTS.

M. Regamy.

DESCENDANTS OF FRENCH OFFICERS.

M. Paul De Beaumont.
Lieutenant Sigismund Marie Henri Renne De Pourcet De Sahuuc.
Lieutenant the Count De Grasse.
Count Alfred De Noailles.
Viscount De St. Simon.
Count De Chabannes La Palice.
Count J. C. De Chastellux.
Count Laur De Lestrade.
Captain Henry D'Aboville.
M. Christian D'Aboville.
M. De Menonville, Captain of Cuirassiers.
M. Jean De Chatillon.
M. D'Olonnes.
M. D. Haussenville.
M. Clermont Tonnere De Naudrenill.

DESCENDANTS OF BARON STEUBEN.

Colonel Von Stenben, Seventy-sixth Regiment, Heldsheim.
Captain Von Stenben, Fourth Regiment Guards, Spandan.
Captain Von Steuben, Eighth Regiment, Frankfort on the Oder.
Lieutenant Von Steuben, Twenty-second Regiment, Rastadt.
Lieutenant Von Stenben, Thirty-ninth Regiment, Dusseldorf.
Lieutenant Von Stenben, Seventy-fourth Regiment, Heldsheim.

Major-General WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, United States Army, commanding all
Military Forces on the Field.

STAFF.

Capt. John S. Wharton, Nineteenth Infantry, Aid-de-Camp.
First Lieut. G. S. C. Ward, Twenty-second Infantry, Aid-de-Camp.
Maj. William G. Mitchell, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Maj. Richard Arnold, Fifth Artillery, Acting Assistant Inspector-General.

Maj. Asa Bird Gardner, Judge Advocate.

Lieut. Col. Alexander J. Perry, Deputy Quartermaster-General, United States Army,
Chief Quartermaster.

Lieut. Col. H. F. Clarke, Assistant Commissary-General of Subsistence, United States
Army, Chief Commissary of Subsistence.

Col. John M. Cuyler, Surgeon, United States Army, Medical Director.

Lieut. Col. Charles T. Larned, Deputy Paymaster-General, Chief Paymaster.

THE REGULAR ARMY.

Brevet Brig. Gen. HENRY B. CLITZ, Colonel Tenth United States Infantry, Com-
manding.

STAFF.

First Lieut. John F. Stretch, Adjutant Tenth United States Infantry.

First Lieut. Gregory Barrett, jr., Quartermaster Tenth United States Infantry.

Surg. J. H. Janeway, United States Army, Senior Medical Officer.

Capt. Joseph P. Sanger, First United States Artillery, Ordnance Officer.

First Lieut. Edmund M. Cobb, Second United States Artillery, Commissary of Sub-
sistence.

Assist. Surg. J. P. Worthington, United States Army.

BATTALION FIRST UNITED STATES ARTILLERY,

Maj. R. T. Frank, Commanding.

BATTERY C.

Capt. Tully McRea; First Lieut. W. P. Van Ness.

BATTERY E.

Capt. Frank E. Taylor; First Lieut. Robert H. Patterson; First Lieut. John Pope,
jr.; Second Lieut. Charles J. Bailey.

BATTERY F.

Capt. Chandler P. Eakin; Second Lieut. Adam Slaker.

BATTERY L.

Capt. Alanson M. Randol; First Lieut. Frederick C. Nichols.

DETACHMENT OF LIGHT BATTERY K, FIRST UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.

First Lieut. Allyn Capron, Commanding; Second Lieut. Adam Slaker, First Artillery.

First Artillery Band.

BATTALION SECOND UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.

Capt. F. B. Hamilton, First United States Artillery, Commanding; Assist. Surg. J. V.
R. Hoff, United States Army (attached).

BATTERY I.

Capt. F. B. Hamilton; First Lieut. Thomas D. Maurice.

BATTERY K.

Capt. John F. Calef; First Lieut. Frank C. Grugan; Second Lieut. Wm. A. Simpson.

BATTERY L.

Capt. J. I. Rodgers; First Lieut. N. Wolfe; First Lieut. H. A. Reed.

LIGHT BATTERY A.

Capt. A. C. M. Pennington; First Lieut. A. D. Schenck; First Lieut. Edwin S. Curtis;
Second Lieut. E. M. Weaver, jr.; Second Lieut. M. C. Richards; Assist. Surg. Walter
Reed, United States Army (attached).

Second Artillery Band.

BATTALION THIRD UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.

Lieut. Col. G. A. DeRussy, Third United States Artillery, Commanding; First Lieut.
J. D. C. Hoskins, Third United States Artillery, Adjutant; First Lieut. Edward
Davis, Third United States Artillery, Quartermaster.

BATTERY D.

Capt. John G. Turnbull; First Lieut. Charles Sellmer; First Lieut. John E. Myers;
Second Lieut. G. T. Bartlett.

BATTERY G.

Capt. George F. Barstow; First Lieut. Charles Humphries.

BATTERY I.

Capt. John R. Myrick; First Lieut. Wm. A. Kobbé, jr.; Second Lieut. D. J. Rum-
bough.

BATTERY K.

Capt. Lewis Smith; First Lieut. Charles W. Hobbs; Second Lieut. Wilbur Loveridge.

LIGHT BATTERY C, THIRD UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.

Capt. William Sinclair; First Lieut. R. D. Potts; First Lieut. John B. Eaton; Second
Lieut. C. E. Satterlee; Assist. Surg. H. G. Burton, United States Army (attached).

Third Artillery Band.

BATTERY L, FIFTH UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.

Capt. G. W. Crabb; First Lieut. W. B. McCallum; First Lieut. G. N. Whistler.

BATTALION TENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

Capt. William L. Kellogg, Tenth United States Infantry, Commanding.

COMPANY A.

Capt. F. C. Lacey; First Lieut. C. S. Burbank; Second Lieut. L. Y. Seyburn.

COMPANY D.

Capt. E. E. Sellers; First Lieut. W. F. Duggan; Second Lieut. E. H. Plummer.

COMPANY E.

Capt. Sumner H. Lincoln; Second Lieut. Thomas J. Clay; Second Lieut. Donald Win-
ston.

COMPANY F.

Capt. R. M. Hall; Second Lieut. Henry Kirby.

COMPANY H.

Capt. William L. Kellogg; First Lieut. C. E. Bettisford; Second Lieut. Robert C.
Van Vliet.

Tenth United States Infantry Band.

UNITED STATES VETERANS.

BATTALION OF VETERANS FROM UNITED STATES HOMES.

Capt. T. P. Woodfin, Commanding.

DETACHMENT OF FIRST REGIMENT VETERANS' UNION.

GEORGE N. TIBBELL, Commander.

STATE TROOPS

PENNSYLVANIA.

His Excellency HENRY M. HOYT, Governor.

Brig. Gen. James W. Latta, Adjutant-General.
 Lieut. Col. D. Stanley Hassinger, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 Col. Thomas J. Smith, Commissary-General.
 Lieut. Col. William M. Bunn, Assistant Commissary-General.
 Col. Elisha A. Hancock, Quartermaster-General.
 Lieut. Col. Jacob. C. Kintner, Assistant Quartermaster-General.
 Col. Louis W. Reed, Surgeon-General.
 Col. A. Wilson Norris, Judge Advocate General.
 Col. Charles M. Conyngham, Inspector-General.
 Col. John S. Riddle, General Inspector Rifle Practice.
 Col. James D. Walker, Chief of Artillery.
 Lieut. Col. W. Ross Hartshorne, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lieut. Col. N. A. Pennypacker, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lieut. Col. Galloway C. Morris, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lieut. Col. David F. Houston, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lieut. Col. Albert W. Taylor, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lieut. Col. B. Frank Eshleman, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lieut. Col. John Lowrie, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lieut. Col. Walter W. Ames, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lieut. Col. J. Ford Dorrance, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lieut. Col. Frederick E. Embick, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lieut. Col. Urial G. Schoonmaker, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lieut. Col. Hiram H. Fisher, Aid-de-Camp.
 Maj. Gen. John F. Hartranft, Commanding Division Pennsylvania National Guard.
 Lieut. Col. George H. North, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 Lieut. Col. Charles S. Greene, Division Quartermaster.
 Lieut. Col. Aaron K. Dunkel, Division Paymaster.
 Lieut. Col. Russell Thayer, Division Inspector.
 Lieut. Col. J. Ewing Mears, Division Surgeon.
 Lieut. Col. E. Wallace Matthews, Division Ordnance Officer.
 Lieut. Col. Silas W. Pettit, Division Judge Advocate.
 Lieut. Col. George Sanderson, jr., Inspector Rifle Practice.
 Maj. William F. Aull, Aid-de-Camp.
 Maj. S. S. Hartranft, Aid-de-Camp.
 Maj. Edward O. Shakespeare, Aid-de-Camp.
 Maj. ——— Hendry, Aid-de-Camp.

EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT, COL. T. N. GUTHRIE.

800 strong.

NEW JERSEY.

His Excellency GEORGE C. LUDLOW, Governor.

Brevet Maj. Gen. William S. Stryker, Adjutant-General.
 Brevet Maj. Gen. Lewis Perine, Quartermaster-General.
 Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Varick, Surgeon-General.
 Brig. Gen. Willoughby Weston, Inspector-General.
 Brig. Gen. Bird W. Spencer, Inspector Rifle Practice.

Col. Garret Ackerson, Judge Advocate General.
 Col. William E. Hoy, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Edward A. Stevens, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Eekford Moore, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. John W. Romaine, Aid-de-Camp.

Maj. Gen. Gersham Mott, Commanding National Guard of New Jersey.

Col. Daniel Loder, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 Col. Edward L. Welling, Surgeon.
 Lieut. Col. Charles N. C. Murphy, Paymaster.

Brevet Maj. Gen. Joseph W. Plume, Commanding First Brigade N. J. N. G.

Lieut. Col. Marvin Dodd, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 Lieut. Col. George E. P. Howard, Inspector.
 Lieut. Col. A. Judson Clark, Inspector Rifle Practice.

Brevet Maj. Gen. William J. Sewall, Commanding Second Brigade, N. J. N. G.

Lieut. Col. Thomas S. Chambers, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 Lieut. Col. Daniel B. Murphy, Inspector.
 Maj. William M. Palmer, Quartermaster.

NEW JERSEY BATTALION, NATIONAL GUARD.

Headquarters, Trenton.

Brevet Brig. Gen. E. Burd Grubb, Commanding.
 700 strong.

NORTH CAROLINA.

His Excellency THOMAS J. JARVIS, Governor.

Brig. Gen. Johnston Jones, Adjutant-General, Chief of Staff.
 Col. A. B. Andrews, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. W. P. Roberts, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. John N. Staples, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Harry N. Skinner, Aid-de-Camp.
 Capt. John M. Roberts, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Francis H. Cameron, Inspector-General.
 Col. F. W. Kerchner, Quartermaster-General.
 Col. Peter E. Hines, Surgeon-General.
 Lieut. Col. P. F. Pesand, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 Lieut. Col. T. F. Olds, Ordnance Officer.

NORTH CAROLINA BRIGADE.

Brig. Gen. B. C. MANLY, Commanding.

FIRST REGIMENT NORTH CAROLINA NATIONAL GUARD.

Col. R. D. Hancock, Commanding.
 First Lieut. N. Bagostine, Adjutant.
 Capt. P. H. Andrews, Quartermaster.
 Capt. Washington Bryan, Commissary.
 Capt. J. M. Baker, Surgeon.
 Capt. N. M. Jurney, Chaplain.

COMPANY A.

Raleigh Light Infantry.

Capt. John R. Ferrall; First Lieut. John T. Pullen; Second Lieut. John M. Sherwood; Junior Second Lieut. Charles D. Upchurch.

COMPANY B.

New Berne Grays.

First Lieut. Green Bryan; Second Lieut. Jos. Hackburn; Junior Second Lieut. Geo. A. Oliver.

COMPANY D.

Goldsborough Rifles.

Capt. J. E. Peterson; First Lieut. T. Howard Bain; Second Lieut. Wm. T. Hollowell; Junior Second Lieut. Edward T. Hudson.

COMPANY E.

Orange Guards of Hillsborough.

Maj. H. P. Jones, Commanding; First Lieut. A. J. Gordon; Second Lieut. W. Anderson; Junior Second Lieut. E. Rosemond.

COMPANY F.

Edgecombe Guards of Tarborough.

First Lieut. Exum Lewis; Second Lieut. J. C. Powell; Junior Second Lieut. J. G. Paris.

COMPANY G.

Washington Light Infantry.

Capt. D. N. Bogart; First Lieut. Charles F. Warren; Second Lieut. Edward Long.

SECOND REGIMENT NORTH CAROLINA NATIONAL GUARD.

Col. Albert H. Worth, Commanding.

First Lieut. Robert S. Huske, Adjutant.

Capt. Francis M. Caldwell, Commissary.

Capt. W. T. Emmert, Surgeon.

Capt. A. A. Benton, Chaplain.

COMPANY A.

Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry.

Maj. A. A. McKethan, Commanding.

First Capt. Ralph B. Lutterloh; Second Capt. John A. McLaughlin; Third Capt. W. F. Campbell; Fourth Capt. Thomas B. Broadfoot.

COMPANY B.

La Fayette Light Infantry of Fayetteville.

Capt. Edward P. Powers; First Lieut. W. S. Cook; Second Lieut. James W. M. Neill; Junior Second Lieut. D. A. McMillan.

COMPANY C.

Wilmington Light Infantry.

Capt. John L. Cantwell; First Lieut. Thomas C. James; Second Lieut. W. J. Gordon; Junior Second Lieut. James C. Munds.

COMPANY D.

Duplin Rifles.

Capt. James G. Kennan.

COMPANY E.

Hornet's Nest Riflemen of Charlotte.

Capt. E. F. Young; Second Lieut. O. W. Badger; Junior Second Lieut. A. T. Moss.

COMPANY H.

Mecklinburg Riflemen of Sugar Creek.

Capt. W. J. McLaughlin; First Lieut. N. S. Alexander; Second Lieut. N. P. Liles.

COMPANY K.

Anson Veterans of Wadesborough.

Capt. J. W. McGregor; First Lieut. W. L. Steele; Second Lieut. W. L. Parsons;
Junior Second Lieut. W. G. Huntley.

THIRD REGIMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA NATIONAL GUARD.

Lieut. Col. W. T. Blackwell, Commanding.

First Lieut. B. L. Duke, Adjutant.

Capt. Andrew Joyner, Quartermaster.

Capt. J. B. Smith, Commissary.

Capt. J. W. Leary, Surgeon.

Capt. A. S. Smith, Chaplain.

COMPANY A.

Winston Light Infantry.

Capt. John B. Burch; First Lieut. W. P. Benton; Second Lieut. T. H. Pegram;
Junior Second Lieut. J. H. Finley.

COMPANY C.

Albemarle Guards of Edenton.

Capt. C. W. Cason; First Lieut. R. B. Perkins; Second Lieut. M. H. Dixon; Junior
Second Lieut. Frank Ward.

COMPANY D.

Durham Light Infantry.

Capt. John F. Freeland; First Lieut. W. S. Wall; Second Lieut. Thomas A. Day
Junior Second Lieut. M. E. McEown.

COMPANY G.

Henderson Light Infantry.

[Organized in 1891.]

Capt. W. A. Farris.

COMPANY H.

Rockingham Guards.

Capt. James D. Glenn.

SECOND BATTALION NORTH CAROLINA INFANTRY.

Maj. Silas McBee, Commanding.

COMPANY C.

Iredell Blues of Statesville.

Capt. A. D. Cowles; First Lieut. Jacob Wallace; Second Lieut. J. H. Hoffman;
Junior Second Lieut. A. M. Vannoy.

COMPANY E.

Quhele Rifles of Shoe Heel.

Capt. E. F. McRea; First Lieut. J. W. Campbell; Second Lieut. N. H. McLean;
Junior Second Lieut. J. A. Patterson.

COMPANY F.

Salisbury Rifles.

Capt. Theo. Parker; First Lieut. Wallace F. Gray; Second Lieut. James W. Rumble.

MICHIGAN.

His Excellency DAVID H. JEROME, Governor.

Brig. Gen. John Robertson, Adjutant-General.

Brig. Gen. William G. Gage, Inspector-General.

Brig. Gen. Nathan Church, Quartermaster-General.
 Major Charles D. Long, Judge-Advocate.
 Col. G. S. Wormer, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Charles B. Peck, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. F. H. Crenl, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Henry S. Raymond, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. C. E. Grisson, State Military Board, A. D. C.
 Col. Henry M. Duffield, State Military Board, A. D. C.

Brig. Gen. W. H. Withington, First Brigade Michigan State Troops.

Lieut. Col. E. A. Sumner, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 Lieut. Col. R. A. Liggett, Brigade Inspector.
 Lieut. Col. James H. Kidd, Brigade Quartermaster.
 Capt. W. A. Butler, Aid-de-Camp.
 Capt. A. B. Porter, Aid-de-Camp.

MICHIGAN BATTALION STATE TROOPS.

Col. Israel C. Smith, Second Regiment M. S. T., Commanding.

Lieut. Col. F. H. Blackman, Third Regiment.
 Maj. B. F. Wheeler, First Regiment.
 Surg. H. R. Mills, Third Regiment.
 Assist. Surg. C. M. Woodward, First Regiment.

COMPANY A, FIRST REGIMENT.

Ann Arbor.

Capt. Charles H. Manly : First Lieut. Jacob F. Schuh : Second Lieut. Charles Hisecock.

COMPANY B, FIRST REGIMENT.

Adrian.

Capt. Martin O'Leary : First Lieut. (vacant.) : Second Lieut. Wm. L. Church.

COMPANY B, SECOND REGIMENT.

Grand Rapids.

Capt. Henry W. Calkins : First Lieut. Frederick J. Morrison : Second Lieut. Alva B. Richmond.

COMPANY G, SECOND REGIMENT.

Lonia.

Capt. Frederick S. Hutchinson : First Lieut. Angelo E. Tower : Second Lieut. Henry C. Sessions.

COMPANY D, THIRD REGIMENT.

Bay City.

Capt. Chas. R. Hawley : First Lieut. Horace P. Warfield : Second Lieut. Robert P. Dolson.

COMPANY E, THIRD REGIMENT.

East Saginaw.

Capt. Albert L. Button : First Lieut. Lewis C. Slade : Second Lieut. Timothy H. McCoy.

VERMONT.

His Excellency ROSWELL FARNHAM, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

His Honor John L. Barstow, Lieutenant-Governor.
 Brig. Gen. T. S. Peck, Adjutant-General.
 Brig. Gen. L. G. Kingsley, Quartermaster-General.

Brig. Gen. George W. Hooker, Judge Advocate General.
 Brig. Gen. L. M. Bingham, Surgeon-General.
 Col. George T. Childs, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. E. Ely Goddard, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. H. J. Brooks, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. William R. Rowell, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. M. K. Paine, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Olin Scott, Aid-de-Camp.

VERMONT BATTALION NATIONAL GUARD.

Maj. Albert D. Tenny, First Regiment V. N. G., Commanding.

COMPANY D.

Ransom Guards of Saint Albans.

Capt. F. Stewart Stranahan; First Lieut. S. H. Wood; Second Lieut. William H. Farrar.

COMPANY I.

Estey Guard of Brattleborough.

Capt. George H. Bond; First Lieut. F. W. Child; Second Lieut. C. R. Stevens.

RANSOM GUARD BAND,

Of Saint Albans.

BURLEIGH CORPS,

Of Whitehall, N. Y.

Ninth Separate Company, Third Division N. G. S. N. Y. Captain R. E. Bascom.

NEW YORK.

His Excellency ALONZO B. CORNELL, Governor.

Maj. Gen. Frederick Townsend, Adjutant-General.
 Brig. Gen. Robert L. Oliver, Inspector-General.
 Brig. Gen. Daniel D. Wylie, Chief of Ordnance.
 Brig. Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, Engineer-in-Chief.
 Brig. Gen. William H. Watson, Surgeon-General.
 Brig. Gen. Horace Russell, Judge Advocate General.
 Brig. Gen. Charles P. Easton, Quartermaster-General.
 Brig. Gen. Charles J. Langdon, Commissary-General.
 Brig. Gen. J. W. Hoysradt, Paymaster-General.
 Brig. Gen. A. C. Barnes, General Inspector Rifle Practice.
 Col. James M. Varnum, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Henry M. Watson, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Francis N. Mann, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Charles S. Francis, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. John T. Mott, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Charles Cornell, Acting Military Secretary.

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK.

Headquarters, Brooklyn.

Col. David E. Austen, Commanding.
 Lieut. Col. Theo. B. Gates.
 Maj. William H. H. Tyson.
 Adjutant George B. Davis.
 Quartermaster, Brevet Capt. J. Fred. Ackerman.
 Commissary Jere. A. Wernberg.
 Surg. James J. Terhune.

Assist. Surg. George W. Brush.
 Chaplain Henry Ward Beecher.
 Inspector Rifle Practice Theo. H. Babcock.

COMPANY A.

Capt. William J. Collins; First Lieut. Watkin W. Jones; Second Lieut. Eugene J. Snow.

COMPANY B.

Capt. Edward M. Smith; First Lieut. William A. Brown; Second Lieut. David F. Mauning.

COMPANY C.

Capt. James L. Denison; Second Lieut. Frank B. S. Morgan.

COMPANY D.

Capt. Thomas F. Randolph; First Lieut. William W. Hanold; Second Lieut. John L. S. Kellner.

COMPANY E.

Capt. Edward Faekner; First Lieut. William Kirby; Second Lieut. Samuel W. Smith

COMPANY F.

Capt. Richard P. Morle; First Lieut. Frank Harrison; Second Lieut. James E. Daly.

COMPANY G.

Capt. William L. Watson; First Lieut. A. Fuller Tones; Second Lieut. Samuel T. Skinner.

COMPANY H.

Capt. Henry E. Kane; First Lieut. John Garlich; Second Lieut. Joseph Frolich.

COMPANY I.

Capt. George T. Homans; First Lieut. Alonzo Townley.

COMPANY K.

Capt. George B. Squires; First Lieut. William J. McKelvey.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergt. Maj. Russell Benedict.
 Quartermaster Sergt. Charles Werner.
 Commissary Sergt. Frank Kilholz.
 Ordnance Sergt. James McNevin.
 Hospital Steward Charles G. Curtis.
 Acting Drum Major John Smith.
 Band Leader Harvey B. Dodworth.
 Sergeant Standard Bearers Haywood Smith and Charles M. Nichols, jr.
 Right General Guide Albert E. Hamilton.
 Left General Guide D. Schroyer Bennett.

COMPANY L.

Leaves Sixty-fifth Regiment National Guard, New York, Buffalo, N. Y.

Capt. John J. Callahan; First Lieut. George A. Cowan; Second Lieut. Henry Casler.

M A R S H A L L S.

His Excellency WILLIAM F. HAMILTON, Governor.

Maj. Gen. J. Wesley Watkins, Adjutant-General.
 Brig. Gen. H. Clay Dallam, Judge Advocate General.
 Brig. Gen. George S. Brown, Paymaster-General.

Brig. Gen. Charles P. Montague, Chief of Ordnance.
 Brig. Gen. Henry S. Taylor, Commissary-General.
 Brig. Gen. John Gill, Quartermaster-General.
 Brig. Gen. Andrew G. Chapman, Inspector-General.
 Brig. Gen. William Lee, Surgeon-General.
 Brig. Gen. J. Carroll Walsh, Chief of Engineers.
 Brig. Gen. Joseph B. Stafford, Chief of Cavalry.
 Brig. Gen. R. Snowden Andrews, Chief of Artillery.

Aids-de-Camp to the Governor.

Col. Dennis M. Matthews.
 Col. Edward B. Jacobs.
 Col. Martin Emerich.
 Col. William M. McKaig.
 Col. John S. Gittings.
 Col. J. Upshur Dennis.
 Col. N. Bosley Merryman.
 Col. Harry H. Brogden.
 Col. F. Carroll Goldsborough.

FIRST BRIGADE MARYLAND NATIONAL GUARD.

Brig. Gen. JAMES R. HERBERT, Commanding.
 Lieut. Col. T. Wallis Blackistone, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 Maj. P. P. Dandridge, Engineer.
 Maj. J. W. S. Brady, Inspector.
 Maj. Wilbur R. McKnew, Surgeon.
 Capt. Thomas Hillen, Ordnance Officer.
 Capt. Chas. A. Gambrell, Quartermaster.
 Capt. Howard Ridgely, Commissary.
 Capt. George W. Wood, Aid-de-Camp.
 Capt. Frederick Shriver, Aid-de-Camp.
 First Lieut. Arthur H. Whitely, Aid-de-Camp.

FIFTH REGIMENT MARYLAND NATIONAL GUARD.

Headquarters, Baltimore.
 Col. Stewart Brown, Commanding.
 Lieut. Col. John D. Lipscomb.
 Adj. W. Kennon Whiting.
 Quartermaster Robert J. Miller.
 Commissary Edward C. Johnson.
 Surg. William H. Crim.
 Assist. Surg. William F. Lockwood.
 Chaplain Joseph Reynolds.
 Ordnance Officer John Landstrut, jr.
 Paymaster William T. Frick.

COMPANY A.

Capt. W. S. Whitely.

COMPANY B.

First Lieut. Harry E. Mann; Second Lieut. R. Hamilton.

COMPANY C.

Capt. R. P. Brown: First Lieut. G. E. Nelson; Second Lieut. J. S. Gorman.

COMPANY D.

Capt. G. C. Cole: First Lieut. E. N. Spencer; Second Lieut. G. E. Search.

COMPANY E.

Second Lieut. Henry F. Flack.

COMPANY F.

Capt. W. S. Anderson.

COMPANY G.

Capt. A. D. B. Courtney; First Lieut. D. W. Laws; Second Lieut. H. E. Brown.

COMPANY H.

Capt. W. P. Zollinger; First Lieut. C. F. Albers.

COMPANY I.

First Lieut. N. L. Goldsborough.

COMPANY K.

Capt. J. T. Hinkle; First Lieut. A. H. Taylor.

FIRST BATTALION INFANTRY.

Headquarters, Cumberland.

Capt. and Brevet Lieut. Col. Henry J. Johnson, commanding.

First Lieut. and Adjt. David W. Sloan.

First Lieut. and Quartermaster T. J. Peddicord.

First Lieut. and Assist. Surg. E. H. Bartlett.

COMPANY A.

Voltigeurs of Cumberland.

First Lieut. W. O. Hoffman; Second Lieut. Edward Schilling.

COMPANY B.

Garrett Guards, Oakland.

Organized October, 1879.

Capt. E. H. Wardwell; First Lieut. D. M. Mason; Second Lieut. P. H. Chisholm.

COMPANY C.

Hamilton Light Infantry, Cumberland.

Capt. R. H. Gordon; First Lieut. J. F. Harrison; Second Lieut. B. Scott Rigger.

SECOND BATTALION INFANTRY.

HAGERSTOWN LIGHT INFANTRY.

Hagerstown, Md.

Capt. Hy. Kyd Douglas; First Lieut. Samuel F. Craft; Second Lieut. Alex. M. Roberts.

FOWSON GUARDS.

Baltimore County.

Organized 1877.

Capt. John Ridgely, of H.; First Lieut. C. B. McCleary; Second Lieut. Robert Pilsen.
Uniform: Gray, black trimmings. Arms, Springfield muskets.

LINGANOR GUARDS.

Unionville.

Capt. E. D. Danner; First Lieut. Wm. M. Gaither; Second Lieut. R. S. Glisan.

KENT GUARDS.

Chestertown.

Capt. Thomas S. Bordley; First Lieut. Thomas G. De Ford; Second Lieut. Robert R. Calder.

FREDERICK RIFLEMEN.

Frederick.

Capt. James McSherry.

GOVERNOR'S GUARDS.

Annapolis.

Capt. Lewis Greene.

• BOND GUARDS.

Catonsville.

Capt. D. B. Barnette.

K E N T U C K Y.

His Excellency LUKE P. BLACKBURN, Governor.

Brig. Gen. J. P. Nuckols, Adjutant-General.

Maj. James Blackburn, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Col. R. H. Wildberger, Assistant Inspector-General.

Col. P. P. Johnston, Assistant Inspector-General.

Col. George W. Buchanan, Aid-de-Camp.

Col. Lewis Kean, Aid-de-Camp.

Col. ——— Hite, Aid-de-Camp.

Capt. Henry McHenry, Aid-de-Camp.

Hon. Jacob Corbett, Private Secretary.

Hon. L. B. Churchill.

KENTUCKY BATTALION STATE GUARD.

Maj. John R. Allen, Third Battalion State Guard, Commanding.

"BOWLING GREEN GUARD."

Capt. M. H. Crump.

"LEXINGTON RIFLES."

Capt. J. R. Morton.

"MASON COUNTY GUARDS."

Of Maysville.

Capt. A. C. Respass.

"MCUREARY GUARDS."

Of Frankfort.

Capt. J. L. Price.

"MONARCH RIFLES."

Of Owensborough.

Capt. S. H. Ford.

"Captain South's Military Cornet Band," twelve pieces

M A I N E.

His Excellency HARRIS M. PLAISTED, Governor.

Brig. Gen. George L. Beal, Adjutant-General.

Brig. Gen. John J. Lynch, Inspector-General.

Col. Frank D. Pullen, Commissary-General.

Two Aids-de-Camp.

S O U T H C A R O L I N A.

His Excellency JOHNSON HAGOOD, Governor

Adj. Gen. A. M. Manigault, Chief of Staff.

Lient. Col. W. H. Perry, Aid-de-Camp.

Lient. Col. H. A. Gailliard, Aid-de-Camp.

Lient. Col. G. B. Lartigue, Aid-de Camp.
 Lient. Col. George Johnstone, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lient. Col. J. J. Lucas, Aid-de Camp.
 Lient. Col. J. W. Barawell, Aid-de-Camp.

Lieutenant Governor John D. Kennedy.

General John Bratton, Comptroller-General.
 Col. J. P. Richardson, Treasurer.
 Col. R. M. Simms, Secretary of State.
 Hon. Leroy F. Youmans, Attorney-General.
 Col. A. P. Butler, Commissioner of Agriculture.
 General M. L. Bonham, Railroad Commissioner.
 W. H. Manning, esq., Private Secretary to the Governor.

Chief Justice W. D. Simpson.

Associate Justices, H. McIver, S. McGowan.

Circuit Judges:

Hon. B. C. Pressley.	Hon. A. P. Aldrich.
Hon. T. B. Fraser.	Hon. J. H. Hudson.
Hon. J. B. Kershaw.	Hon. T. J. Mackey.
Hon. W. H. Wallace.	Hon. J. S. Cothran.

FROM THE STATE SENATE.

Hon. W. W. Harlee.	Hon. James F. Izlar.
Hon. B. F. Crayton.	Hon. L. J. Patterson.
Hon. I. W. Moore.	

FROM THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Hon. John C. Sheppard, Speaker of the House.

Hon. J. W. Williamson.	Hon. J. Harvey Wilson.
Hon. James Simons.	Hon. August Fludd.
Hon. E. M. Rucker.	Hon. M. C. Taggart.
Hon. J. J. Hemphill.	Hon. R. I. Harrison.
Hon. C. E. Sawyer.	Hon. W. B. Rice.

"YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL BATTALION" OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Field and Staff.

Col. Hugh S. Thompson, Columbia.
 Lient. Col. Louis de B. McCrady, Charleston.
 Maj. H. K. du Bose, Camden.
 Adj. Captain John P. Arthur, Columbia.
 Quartermaster, Lient. R. D. Lee, Sumter.
 Commissary, Lient. C. H. Sloan, Greenville.
 Sergeant Maj. J. M. Morris, Columbia.

GORDON LIGHT INFANTRY.

Winnborough, S. C.

Capt. W. Jordan; First Lient. T. K. Elliott; Second Lient. J. H. Cummings.

LEE LIGHT INFANTRY.

Chester, S. C.

Capt. J. K. Marshall; First Lient. J. B. McFadden; Second Lient. W. E. Walker.

BUTLER GUARDS.

Greenville, S. C.

First Lient. Commanding W. A. Williams; Second Lient. William Hill Hill; Third Lient. F. B. McBee.

SUMTER LIGHT INFANTRY.

Sumter, S. C.

Capt. W. R. Delgar: Second Lieut. D. J. Auld; Third Lieut. Marion Sanders.

GOVERNOR'S GUARDS.

Columbia, S. C.

Capt. Willie Jones: First Lieut. W. G. Childs: Third Lieut. W. K. Duffie.

GERMAN FUSILIERS.

Charleston, S. C.

Capt. Henry Schachte: First Lieut. Henry B. Schroder: Acting Lieut. A. Fischer.

ABBEVILLE RIFLES.

Abbeville, S. C.

Capt. M. L. Bonham, jr.: First Lieut. S. C. Casson: Second Lieut. W. C. McGown.

PALMETTO RIFLES.

Aiken, S. C.

Capt. W. W. Williams: First Lieut. H. H. Hail: Second Lieut. B. H. Teague.

RICHLAND VOLUNTEER RIFLES.

Columbia, S. C.

Capt. R. N. Richbourg: First Lieut. E. R. Arthur: Second Lieut. L. D. Childs.

WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

Charleston, S. C.

Capt. Alex. W. Marshall: First Lieut. J. S. Hanahan: Second Lieut. Geo. B. Edwards.

RHODE ISLAND.

His Excellency ALFRED H. LITTLEFIELD, Governor.

Brig. Gen. C. Henry Barney, Adjutant-General.

Brig. Gen. Charles R. Dennis, Quartermaster-General.

Brig. Gen. John D. Budlong, Surgeon-General.

Brig. Gen. John F. Tobey, Judge Advocate General.

Col. Henry A. Pierce, Aid-de-Camp.

Col. Eben F. Littlefield, Aid-de-Camp.

Col. Charles H. Williams, Aid-de-Camp.

Col. John F. Clark, Aid-de-Camp.

Col. E. Charles Francis, Aid-de-Camp.

Col. John C. Seabury, Aid-de-Camp.

Lieut. Col. William W. Douglas, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Lieut. Col. S. W. Dickerson, Assistant Quartermaster-General.

Lieut. Col. George L. Gower, Assistant Judge Advocate General.

Lieut. Gov. Henry H. Fay.

Hon. J. M. Addeman, Secretary of State.

SECOND BATTALION INFANTRY, R. I. M.

COMPANY D.

Woodstock, R. I.

Capt. Fred. W. Jenckes: First Lieut. Frank M. Cornell: Second Lieut. Seth Arnold, Jr.

COMPANY F.

Pawtucket, R. I.

Capt. Charles Rittman: First Lieut. Frederick W. Easton: Second Lieut. Alfred H. Cheetham.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

His Excellency CHARLES H. BELL, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

Maj. Gen. Augustus D. Ayling, of Concord, Adjutant-General.
 Brig. Gen. Elbert Wheeler, of Laconia, Inspector-General.
 Brig. Gen. Marshall C. Wentworth, of Jackson, Quartermaster-General.
 Brig. Gen. George E. Lane, of Exeter, Commissary-General.
 Brig. Gen. Ezra Mitchell, jr., of Lancaster, Surgeon-General.
 Brig. Gen. Francis C. Faulkner, of Keene, Judge Advocate General.
 Col. Charles H. Sawyer, of Dover, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. William H. Stinson, of Dumbarton, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Daniel C. Gould, of Manchester, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Edward H. Gilman, of Exeter, Aid-de-Camp.

"YORKTOWN BATTALION NEW HAMPSHIRE NATIONAL GUARD."

Lieut. Col. Elbridge J. Copp, Second Regiment New Hampshire National Guard, Commanding.

Adj. Rufus P. Daniels, Third New Hampshire N. G.
 Quartermaster Lewis P. Wilson, Second New Hampshire N. G.
 Surg. Henry E. Newell, First New Hampshire N. G.
 Asst. Surgeon George Cook, Third New Hampshire N. G.
 Chaplain Henry Powers, First New Hampshire N. G.
 Sergt. Major Wm. W. Hemmenway, Second New Hampshire N. G.
 Quartermaster-Sergeant Geo. R. Leavitt, Third New Hampshire N. G.
 Hospital Steward James W. Wilson, First New Hampshire N. G.
 Drum-Maj. Alonzo W. Glines, Third New Hampshire N. G.

COMPANY A, FIRST REGIMENT.

Strafford Guards of Dover.

Capt. George H. Demeritt; First Lieut. Frederick Emmott; Second Lieut. Martin J. Gallinger.

COMPANY F, SECOND REGIMENT.

City Guards of Nashua.

Capt. Jason E. Tolles; First Lieut. Wm. W. Wheeler; Second Lieut. Eugene P. Whitney.

COMPANY K, THIRD REGIMENT.

Belknap Guards of Laconia.

Capt. Edmund Tetley; First Lieut. Martin B. Plummer; Second Lieut. Fred. R. Gilman.

The Third Regiment Band, twenty-four members, accompanied the troops.

CONNECTICUT.

His Excellency HOBART B. BIGELOW, Governor.

Lieutenant-Governor WILLIAM H. BULKELEY.

Brig. Gen. George N. Harmon, Adjutant-General.
 Brig. Gen. Alexander Harbison, Quartermaster-General.
 Brig. Gen. James G. Gregory, Surgeon-General.
 Brig. Gen. George H. Ford, Commissary-General.
 Brig. Gen. Frederick E. Camp, Paymaster-General.
 Col. William E. Barrows, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. William B. Rudd, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Rutherford Trowbridge, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Charles A. Russell, Aid-de-Camp.

Col. Simon J. Fox, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 Lieut. Col. Henry C. Morgan, Assistant Quartermaster-General.
 Hon. Charles B. Seales, Secretary of State.
 Hon. David P. Nichols, Treasurer of State.
 Hon. W. T. Batcheller, Comptroller.
 Brig. Gen. S. R. Smith, Commanding National Guard, Conn.

THE FIRST REGIMENT CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD.

Col. Lucius A. Barbour, of Hartford.
 Lieut. Col. William E. Cone, of Hartford.
 Maj. Arthur L. Goodrich, of Hartford.
 Adj. John K. Williams, of Hartford.
 Quartermaster Richard O. Cheney, of Manchester.
 Paymaster William B. McCray, of Hartford.
 Surg. George W. Avery, of Hartford.
 Asst. Surg. Harman G. Howe, of Hartford.
 Chaplain James A. Cooper, of New Britain.
 Inspector Target Practice Jabez L. Woodbridge, of Manchester.
 Serg. Maj. William G. Simmons, of Hartford.
 Quartermaster Serg. John D. Worthington, of Hartford.
 Commissary Serg. Wallace T. Fenn, of Hartford.
 Hospital Steward Philo W. Newton, of Hartford.
 Drum Maj. William C. Steele, of Hartford.
 Fife Maj. William C. Sperry, of Hartford.

COMPANY A.

Germania Guard of Hartford.

Capt. William Westphal; First Lieut. Edward Schulze; Second Lieut. Henry F. Smith.

COMPANY B.

Hillyer Guard of Hartford.

Capt. Patrick Jellovian; First Lieut. Thomas F. Flanagan; Second Lieut. Patrick H. Smith.

COMPANY D.

New Britain City Guard.

Capt. Augustus N. Bennett; First Lieut. John C. Bingham; Second Lieut. William E. Allen.

COMPANY E.

Jewell Guard of New Britain.

Capt. Chas. B. Erichson; First Lieut. Fred. M. Hemenway; Second Lieut. J. Foster Osgood.

COMPANY F.

Hartford City Guard.

Capt. John L. White; First Lieut. Levi H. Hotchkiss; Second Lieut. Geo. E. Lee.

COMPANY G.

Manchester Rifles.

Capt. Arthur B. Keeney; First Lieut. Arthur J. Wetherill; Second Lieut. T. H. Montgomery.

COMPANY H.

Hartford Light Guard.

Capt. George A. Cornell; First Lieut. Henry Simon, jr.; Second Lieut. John W. Crane

COMPANY K.

Hartford.

Capt. Thomas M. Smith; First Lieut. Charles E. Thompson; Second Lieut. Samuel O. Prentice.

DELAWARE.

His Excellency JOHN W. HALL, Governor.

Brig. Gen. J. Parke Postles, Adjutant-General.
 Brig. Gen. D. C. Marvel, Inspector-General.
 Brig. Gen. H. C. Collison, Quartermaster-General.
 Col. Walter Cummings, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. John Powder, Aid-de-Camp.

FIRST REGIMENT DELAWARE VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

Headquarters, Wilmington, Delaware.

Col. Samuel A. McAllister, of Wilmington.
 Lieut. Col. Samuel M. Wood, of Wilmington.
 Maj. A. R. Boyle, of Dover.
 Surg. William Marshall, of Milford.
 Adj. Garrett J. Hart, of Wilmington.
 Quartermaster T. F. Townsend, of Milford.

COMPANY A.

American Rifles, of Wilmington.

Capt. Edward Mitchell, jr.; First Lieut. Charles Hobson; Second Lieut. J. Frank Smith.

COMPANY B.

Torbert Guards, of Milford.

Capt. George William Marshall; First Lieut. Wm. H. Harris; Second Lieut. F. C. Wisswell.

COMPANY C.

Dupont Guards, of Wilmington.

Capt. John M. Curtis; First Lieut. A. D. Chaytor; Second Lieut. Thomas Rice.

COMPANY D.

Hall Guards, of Dover.

Capt. A. S. Kirk; First Lieut. George W. Pennington; Second Lieut. H. A. Culbreth.

COMPANY E.

Of Wyoming, Delaware.

Capt. C. M. Carey; Second Lieut. John H. Wallheater.

COMPANY F.

Postle's Rifles, of Wilmington.

Capt. Oscar F. Munda; First Lieut. J. H. Munda; Second Lieut. John S. White.

MASSACHUSETTS.

His Excellency JOHN D. LONG, Governor.

Maj. Gen. A. Hum Berry, Adjutant-General.
 Col. Isaac F. Kingsbury, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 Col. Edward H. Haskell, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Col. John S. Lockwood, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 Col. Edmund H. Hewins, Assistant Inspector-General.
 Col. Morris Schaff, Assistant Inspector-General.
 Col. Samuel P. Train, Assistant Quartermaster-General.
 Col. Jedediah P. Jordon, Assistant Quartermaster-General.
 Col. Benj. S. Lovell, Assistant Quartermaster-General.
 Brig. Gen. William J. Dale, Surgeon-General.
 Brig. Gen. Wilmon W. Blackmar, Judge Advocate General.
 Col. Thomas W. Higginson, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. William O. Fiske, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. William F. Draper, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Edward T. Bouve, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. William M. Olin, Aid-de-Camp.
 Brig. Gen. Eben Sutton, First Brigade M. V. M., Aid-de-Camp.
 Brig. Gen. Hoboat Moore, Second Brigade M. V. M., Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Nat. Wales, First Regiment M. V. M.
 B. F. Bridges, Second Regiment M. V. M.
 E. J. Troul, Fifth Regiment M. V. M.
 Melville Beal, Sixth Regiment M. V. M.
 B. F. Peach, Eighth Regiment M. V. M.
 Lieut. Col. Samuel Dalton, Second Corps Independent Cadets.
 Maj. G. S. Merrill, First Battalion Artillery, M. V. M.
 Maj. Dexter H. Follett, First Battalion Cavalry, M. V. M.

Lieutenant-Governor Byron Weston.

The Governor's Council—Eight members.

Hon. Daniel A. Gleason, Treasurer and Receiver-General.
 Hon. Charles R. Ladd, Auditor.
 Hon. Henry B. Pierce, Secretary of State.
 Hon. George Marston, Attorney-General.
 O. F. Mitchell, Sergeant-at-Arms.
 Hon. R. R. Bishop, President of the Senate.
 Hon. C. J. Noyes, Speaker of the House of Representatives.
 The members of the Committee on Federal Relations.
 Hon. A. W. Beard, Collector of the port of Boston.
 Hon. N. P. Banks, U. S. Marshal for Massachusetts.
 Hon. F. O. Prince, Mayor of Boston.
 General A. P. Martin.

NINTH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

Headquarters, Boston. Organized 11th June, 1861.

Col. Wm. M. Strachan, Commanding.
 Lieut. Col. Lawrence J. Logan.
 Majors Geo. A. J. Colgan, P. J. Grady.
 Adj. David McGuire.
 Quartermaster S. S. Rankin.
 Surg. James A. Fleming.
 Assist. Surg. M. C. Noonan.
 Paymaster John Lyons.
 Chaplain J. P. Egan.

Non-commissioned Staff.

Serg. Maj. T. F. McDonough.
 Quartermaster Serg. M. T. Brennan.
 Hospital Steward Stephen Sullivan.
 Drum Maj. R. E. Barry.

FIRST BATTALION.

COMPANY D.

Capt. F. B. Bogan; First Lieut. F. H. Rice; Second Lieut. Edward O'Brien.

COMPANY F.

Capt. D. F. Dolan; First Lieut. W. H. Donovan; Second Lieut. E. A. McCarthy.

COMPANY G.

Capt. J. J. Barry; First Lieut. J. H. Essem; Second Lieut. M. J. Mitchell.

COMPANY H.

Capt. J. F. Madigan; First Lieut. J. J. Foley; Second Lieut. J. H. Ettridge.

SECOND BATTALION.

COMPANY A.

Capt. P. C. Reardon; First Lieut. John J. Boyle; Second Lieut. J. M. Doherty.

COMPANY C.

Capt. F. McCaffrey; First Lieut. James White; Second Lieut. J. H. Nugent.

COMPANY E.

Capt. L. J. Ford; First Lieut. F. F. Dougherty; Second Lieut. P. F. Fitzgerald.

COMPANY B.

Capt. P. H. Cronin; First Lieut. J. W. Mahoney; Second Lieut. E. W. Hagerty.

VIRGINIA.

His Excellency F. W. M. HOLLIDAY, Governor.

Seven Aids-de-Camp.

Brig. Gen. James McDonald, Adjutant-General.

FIRST BRIGADE VIRGINIA VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

Brig. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

Assistant Adjutant-General, Maj. J. Addison Pattison.

Inspector-General, Maj. James P. Rodgers.

Brigade Surgeon, Maj. George Ben. Johnston.

Aid-de-Camp, Capt. B. H. Fowle.

Aid de-Camp, Capt. Courtland H. Smith.

FIRST REGIMENT VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Headquarters, Richmond, Va.

Colonel, John B. Purcell.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles J. Anderson.

Major, Jo Lane Stern.

Adjutant, Capt. John H. Dinneen.

Surgeon, Maj. L. B. Edwards.

Chaplain, Moses B. Hoge.

Quartermaster, Capt. Charles P. Bigger.

Ordnance Officer, Capt. Cyrus Bossieux.

Assistant Surgeon, Capt. George Ben. Johnston.

Sergeant-Major, J. R. V. Daniel.

Quartermaster-Sergeant, W. B. Riddick.

Hospital Steward, W. E. Pearce.

COMPANY A.

Richmond Grays.

Capt. Louis J. Bossieux; First Lieut. James E. Phillips; Second Lieut. John E. Laughton.

COMPANY B.

Walker Light Guard.

Capt. Henry C. Jones; First Lieut. W. R. Burgess; Second Lieut. A. L. Bargamin.

COMPANY C.

"Guard of the Commonwealth."

Capt. M. L. Spotswood; First Lieut. G. Kennon Wren; Second Lieut. W. D. Davis.

COMPANY D.

"Sidney Grays."

Capt. L. E. Brown; First Lieut. H. B. Owen; Second Lieut. Ro. Harrold.

COMPANY E.

"Governor's Guard."

Capt. J. H. Parater; First Lieut. A. L. Phillips; Second Lieut. R. E. Jones.

COMPANY F.

Capt. Tazewell Ellett; First Lieut. A. L. Ellett, jr.; Second Lieut. C. S. Crenshaw.

COMPANY H.

Capt. A. K. Snyder; First Lieut. W. D. Winston; Second Lieut. C. B. Neale.

SECOND REGIMENT (VALLEY) VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS.

Headquarters, Staunton, Va.

Colonel W. L. Bungardner, of Staunton.

Lieutenant-Colonel O. B. Roller, of Harrisonburg.

Major J. W. Magruder, of Woodstock.

Adjutant H. H. Downing, of Front Royal.

COMPANY A.

Warren Light Infantry.

Capt. C. A. Macatee; First Lieut. Ed. H. Jackson; Second Lieut. G. O. Leach.

COMPANY B.

West Augusta Guard of Staunton.

Capt. John McQuade; First Lieut. Thos. J. Crowder; Second Lieut. James T. Byers;
Junior Second Lieut. Wm. B. Logan.

COMPANY C.

Harrisonburg Guards of Harrisonburg.

Capt. John Donovan; First Lieut. L. C. Myers; Second Lieut. John P. Kerr; Junior
Second Lieut. James M. Warren.

COMPANY F.

Winchester Light Infantry.

Capt. John J. Williams; First Lieut. A. M. Baker; Second Lieut. Fred. Blankner;
Junior Second Lieut. R. E. Trenary.

THIRD REGIMENT VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Headquarters, Charlottesville.

Colonel, Charles C. Wertenbaker, Charlottesville.

Lieutenant-Colonel, Kirkwood Otey, Lynchburg.

Major, Francis L. Smith, Alexandria.

Adjutant, Capt. R. F. Farley, Danville.
 Quartermaster, Capt. S. L. Cooper, Culpeper.
 Commissary, Capt. J. C. Culin, Charlottesville.
 Surgeon, Zeuss Barnum, Warrenton.
 Assistant Surgeon, E. A. Stabler, Alexandria.
 Chaplain, R. R. Acree, Lynchburg.

COMPANY A.

Danville Grays.

Capt. Albert Gerst: First Lieut. W. T. Hutchings; Second Lieut. J. W. Easley,
 Junior Second Lieut. W. P. Arnett.

COMPANY B.

"Culpeper Minute Men."

Capt. William Nalle: First Lieut. H. C. Burrows; Second Lieut. J. T. Harris.

COMPANY C.

"Warrenton Rifles."

Capt. Greenville Gaines: Second Lieut. T. A. Maddux; Junior Second Lieut. W. Payne.

COMPANY D.

"Monticello Guards," Charlottesville.

Capt. Micajah Woods: First Lieut. James Blakey; Second Lieut. Poindexter Drane;
 Junior Second Lieut. T. S. Keller.

COMPANY E.

Home Guard, Lynchburg.

Capt. W. C. Biggers: First Lieut. Ridgeway Holt; Second Lieut. Elwyn A. Biggers;
 Junior Second Lieut. M. P. Davis.

COMPANY F.

"Alexandria Light Infantry."

Capt. George McBurney, jr.: First Lieut. F. F. Marbury; Second Lieut. George S.
 Smith; Junior Second Lieut. Samuel L. Monroe.

Regimental Band.

FOURTH REGIMENT VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Headquarters, Williamsburg, Va.

Capt. Richard A. Wise, senior Captain, Commanding.

"WISE LIGHT INFANTRY."

Williamsburg, Va.

Capt. Richard A. Wise; First Lieut. John L. Mercer; Second Lieut. T. L. Sonthall;
 Third Lieut. H. T. Armistead; Surg. John A. Young, M. D.

"The Marshall Cornet Band."

SUFFOLK GRAYS.

Suffolk, Va.

Capt. Thomas W. Smith; First Lieut. Benjamin F. Cutchins, jr.; Second Lieut.
 John T. Riddick; Junior Second Lieut. George T. Parker.

PENINSULA GUARDS.

Hampton, Va.

Capt. S. B. Wood: First Lieut. William T. Daugherty; Second Lieut. G. M. Rich-
 ter; Junior Second Lieut. W. J. Stores.

OLD DOMINION GUARD.

Portsmouth, Va.

Capt. H. C. Hudgins; First Lieut. James H. Walker; Second Lieut. James M. Bin-
 ford; Junior Second Lieut. John W. Wood.

RICHMOND LIGHT INFANTRY BLUES.

Capt. John S. Wise; First Lieut. Thomas M. Page,

NORFOLK CITY GUARD.

Capt. C. A. Nash; First Lieut. H. Hodges; Second Lieut. C. C. Lee; Junior Second Lieut. T. B. Jackson.

UNATTACHED COMPANIES.

FARMVILLE GUARDS.

Farmville, Va.

Capt. W. S. Paulett; First Lieut. P. H. C. Rice; Second Lieut. W. T. Doyne.

BATTALION OF CADETS VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

(Officers not reported.)

THE CADETS OF SAINT JOHN'S ACADEMY.

Alexandria.

Major Wilfred C. Potter, Commanding.

Adjutant Bullard E. Dodd, of Norfolk.

Sergeant-Major Beauregard Clarke, of Anne Arundel County, Maryland.

Color-Sergeant H. B. F. Heath, of Washington, D. C.

Quartermaster-Sergeant J. J. Walsh, of Washington, D. C.

Commissary-Sergeant J. E. Swaine, of Alexandria, Va.

COMPANY A.

Capt. D. H. Jones, of Shenandoah County, Va.; First Lieut. F. T. Chamberlin, of Washington, D. C.; Second Lieut. G. J. Kerby, of Alexandria, Va.

COMPANY B.

Capt. Frank F. De Lea, of Chicago, Ill.; First Lieut. Charles Bendheim, of Alexandria, Va.; Second Lieut. F. H. Schneider, of Alexandria, Va.

GLOUCESTER CAVALRY.

(Officers not reported.)

FIRST BATTALION VIRGINIA ARTILLERY.

Headquarters, Richmond.

Major: Henry C. Carter, Commanding.

Adjutant: Capt. Carlton McCarthy.

Surgeon: Maj. Christopher Tompkins.

Assistant Surgeon: Capt. W. E. Harwood.

Ordnance Officer: First Lieut. W. H. Aborn.

Quartermaster: First Lieut. R. C. M. Wingfield.

Commissary: First Lieut. J. Herbert Stiff.

Chaplain: First Lieut. J. William Jones.

NORFOLK LIGHT ARTILLERY BLUES.

Capt. James W. Gilmer; First Lieut. H. C. Whitehead; Junior First Lieut. J. A. Walton; Second Lieut. George W. Gordon.

Battery of four three-inch rifled guns.

PETERSBURG ARTILLERY.

Capt. J. S. Clary; First Lieut. G. W. Vaughan; Second Lieut. John Treshein.

Battery of four 12-pounder Napoleons.

RICHMOND HOWITZERS.

Capt. E. J. Boshier; First Lieut. W. E. Simons; Junior First Lieut. F. H. McGuire.

Battery of four three-inch rifled guns.

UNATTACHED BATTERY.

LYNCHBURG LIGHT ARTILLERY BLUES.

Capt. Frank T. Lee; First Lieut. Charles Munday; Junior First Lieut. Mosby H. Payne; Second Lieut. William H. Dudley.

Battery of four 6-pounder bronze guns.

FIRST BATTALION VIRGINIA COLORED INFANTRY.

Headquarters, Richmond, Va.

Major R. A. Johnson, Commanding; Adjutant J. B. Johnson; Quartermaster Samuel Clarkson; Commissary John Graves; Surg. J. C. Ferguson.

ATTUCKS GUARDS.

Richmond.

Capt. Josiah Crump; First Lieut. Thomas W. Walker; Second Lieut. Samuel Sullivan.

CARNEY GUARD.

Richmond.

Capt. John D. Booker; First Lieut. C. B. Nicholas; Second Lieut. N. P. Price.

UNION GUARD.

Manchester.

Capt. J. H. Cunningham; First Lieut. J. B. Johnson; Second Lieut. William Bailey.

VIRGINIA GRAYS.

Richmond.

Capt. Benjamin Scott; First Lieut. W. M. Mickens; Second Lieut. W. H. Banister.

RICHMOND LIGHT INFANTRY.

Capt. W. H. Tinsley; First Lieut. W. H. Baunister; Second Lieut. B. F. Dabury.

SECOND BATTALION VIRGINIA COLORED INFANTRY.

Headquarters, Norfolk, Va.

Major, William H. Palmer, Commanding.

Adjutant, First Lieut. Moses F. Jordan.

Quartermaster, First Lieut. Israel E. Whitehurst.

Commissary, First Lieut. Jeffrey T. Wilson.

Chaplain, First Lieut. E. H. Bolden.

LANGSTON GUARDS.

Norfolk, Va.

[Organized November 7, 1873.]

Capt. Peter Shepherd, jr.; First Lieut. S. S. Reid; Second Lieut. A. S. Brown.

NATIONAL GUARDS.

Norfolk, Va.

Capt. E. W. Gould; First Lieut. T. E. Wisher; Second Lieut. C. H. Robinson.

HANNIBAL GUARDS.

Norfolk, Va.

Capt. William H. Mills; First Lieut. J. H. Smith; Second Lieut. A. A. Miller.

VIRGINIA GUARD.

Portsmouth.

Capt. J. E. Manning; First Lieut. G. W. Gordon; Second Lieut. J. T. White.

SEABOARD ELLIOTT GRAYS.

Portsmouth.

Capt. J. O. Corprew; First Lieut. L. L. Rooks; Second Lieut. W. H. Ackis;
Third Lieut. G. L. Blunt.

UNATTACHED COMPANIES COLORED INFANTRY.

STATE GUARD.

Richmond.

Capt. R. A. Paul; First Lieut. H. C. Gilliam; Second Lieut. D. W. A. Frazer;
Junior Second Lieut. Scott Emmett.

HILL CITY GUARD.

Lynchburg.

Capt. Z. A. Langley; First Lieut. Samuel Campbell.

DOUGLASS GUARD.

Danville.

Capt. W. J. Reid; First Lieut. W. H. Jones; Second Lieut. Archie Robinson; Junior
Second Lieut. D. D. Williams.

LIBBY GUARD.

Hampton.

Capt. James A. Fields; First Lieut. J. M. Simpson; Second Lieut. William Randall.

LYNCHBURG VIRGINIA GUARD.

Capt. J. H. Merchant; First Lieut. Marcellus Isbell; Second Lieut. John W. Johnson.

PETERSBURG GUARD.

Capt. J. H. Hill; First Lieut. C. C. McKenzie; Second Lieut. W. F. Jackson.

FLIPPER GUARDS.

Petersburg.

Capt. James E. Hill; First Lieut. Edward Randolph; Second Lieut. E. J. Archer.

PETERSBURG BLUES.

Capt. P. L. Farley; First Lieut. Jacob Johnson; Second Lieut. James M. Farley.

This list is believed to comprise all organizations who reported, as requested by the circular of Lieut. Col. H. C. Corbin, master of ceremonies.

CO-OPERATION OF THE NAVY IN THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The representatives of the French Republic, with officers and others invited to be present at the Centennial Anniversary at Yorktown, were received at New York, October 5, 1881, by the vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Robert H. Wyman. The vessels present on the occasion were the *Tennessee*, flagship, the *Vandalia*, *Kearsarge*, and *Yantic*. In company with the French dispatch vessel, *Dumont D'Urville*, these vessels left their anchorage in the North River, off New York, and awaited off Staten Island the arrival of the steamship *Canada*, bearing the French guests. On the approach of the *Canada*, she was boarded by the flag-lieutenant to the rear-admiral commanding the squadron, with offers of service, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honor of the guests, the crews of

the squadron cheering during the salute. The squadron then accompanied the *Canada*, as an escort, up the river to her wharf.

The descendants of Baron Steuben, who had been invited to be present at the Yorktown Celebration, were received at New York, on their arrival from Hamburg, by the U. S. Steamer *Kearsarge*, which had been detailed for this service by the commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic Station. October 13, the steamship *Herder*, bearing Baron Steuben's descendants, arrived at the New York quarantine station. A visit and offer of service were made to her from the *Kearsarge*, the ship was cheered, and a salute of fifteen guns was fired, with the German ensign displayed at the fore.

Preparatory to the celebration at Yorktown, all the vessels available for this service were assembled there, forming a fleet, which was placed under the general command of the Admiral of the Navy. The fleet was composed of the *Tennessee*, *Kearsarge*, *Vandalia*, and *Yantic*, under Rear-Admiral Robert H. Wyman; the *Saratoga* and *Portsmouth*, of the Training Squadron, under Capt. Stephen B. Luce; and the *Franklin*, *Trenton*, *Alarm*, and *Speedwell*, vessels specially ordered to Yorktown for the occasion. The *Tallapoosa*, the *Despatch*, and the tugs *Fortune*, *Mayflower*, and *Standish* served as dispatch vessels and tenders to the fleet. Admiral David D. Porter arrived at Yorktown on October 14, and was saluted with seventeen guns by the flagship *Tennessee*.

Maj. Gen. Winfield S. Hancock visited the flag-ship *Tennessee* on the 15th, and was saluted with fifteen guns on his departure.

On the morning of October 18th, the day on which the celebration opened, the fleet was full-dressed, in rainbow fashion, with signal flags. The President of the United States arrived at Yorktown, on board the *Despatch*, in company with the *Alarm*, *Speedwell*, and *Tallapoosa*. A national salute of twenty one guns was fired in his honor, and yards were manned on board the vessels of the fleet. At 10.30 a. m. the *Trenton* became the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief of the fleet, firing a salute of seventeen guns, and hoisting the flag of the Admiral of the Navy. General William T. Sherman, accompanied by his staff, visited the *Tennessee*, and was saluted with seventeen guns. At noon, the vessels of the fleet fired a national salute of twenty-one guns. During the afternoon the French vessels *Magicienne*, flag-ship, and *Dumont D'Urville* arrived at Yorktown, the former saluting the flag of the Admiral, commander-in-chief, with seventeen guns. The Rear-Admiral commanding the French squadron visited the *Trenton* and *Tennessee*, and was saluted with thirteen guns on his departure from each vessel. The Commander-in-Chief was saluted with seventeen guns by the *Tennessee* on his departure from a visit to that vessel. During the evening there was a display of fire-works with rockets and signal lights, and a general illumination of the fleet with colored lanterns.

October 19th the Governor of Vermont, the Hon. Roswell Farnham,

accompanied by his staff, visited the Tennessee, and a salute of seventeen guns was fired on the occasion. The President of the United States was received on board the flag-ships Trenton and Tennessee, the yards of the fleet being manned, and salutes of twenty-one guns fired on his departure.

October 20th a naval brigade was formed from the crews of the fleet and landed to participate in the review by the President of the United States of the military force present, under the command of Maj. Gen. Winfield S. Hancock. The brigade was composed of four battalions of blue-jackets, equipped for shore service as infantry; one battalion of marines as infantry, and a battalion of artillery, consisting of eight pieces from the training-ship Saratoga. The landing was made in the boats of the fleet, directed by signal from the Tennessee, and maneuvered in accordance with the naval signal codes. On landing, the brigade was formed in the line of review under the following officers: Capt. Richard W. Meade, commanding; Lieut. Hamilton Perkins, adjutant-general; Paymaster John MacMahon, quartermaster; Chief Engineer William D. Smith, engineer; and Ensigns Fidelio S. Carter and Charles C. Rogers, aids.

During the afternoon a general sail drill was held, and the fleet exercised in making, shortening, and furling sails, and shifting topsails, by general signal from the flag-ship of the Admiral, commander-in-chief. On the occasion of a visit of the Hon. George C. Ludlow, Governor of New Jersey, to the flag-ship Tennessee, a salute of seventeen guns was fired from that vessel.

At the close of the day a national salute was fired by the fleet, with the English ensign displayed at the main. This salute was fired in compliance with the following general order of the President of the United States:

[GENERAL ORDER.]

In recognition of the friendly relations so long and so happily subsisting between Great Britain and the United States; in the trust and confidence of peace and good will between the two countries for all the centuries to come, and especially as a mark of the profound respect entertained by the American people for the illustrious sovereign and gracious lady who sits upon the British throne, it is hereby ordered that at the close of these services, commemorative of the valor and success of our forefathers in their patriotic struggle for Independence, the British flag shall be saluted by the forces of the Army and Navy of the United States now at Yorktown. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy will give orders accordingly.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By the President:

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

After the salute had been fired to the British flag, the Despatch, with the President of the United States on board, got under way and steamed out of the harbor, while a national salute was fired and the yards were manned in the fleet and French squadron. The Tallapoosa, bearing the Hon. David Davis, President *pro tempore* of the Senate, soon after left the harbor, followed by the Speedwell, with the General of the Army on board, accompanied by his staff.

October 22d the Portsmouth and Saratoga left Yorktown Harbor, followed by the Trenton. Later the French vessels Magicienne and Dumont D'Urville went to sea. The Franklin was towed out of the harbor by the Vandalia, followed by the Kearsarge and the tugs Standish and Fortune. October 24th the dispersion of the fleet was completed by the departure of the Tennessee, flag-ship of the North Atlantic Squadron, in company with the Yantic.

UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE.

Baltimore, Md., January 20, 1882.

DEAR SIR: As requested, I have the honor to submit below a report of my proceedings, under your direction, in connection with the recent Centennial celebration at Yorktown, Va. This report has been unavoidably delayed to this time, owing to the pressure of other duties which could not be postponed.

On the 24th of February, 1881, a letter was received from the Adjutant-General of the Army, of which the following is a copy:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

Washington, February 21, 1881.

SIR: The Joint Committee of Congress on the Yorktown Monument (appointed under the act of June 7, 1880—see General Order 48 of 1880), has requested the Secretary of War to “detail an officer of the Army to take charge of grounds at Yorktown, to be selected by the Committee for the purpose of the Centennial celebration in October next, and to survey the same, and assign their positions to the various military and other organizations expected to be present.” The grounds in question have already been surveyed by officers stationed at Fort Monroe, Va., in their course of instruction, under the orders of the commanding officer of that post, and therefore probably it will not be necessary to resurvey them.

The Secretary of War directs that, in addition to your present duties, you perform the duties indicated in the request of the Committee, with the exception of surveying the grounds, unless a resurvey shall be deemed necessary by you; and it is suggested that you communicate with the Hon. J. W. Johnston, United States Senate, Chairman of the Committee, with reference to the duties you will be desired to perform.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. C. DRUM,
Adjutant-General.

Lieut. Col. WILLIAM P. CRAIGHILL,

Corps of Engineers.

(Through the Chief of Engineers, United States Army.)

The duties imposed by these instructions of the Secretary of War were "to take charge of grounds at Yorktown, to be selected by the Committee, for the purpose of the Centennial celebration; to survey the same and assign their positions to the various military and other organizations expected to be present."

On the day of the receipt of the letter quoted above I reported to you by letter for instructions.

My duties were extended later upon the reception, July 25, 1881, of a letter of July 21 from the Secretary of War, with an inclosure dated July 20, copies of which follow:

WAR DEPARTMENT,

Washington City, July 21, 1881.

SIR: Inclose herewith, for your information, a copy of Department letter addressed, under date of yesterday, to the Hon. John W. Johnston, Chairman of the Yorktown Congressional Commission, in reply to one from him, dated the 1st instant, requesting that an order be issued "detailing Lieut. Col. William P. Craighill, United States Engineer Corps, to make all necessary surveys, lay out and furnish a camp, construct a wharf or wharves, make provision for laying the corner-stone of the Yorktown Monument, take charge of the harbor and landings during the celebration, and superintend the construction of such temporary buildings and structures as may be required for the purpose of the Centennial at Yorktown in October next."

Very respectfully,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN,
Secretary of War.

Lieut. Col. WILLIAM P. CRAIGHILL,
Corps of Engineers, United States Army,
70 Saratoga street, Baltimore, Md.

WAR DEPARTMENT,

Washington City, July 20, 1881.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st instant, requesting, on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Yorktown Congressional Commission, that an order may issue detailing Lieut. Col. William P. Craighill, of the Engineer Corps, "to make all necessary surveys, lay out and furnish a camp, construct a wharf or wharves, make provision for laying the corner-stone of the Yorktown Monument, take charge of the harbor and landings during the celebration, and superintend the construction of such temporary buildings and structures as may be required for the purpose of the Centennial at Yorktown in October next."

Lieutenant-Colonel Craighill has already been instructed in my letter of the 2d instant, of which a copy is sent you to-day, to proceed with the erection of the Monument at Yorktown. He reports to me that the wharves already built at Yorktown will be amply sufficient for the landing of materials in that work, and I have no funds available for the construction of others, or for any expense connected merely with the proposed celebration at Yorktown.

Capt. L. C. Forsyth, of the Quartermaster's Department will, in due time, put up at Yorktown about twelve hundred hospital tents, which can, if necessary, hold sixteen persons each, and will retain control of them with a proper guard. They will be occupied during the celebration by such persons, societies, and organizations as shall be assigned to them by your Committee, Captain Forsyth being only responsible for the safety and due return of the tents. The Department will not be able to do anything further in the way of providing for the comfort of visitors.

Lieutenant-Colonel Craighill will be authorized to report to your Executive Committee for such duty as it may wish him to perform at Yorktown in carrying out your

regulations respecting the use of the harbor and landings during the celebration, and in superintending the construction of such temporary buildings and structures as may be erected by your Committee.

A copy of this letter will be sent to Lieutenant-Colonel Craighill.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN,

Secretary of War.

Hon. JOHN W. JOHNSTON, U. S. S.,

Chairman Yorktown Congressional Commission, Abingdon, Va.

I was also assigned by the Secretary of War to the charge of the construction of the Monument, and to special service on the staff of Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock during the time of his connection with the celebration. Special reports have been made to the Secretary of War and to General Hancock's headquarters.

On the 24th of February I wrote to the commanding officer at Fort Monroe, asking for a copy of the map of Yorktown and its environs made by his subordinates. He very courteously and promptly sent me small photographs of the map, which were found very useful, although it became necessary to make extensive special surveys subsequently for our particular purposes.

On the 13th of April I was notified by Mr. J. S. Tucker, secretary of your Commission, that you desired me to meet you at Yorktown. Later the meeting was fixed for May 5, but actually took place May 6, when several of the members of the Commission were present. The Temple farm was inspected, which I was then notified had been procured for the purposes of the encampment, &c., through the efforts of the Citizens' Centennial Association, of which Hon. John Goode, of Virginia, was president, and Col. J. E. Peyton, of New Jersey, was general superintendent. Various matters connected with the preparations for the proposed celebration were then discussed.

My next meeting with the Commission was at the War Department, May 10. I then suggested the importance of having the assistance of a quartermaster belonging to the Regular Army. I ventured also to call attention to the fact that the presence of some officer of high rank would be needed at Yorktown to command the regular and State troops who would be assembled there in October.

On the 18th of May I received a copy of Special Order 112, from the headquarters of the Army, directing Capt. L. C. Forsyth, a quartermaster, United States Army, to report to me for duty in connection with the Yorktown Celebration.

On the 9th of June I received your letter of June 7, requesting me to have a survey made as soon as possible of fifteen acres just inside the gate to the Temple farm, on the bank of the river, which the Centennial Association at that time proposed to donate to the United States as a site for the Monument. This survey was made under my personal supervision, and the plat sent to Hon. John Goode, as requested.

Another site was, however, afterward selected for the Monument, just on the edge of the town of York.

I met the Commission again in Washington, at the War Department, on the 29th and 30th of June, when various matters connected with the celebration were considered. I was at Yorktown July 7th, when the site for the Monument was finally decided upon, and the agreement for its purchase made by Mr. Tucker, acting for your Commission. Active steps were then taken for the procurement of the materials for the foundations, so that the corner-stone might be laid in October. A special report on this subject was made to the Secretary of War, dated November 9, 1881, a copy of which is incorporated herein :

UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE,
Baltimore, Md., November 9, 1881.

SIR: In compliance with your instructions to furnish a report of all proceedings in connection with the Monument at Yorktown up to the present time, I have the honor to make the following statement :

In your letter of July 2 I was directed to take charge of the erection of the Monument. The same letter informed me of the selection of a design for the Monument by the Joint Congressional Committee, upon whom that duty rested under the law.

The model, as designed by the commission of artists, Mr. R. M. Hunt, Mr. Hy. Van Brunt, and Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, was sent to me from your office about the same time.

The site was selected by the Congressional Commission, July 7, in my presence ; was surveyed and laid off under my personal supervision. It seemed a very appropriate place, being just on the edge of the town of York, and just within the line of defense of Cornwallis. The Monument will be visible from vessels sailing on a part of Chesapeake Bay and a large portion of the York River.

In addition to the model, Mr. Hunt, chairman of the commission of artists, furnished me with a sketch, giving me additional information as to the details of the Monument.

The first need was a suitable man to superintend in person the collection of the materials for the foundations, none of which were at or near Yorktown, except the sand, and it was necessary to have that hauled some distance. One of the experienced overseers, Mr. E. H. Kirlin, was brought in from the Great Kanawha River, where he had been engaged on the locks and dams under construction there.

The site was very much covered with field-works erected by the Confederate forces under General Magruder. These were leveled off. A pit was sunk near the exact spot chosen for the Monument to stand upon. The soil to a depth of 7 feet was found to consist of fine sand in the proportion of two-thirds, the remaining third being red clay. At a depth of 15 or 20 feet, as shown in lateral ravines, was found a pure red clay over a soft conglomerate of shells and sandstone. It was determined, in accordance with the liberty granted by your letter of instructions, to make the foundations of concrete. The broken stone was procured in Richmond, by purchase in open market, as time was too short to allow of advertising for proposals, &c. The stone came from the same quarries which have furnished so much of the material for the new State, War, and Navy Departments in Washington. The cement was bought in Baltimore. The bottom of the base of the Monument was fixed by the commission of artists as a square, with sides of $30\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and receding in steps to a square whose sides are about 20 feet each. The foundations of concrete were made 6 feet deep, square in plan, 41 feet on the side at bottom, $31\frac{1}{2}$ feet on the sides at tops, and amounting to $316\frac{1}{2}$ cubic yards, including the corner-stone.

The corner-stone was in two parts, the principal piece being $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 4 feet

wide, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep, covered by a cap-stone of the same length and breadth, and 1 foot thick. The hole in the lower stone, of which the dimensions were fixed by the Masons to contain a copper box, was $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 2 feet wide, and 18 inches deep. The dimensions of the corner-stone were so arranged that the box should have on every side of it a thickness of 1 foot of stone. The stone itself was put in so deep in the foundations as to be entirely imbedded in concrete, and to have one foot of concrete over it.

It may be appropriately stated here that the material of the corner-stone was furnished without cost by the Granite Company of Richmond, of which Col. R. Snowden Andrews is president. He also kindly loaned the derrick with which the cap-stone was put in place by the Masons on the 18th of October.

When the ceremonies of the Centennial celebration were over the remainder of the concrete foundations were put in place, the corner-stone being thus entirely covered up. The tools used were stored at Yorktown without expense to the United States. The site was left in the charge of a respectable colored man, who lives in the small, cheap, frame house, about 12 feet square (a single room), near the foundations, used as an office during work on them, and to be so used again when the construction of the Monument begins. He serves without other compensation than the privilege of living in this little house.

It is not expected that anything more will be done toward the construction of the Monument until after the cession of jurisdiction over the site by the legislature of Virginia, which will meet, it is understood, in January next. Meantime a suitable form of act of cession will be prepared and submitted for your consideration.

A map of the site and its surroundings will be prepared as soon as other more urgent duties permit.

It should be stated that scrupulous care has been taken to prevent any item of expense due to the "ceremonies" of the Centennial celebration being charged to the Monument fund.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. P. CRAIGHILL,

Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers.

Hon. ROBERT T. LINCOLN,

Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

On the 9th of July I prepared and submitted to the Commission a circular, as given immediately below, which, after considerable modification and the lapse of a good deal of time, was extensively distributed:

CIRCULAR.

The Congressional Committee, in charge of the Centennial celebration at Yorktown in October next, expect to provide a camping ground for military and other organizations who may be present on that occasion. Those from each State will be located together, as far as practicable, as it is supposed such an arrangement will be most agreeable to all. As it is desirable to have all organizations comfortably established before the ceremonies begin, so that as far as possible confusion may be avoided during these ceremonies, it is urgently requested that all who are coming will be on the ground not later than Saturday, October 15. The ceremonies will commence October 18, and continue four days. A programme of them will be fully made known in due time.

As many tents will be provided as possible, but it is recommended to all to make provision for themselves in this respect. Water for drinking and cooking will be provided in reasonable quantities, and at as convenient points as possible. Arrangements for subsistence cannot be guaranteed by the committee. There is at present no railroad terminating at Yorktown, and it is not certain there will be one. It is probable that access to the place will be chiefly by water. There is ample room for anchorage of vessels of the greatest depth, but, to avoid confusion, all vessels should report at

once to the harbor-master, who will be designated by the committee, or by the commanding officer of the encampment. The Secretary of War will be requested to designate as such commanding officer some officer of high rank in the Regular Army. That the preservation of order should be committed to the charge of a military officer seems appropriate, as the assemblage will be mainly composed of soldiers of the regular and militia force of the country, and the occasion is the celebration of one of the most important military events in the history of our country.

In order to allow time for the proper and comfortable distribution of such organizations as may attend, notice is hereby given to all those who intend to be present that their intention should be made known to this Committee before the first of September next: to those who give such notice later no guarantee of a comfortable camping place can be made. The order of procedure for each organization will be to report its arrival without delay to the harbor-master, who will indicate the place of landing, and will conduct it to its place in the camp, providing transportation for its camp equipage of reasonable amount. The organization should then report at once through its chief to the commanding general of the encampment. The nearest railroad centers to Yorktown are Baltimore, Md., Washington, D. C., and Richmond, Va. It is possible the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad may be extended before October to Newport News, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. In this event, this railroad would pass within a short day's march of Yorktown. It is possible this company may build a branch road to Yorktown, to be available for use during the celebration. The principal office of this company is at Richmond, Va.

On the 30th of July I met the Commission, and at your request submitted a communication, of which a copy follows :

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 30, 1881.*

DEAR SIR: At your request I submit herewith an approximate estimate of the cost of certain of the requirements of the Yorktown Celebration, to which I understand you wish my attention to be given.

It is necessarily a mere approximation, as many of the elements upon which it is based are yet entirely unsettled, and none are known with precision. It is the best I can now give. The total is, in round numbers, \$13,500. I would prefer to have it \$20,000.

Respectfully and truly yours,

WM. P. CRAIGHILL.

HON. J. W. JOHNSTON.

Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 30, 1881*

ESTIMATE.

Wharf, near those now in place	\$4,000
Moving camp equipage and baggage.....	500
Police tug in harbor.....	300
Straw for camp bedding.....	500
Fuel.....	1,000
Drainage of camp	500
Lighting camp and grounds	500
Water supply	1,000
Reception building, without decorations	1,500
Furniture for building	500
Modifications of platform and music stand	450
Marking revolutionary places of interest.....	250
	<hr/>
	11,000
Contingencies 20 per cent.....	2,200
	<hr/>
	13,200

In round numbers, \$13,500.

Tents were furnished by the Secretary of War, who also placed under my orders, for the duty of establishing the camp, 50 engineer soldiers and 50 artillerymen, under the command of their proper officers. General Meigs, Quartermaster-General, United States Army, furnished a pump and pipes for the supply of water. Lights were furnished by Mr. Nicolai, of this city, for the camp, roads, wharves, &c.

A large frame building, called La Fayette Hall, 100 feet long by 60 wide, was erected on the edge of the Monument site, which contained a room for the Commission and guests, one for the Secretary of State and the French and German guests, a large room for receptions by the President of the United States, the Governor of Virginia, and for dancing, and others for ladies, offices, &c. This building was very handsomely decorated, chiefly by the use of flags, by Mrs. Egbert Olcott.

On the Monument site was constructed a large platform for the Masonic ceremonies in the laying of the corner-stone, and during the delivery of the oration by Mr. Bancroft and the poem of Mr. Hope. Ample accommodations for spectators, with seats, &c., were provided. A road was opened down the ravine just west of the Monument site and connecting the wharves. A plank walk for footmen led from the eastern wharf up into the town. Two large wharves were built for the Commission in front of the town.

Several photographs were taken by Mr. Pierce, of the Treasury Department, of the model of the Monument, of the Masonic ceremonies in laying the corner-stone, and of the platform containing the President of the United States and many other distinguished persons during the delivery of the oration of Hon. Mr. Winthrop, and the poem of Mr. Hope. Efforts were made to take views of the camp, &c., but the great clouds of dust and other circumstances prevented.

The completion of the telegraph line of the Western Union Company was a very great convenience, and the failure of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad to make connection with the general railway system of the country was a cause not only of great disappointment but also of serious inconvenience to many who had depended upon it.

The following paper shows the basis of the preparations :

YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, UNITED STATES CAPITOL,
Washington, D. C., July 30, 1881.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee held this day it was voted :

That Colonel Craighill be requested to lay out as soon as possible a camp on the Temple farm of sufficient size to accommodate twenty-five thousand people.

A copy from the minutes.

Clerk Yorktown Congressional Commission.
JNO. S. TUCKER,

A number of old guns, some of which had been surrendered at Yorktown to General Washington's army a century before, were received through the aid of the Ordnance and Quartermaster's Department, and
S. Rep. 1003—11

arranged near the Monument site, forming a very interesting and much noticed feature of the celebration.

At the request of the Centennial Association, a reservation of about thirty acres was made for their special use, in a most eligible part of the Temple farm, on the bluff of the river, and extending from the western edge of the farm nearly to the Moore house, which was also under the control of that Association, after being very nicely restored and furnished.

Although the previous drought caused much dust, which was a very great annoyance and inconvenience, the weather was very good. While constant difficulty was experienced for want of money and time in making the arrangements for the celebration as complete as the great occasion justified, yet it must be admitted that all the essential things undertaken by your Commission were accomplished. The Army and Navy did their part most successfully. The Masonic and other ceremonies passed off in an excellent way. The camp was in a beautiful location, well arranged, watered, and lighted. There was ample accommodation provided for the troops, the Masons, and all who had been invited to be present.

In addition to the report to the Secretary of War, referring specially to the laying of the corner-stone of the Monument, there is inserted also a copy of my report as a member of the staff of Major-General Hancock, as it contains many details concerning the celebration, the whole of which was by law under the general control of your Commission.

UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE,
Baltimore, Md., January 14, 1882.

SIR: By paragraph 9, of Special Order 215, Adjutant-General's Office, Washington, D. C., September 19, 1881, I was directed, in addition to other duties, to perform service at Yorktown, Va., under the orders of Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock, in connection with the celebration at that place, until its conclusion. This order was received September 23, when I at once reported by letter for instructions. These were given by General Hancock in person at his headquarters, to which I was called by telegraph soon after.

Previous to this time considerable progress had been made in the necessary preparations for the encampment and comfort of the troops, and they were thereafter continued with great activity. Two new wharves were constructed in front of the town of York, with a depth of 10 feet at their fronts at mean low water. The head of each was 100 by 40 feet, each connected with the shore by two bridges. A small wharf was built in front of the Monument site with a depth of water of about 4 feet at mean low water, to be used by small boats. Two others of a similar character were nearly in front of the Moore house. A good road was made under the bluff in front of the town, connecting the four wharves; the existing roads leading from the wharves to the bluff (about 50 feet high) on which the town stands, were repaired, and a new one was also opened up in the ravine just west of the site of the Monument, in the edge of the town. The road from the town to the site of the camp on the Temple farm was improved by leveling knolls and filling up hollows, grubbing up stumps and brush, and widening to 100 feet the opening through the old Confederate works. This last operation required the removal of a heavy parapet and the filling of the ditch.

Early in September a detachment of the Third Artillery and a detachment from

the Engineer Battalion reported to me for duty at Yorktown in laying out the camp and such other arrangements as they could properly assist in. The Artillery detachment, consisting of forty-eight men and three officers, under the command of Captain John R. Myrick, Brevet Major United States Army, reached Yorktown September 3, 1881. The Engineer troops, forty-eight in number, commanded by Lieut. C. McD. Townsend, reached Yorktown September 8, 1881. Both detachments went at once into camp on arriving and were united under the command of the senior officer, Captain Myrick.

The work to be performed consisted in clearing the grounds, providing a supply of water, transporting and guarding public property, laying out the encampment, and erecting tents for such organizations as so desired.

The encampment was situated on the peninsula between the York River and Wormley's Creek, and was at a distance of about one and three-quarters miles from the landing at Yorktown. The ground was well adapted for the encampment of a large body of troops. It was situated on a high bluff; the soil was sandy and dry; and in the surrounding ravines a large number of springs insured a convenient and ample supply of water. It was necessary to clear the fields of fences, weeds, underbrush, and in many places of a thick growth of saplings.

The arrangement of the camp in general and in detail was intended to be such that all the organizations should be convenient to water and fuel, should have such roads and avenues as would enable free circulation and room for drills and other exercises common in camp. The Masons were placed on the bluff near and to the left of the Moore house. The headquarters of the Commanding General were on the bluff, to the right of the Moore house. The Regulars were in camp near the general headquarters, under the command of Col. H. B. Clitz, Brevet Brigadier-General United States Army. The troops of the several States were arranged along the bluff of Wormley's Creek, their order from right to left being determined by the date of their adoption of the Constitution of the United States. The space allowed to each State was proportioned to the number of troops therefrom.

A grand parade, called by the names of Washington and La Fayette, was left between the front of the camp and the river. A large area was left open to the left of the camp for the accumulation of the troops on the day of the review after passing the reviewing officer.

A few of the State troops brought their own tents and pitched them. The most of them, as well as the Masons, were accommodated in tents furnished by the War Department and pitched by the regular troops present. The original arrangement of the tents for the space of each State was such as would be suitable for the several organizations expected from each State. The tents were, however, pitched as nearly as possible according to the desires of the representatives of the different States when any preference was expressed. The following is a list of the different organizations and the number of tents allotted to each State:

State.	Organization.	Formation.	No. of tents.	Kind.	Remarks.
Regular troops...	Battalion First Artillery.....	Battalion	A		
	Battalion Third Artillery	do.....	A		
	Battalion Second and Fifth Ar- tillery.	do.....	A		
	Battalion Tenth Infantry.....	do.....	A		
	Light Battery, Second Artillery.	Battery.....	A		
	Light Battery, Third Artillery.....	do.....	A		
	Battery K, First Artillery.....	do.....	A		
	Battery I, Third Artillery.....	do.....	A		
	Detachment Engineers.....	Company	Wall....		
	Detachment Signal Corps.....	do.....	Sibley ..		

State.	Organization.	Formation.	No. of tents.	Kind.	Remarks.
Delaware	Battalion Delaware Militia	Regiment.	34	Hospital.	
Pennsylvania....	Eighteenth Regiment Pennsylvania National Guard.do.....	78do.....	
New Jersey.....	New Jersey Battalion National Guard.do.....		A	Pitched their own tents.
	Post 23 G. A. R.	Company			Do.
Georgia.....	Chatham Artillery.....	Battery...	6	Hospital	
Connecticut	First Regiment Connecticut National Guard.	Regiment.	54	... do ...	Not occupied.
Massachusetts...	Ninth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.	Regiment		Wall	Pitched their own tents.
	First Corps Independent Cadets	Battalion			Remained in boat.
Maryland	Fifth Independent National Guard.	Regiment.....		Wall....	Pitched their own tents.
	First Battalion Independent National Guard.	Battalion		Hospital	Do.
	Second Battalion Independent National Guard.do.....	do ..	Do.
South Carolina...	South Carolina Battalion Infantry.	Regiment.	23	... do ...	
New Hampshire.	New Hampshire Battalion Infantry.do.....	15	... do ...	
Virginia	First Regiment Virginia National Guard.do.....	24	... do ...	
	Second Regiment Virginia National Guard.do.....	24	...do ..	
	Third Regiment Virginia National Guard.do.....	24	...do ..	
	Fourth Regiment Virginia National Guard.do.....	24	...do ..	
	Virginia Military Institute.....	Battalion ..	12	.. do ..	
	Virginia Artillerydo ..	21	...do ..	One battery brought wall tents.
	Gloucester Cavalry	Companies ..	5	...do ..	
	Independent companies.....do.....	20	...do ..	
New York	Thirteenth New York National Guard.	Regiment.....		Wall....	Pitched their own tents.
	Company E, Seventy-fourth New York National Guard.	Company ..	8	Hospital.	
	Company D, Sixty-fifth New York National Guard.do.....	10	...de ..	
North Carolina ..	North Carolina Battalion	Regiment	94	.. do ..	
Rhode Island...	Second Battalion Rhode Island National Guard.	Battalion ..	26	... do ...	
Vermont	Vermont Battalion.....do.	32	...do ..	
Kentucky.....	Third Kentucky Battaliondo.....	20	Hospital.	
Michigan	Battalion, Michigando.....	46	...do ..	
	Masonsdo.....	414	...do ..	
	Veterans.....do.....		...do ..	Pitched their own tents.

The militia of New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland, and the Thirteenth New York pitched their own tents. For the other States the encampments were laid out by the engineer detachment, and the tents were pitched by the regular brigade under General Clitz. The tents for the Masons were pitched by Battery I, Third Artillery, and the engineer detachment.

The following names were given to the avenues in the camp, as appears from the maps:

The principal one, "Rocheambear;" the others, "De Grasse," "De Barras," "Vio-ménil," "St. Simon and Chastellux," "Deux-Ponts and Hamilton," "Lincoln," "Stenben," "Nelson," "Knox and Du Portail."

The road made from the site of the Monument to the shore was named "De Choisy and Lauzun," after the commanding officers on the Gloucester side who were mentioned in General Washington's congratulatory order. The road along the shore to the United States wharves was for similar reasons named "Querenet and D'Aboville," after the French chiefs of engineers and artillery at the siege. The reasons for the other names are sufficiently obvious to all who are acquainted with the events of the siege.

Water for the use of the encampment was obtained from a pond in Wormley's Creek, formed by an old mill-dam.

The camp-ground occupied an irregularly shaped, undulating plateau, about 60 feet above water surface in the pond. The water was pumped directly into the mains by a Dean pump of 16-inch steam and 10-inch water cylinder, 16-inch stroke, which was located on the bank of the creek, and about 8 feet above it. The mains, which laid on the surface and followed the undulations of the ground, consisted of one line of 3-inch wrought pipe 1,870 feet long, one 4,400 feet long and a branch from this latter, about midway, of 1,200 feet length of 2-inch pipe—making a total length of pipe line of about 7,500 feet.

The horizontal changes of direction in the pipe line were made by vertical swivel joints, which, of course, occasioned some loss of head, but were not found to affect the results appreciably, while they permitted unlimited changes of alignment at any time.

The 2-inch branch line was joined to the 3-inch line by a flanged T.

At about every 200 feet along the pipe lines were inserted T connections, carrying short 4-foot curved pieces of 1-inch pipe, through which water was discharged into hogsheds planted one-half their depth in the ground. In order to make the system as nearly self-acting as possible, and to dispense with numerous stop-cocks, the discharge ends of the curved 1-inch piece, were fitted with "bushings," varying from three-quarters to one-quarter of an inch in diameter, according to the location of the opening and its distance from the pump, the proper diameters being found by trial. Stop-valves were placed on the two 3-inch lines, at pump, and waste-valves at outer end of all lines; no other regulating valves were used anywhere on the lines.

The pump, which was supplied with two upright tubular boilers of a united capacity of 60 horse-power at 70 pounds steam pressure, was expected to supply 20,000 gallons an hour. It was, however, probably never called upon to do this amount of work, though no register of supply furnished was kept.

Steam was kept up day and night and the pump operated at such intervals as the demand required, never permitting the hogsheds to become empty or greatly reduced.

During operation of the pump at hours of greatest demand the pressure gauge registered 40 pounds, equivalent to a head of about 100 feet of water.

The pump, pipes, fittings, all material of every kind connected with the pumping machinery and pipe line, were furnished by the Quartermaster-General, United States Army; the placing, fixing, and operating the whole system was done at the expense of the Congressional Centennial fund, and amounted to about \$1,000.

I desire to express my thanks to General Meigs for excellent advice as to the arrangements for the water supply. The services of Mr. N. H. Hutton, civil engineer, in connection with the water supply and many other matters were invaluable.

Besides the supply of water through the pipes, all the available springs in the surrounding ravines were utilized and improved by sinking a number of hogsheds and barrels at each. Near the wharves, also, water was readily procured by driving down gas-pipe 15 or 20 feet into the sand.

The camp and grounds were also well lighted by gasoline lamps, furnished and

served by Mr. Nicolai, of Baltimore, at the expense of the Congressional Commission.

During the Centennial days Lieut. Eugene Griffin, of the Corps of Engineers, performed most excellent service in giving special supervision to the arrangements for water and lights.

A large stand, 150 by 25 feet, with plank floor, platform, &c., was erected between daylight of October 20 and the hour of the review, 10 a. m. To procure materials for this platform it was necessary to tear up portions of the platform around the Monument, more than a mile distant, and haul them, as well as the chairs, from that point. On the day of the review the command of Captain Myrick acted as a police guard under my orders.

The duty of the Signal Service was performed in a most efficient manner. There was a line connecting the General Headquarters, in camp, with the wharves, at the town. Another station was at the Monument site, and during the review an operator was present at the Grand Stand with connections to the main line.

Capt. L. C. Forsythe, Quartermaster's Department, United States Army, who was present at Yorktown, under my orders, from the 1st of September, was indefatigable in the performance of duties the most varied and vexatious. Captain Myrick and the officers and men of his command, of the Engineer and Artillery detachments, deserve the highest praise for the cheerful performance of much laborious and disagreeable duty.

LIST OF ORGANIZATIONS PRESENT.

Consisting of—	Commander.	Approximate strength.
REGULAR TROOPS.		
Brigade, four battalions foot troops. (Drawn from First, Second, Third, and Fifth Artillery and Tenth Infantry.)	Col. H. B. Clitz.....	1,000
Two light batteries (A Second and C Third United States Artillery).		
Battery I, Third Artillery.....	Capt. J. R. Myrick.....	
Detachment battalion of engineers engaged in laying out encampments, &c.	Lieut. C. McD. Townsend.....	
Detachment, mounted, Light Battery K, First Artillery.	First Lieut. Allyn Capron.....	
Naval brigade from fleet at Yorktown..... (These troops did not go into camp, but were quartered on board ship.)	Capt. R. W. Meade, U. S. N.....	1,112
VETERANS.		
From the "Homes".....	Capt. T. P. Woodfin.....	388
Detachment First Regiment Veterans' Union...	Commander George N. Tibbell.....	26
STATE TROOPS.		
Georgia battery.....	First Lieut. George P. Walker.....	22
New Jersey battalion.....	Col. E. Burd Grubb.....	702
Delaware battalion.....	Col. S. A. McAllister.....	252
Pennsylvania: Eighteenth Regiment.....	Col. T. N. Guthrie.....	789
Connecticut: First Regiment.....	Col. L. A. Barbour.....	
(This regiment arrived on morning of review in time to participate, but did not go into camp. No return was furnished, but it is understood that the approximate strength was 462.)		

LIST OF ORGANIZATIONS PRESENT—Continued.

Consisting of—	Commander.	Approximate strength.
STATE TROOPS—Continued.		
Massachusetts:		
Ninth Regiment Massachusetts Militia.....	Col. William M. Strachan.....	524
First Corps Cadets	Lieut. Col. T. F. Edwards.....	128
		652
Maryland First brigade.....	Brig. Gen. James R. Herbert.....	808
South Carolina battalion.....	Col. Hugh S. Thompson.....	310
New Hampshire battalion.....	Lieut. Col. E. J. Copp.....	195
Virginia:		
Four regiments infantry	Brig. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.....	811
Virginia Institute Military Cadets.....		128
Gloucester Cavalry.....		30
Artillery.....		118
		1,087
New York Thirteenth Regiment ..	Col. David E. Austen	374
North Carolina First and Second Battalion....	Brig. Gen. B. C. Manly.....	472
Rhode Island Second Battalion.....	Lieut. Col. B. B. Martin.....	124
Vermont Battalion.....	Maj. A. D. Tenney.....	183
Kentucky Third Battalion.....	Brig. Gen. J. P. Nickols.....	228
Michigan Battalion.....	Col. Israel C. Smith.....	291
Total approximate strength, exclusive of		
Connecticut troops.....		9,015
Total with Connecticut troops.....		9,477
Master Masons.....		706
Knights Templar.....		277
		983

(In camp, but not in the review.)

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM P. CRAIGHILL,

Lieut. Col. of Engineers.

Maj. W. G. MITCHELL,

*Assistant Adjutant-General United States Army,**Governor's Island, New York Harbor.*

I desire to express my thanks for most valuable services to Mr. E. H. Kirlin. Others who assisted me very much have been mentioned previously. Special surveys of much importance were made by Mr. John L. Seager, civil engineer, who has also drawn the maps used in illustrating my report to General Hancock.

I append a summary statement showing the application of all moneys received by me from the Commission:

Statement showing amount received from the Centennial Commission and how disbursed in "defraying the expenses incurred by the Congressional Committee in the Centennial celebration at Yorktown, Va.," by Lieut. Col. William P. Craighill, Corps of Engineers, United States Army.

Amount received from Centennial Commission.....	\$6,500 00
Amount disbursed for:	
Services of laborers, mechanics, overseers, &c.....	3,573 26
Traveling expenses.....	212 10
Telegrams.....	9 31
Freight and hire of teams.....	316 25
Lamps, oil, and lanterns.....	787 00
Decorating La Fayette Hall.....	150 00
Piles and pile driving.....	131 30
Materials, including lumber, nails, locks, signs, felt, cement, doors, hogs- heads, &c.....	1,112 28
Wood.....	195 00
Table and chairs.....	13 50
	<hr/> 6,500 00 <hr/>
Outstanding liabilities:	
Basshor & Co., of Baltimore, Md., water supply.....	808 94
J. H. Wemple, Norfolk, Va., lumber.....	544 72
	<hr/> 1,353 66 <hr/>

In conclusion, I wish to return to you, its chairman, and to other members of the Commission with whom I came in contact, and to its officers my sincere thanks for the courtesy and consideration shown to me.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. P. CRAIGHILL,
Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers,
United States Army.

HON. JOHN W. JOHNSTON,
Chairman Yorktown Centennial Commission,
Washington, D. C.

In submitting this report it is proper to state that the sum of \$20,000, originally appropriated for the expenses of the celebration, was disbursed by the disbursing agent, William S. Gilman, esq., with exact fidelity, and his accounts in that capacity have been audited and approved by the Treasury Department.

The many unforeseen expenses attending the celebration in a place like Yorktown, remote from the larger cities, and where everything had to be furnished at a heavy expense of material, transportation, and labor, including wharves to be built and a camp to be laid out and prepared for the comfort of the visiting military, made it necessary for the Commission to incur a deficiency. This deficiency was reported to Com-



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